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JANUARY, 1945

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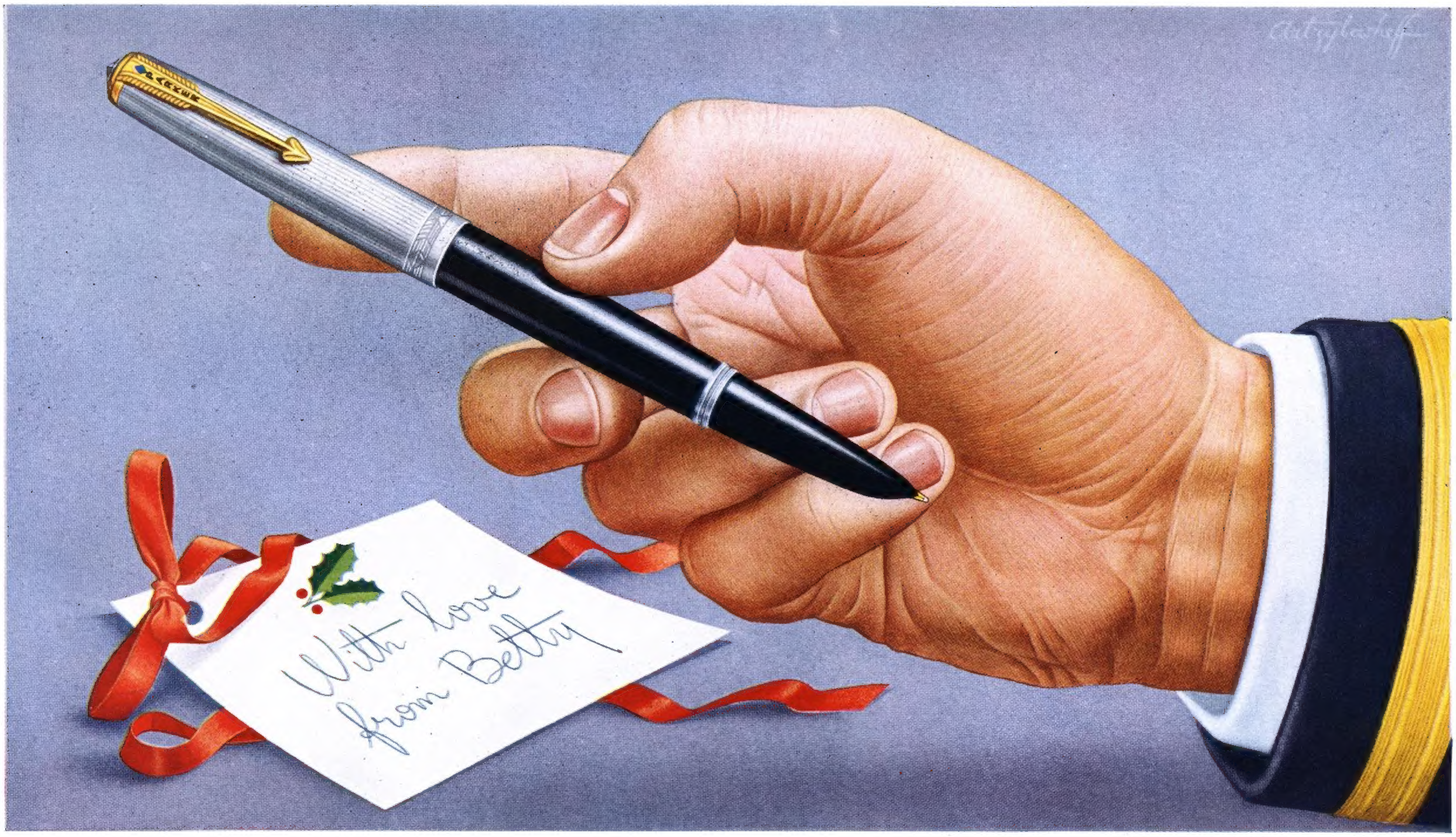

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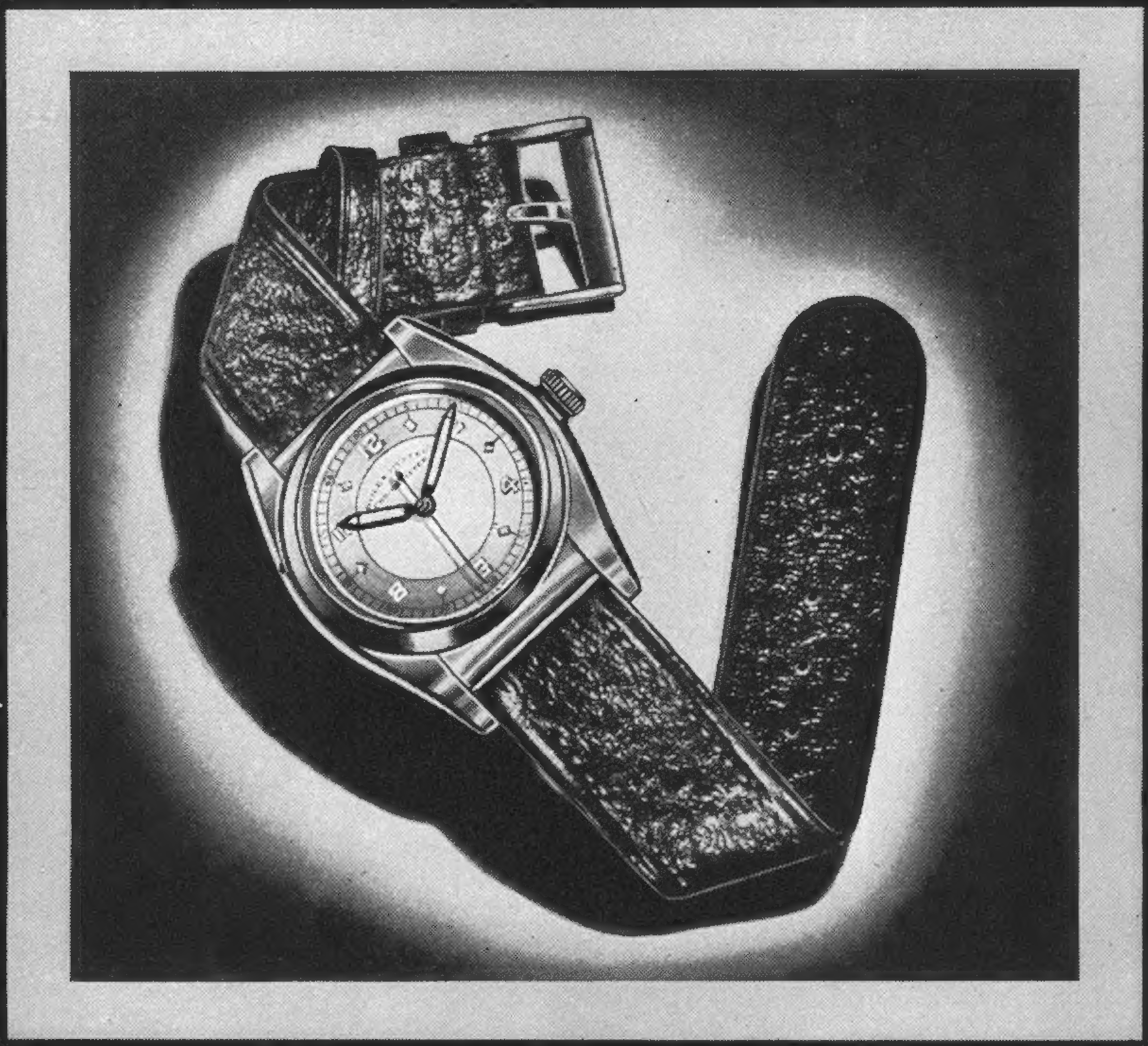

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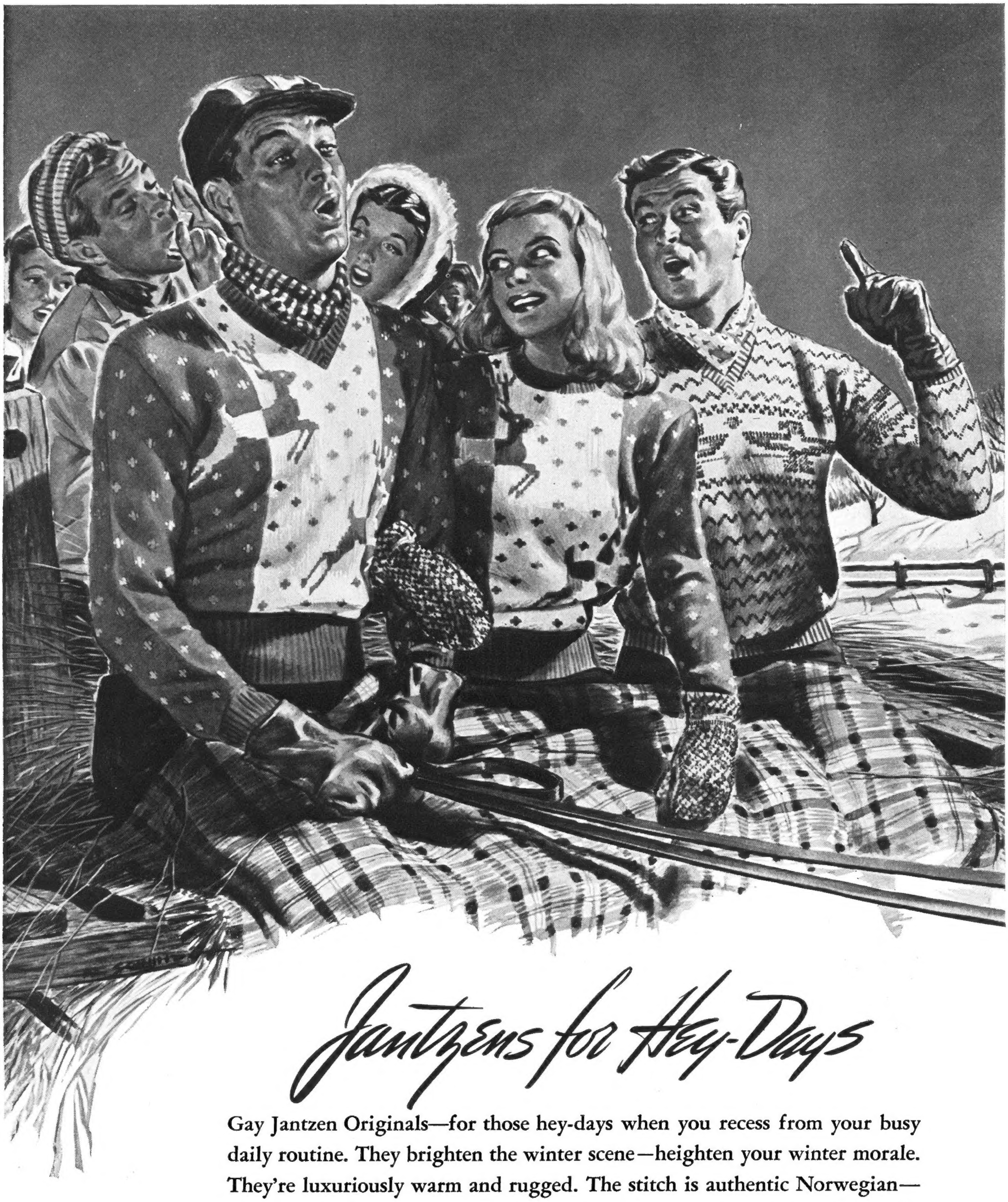

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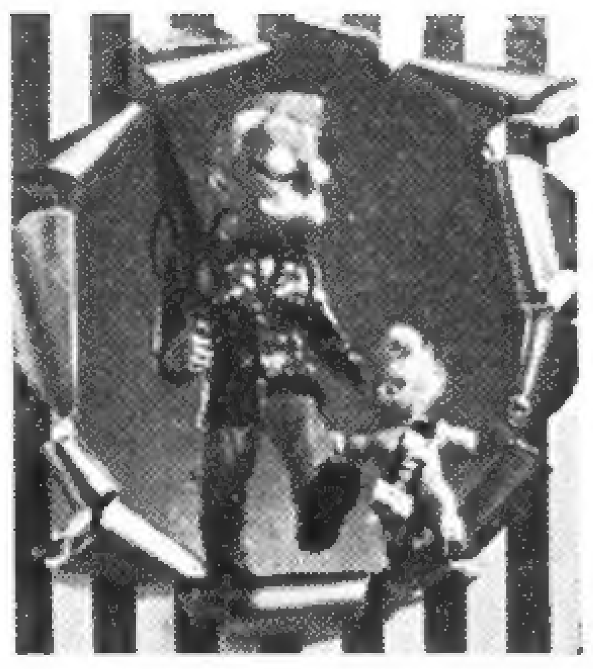

Landing at Palau

Here below is a piece of vivid, gripping, dramatic writing that only comes across our desk once in a blue moon. It's from Sid Carroll, our Southwest Pacific correspondent.

"I was to be part of the attack on Palau. I'd barely heard of the place. I suppose you've read about it in the papers, since.

"It took our big ship days to get there, from ________. When we got there we waded right in. It was all timed to the split second.

"Now that I am safe in a hotel room, with shower and clean towels and even ice water, I don't know how to tell you about Palau. All big and impalpable and blood soaked, it was the nightmare of my life, and I suppose I really expected to die.

"I landed with the first Marines, on Peleliu. I saw men blown to specks and men wounded so horribly I wanted to kill them to put them out of it forever. I was on that beach for six hours. When I couldn't stand any more of it I went back to the ship. As a correspondent I could come and go.

"The beach was piled high with casualties, and the Japs were shooting even at *them*, shooting with mortars, machine guns and rockets. I helped take the wounded, on an amphibious tractor, out to the edge of the reef where a Higgins boat was waiting, with a doctor. I helped the doctor give plasma to one of the men in my group, a skinny young Marine, yellowed from the atabrine they all eat against malaria. He'd stepped on a land mine and had his left leg blown off at the hip.

"Another one was dead, and one hand stuck out beneath a poncho somebody'd covered him with. Death and atabrine had made that hand the color of yellow paint.

"Back on our mother ship I went down to the sick bay to see the skinny yellow one with the leg blown off. That sick bay held about a hundred casualties by this time, up in stretchers, down the corridors, up the steps and on the decks. We had five doctors, working like madmen, and they needed help. My Marine was on one of the tables, getting a transfusion. They had me hold his pulse in two places, wrist and neck. "Keep feeling for his pulse," they told me, "it's getting very weak in the wrist." As I was holding him, I couldn't look at his poor skinny face, just kept looking at the pot of blood getting lower and lower and felt the wrist pulse getting fainter and fainter, then gone altogether. Then I had to look at his face, to feel with both hands for the pulse in his neck. Fainter and fainter, 'til I lost it, and he flipped his head over on one side and licked his lips once and he was dead.

"I saw three die that way that night. Our five doctors, men I'd played Gin and joked and swapped baby pictures with, seemed to change from plain little men into giants. They were magnificent.

"Then I helped the Chaplain bury the dead over the side. Tough and chunky, and talking like an East Side kid, he was the last man on board you'd take for a Chaplain. But that night in the sick bay, nursing the men, feeding them, bandaging them, talking to them, praying over them, he was a man of God. I'll never forget it. Or him. . . ."

More from the great Sid in future issues of Esquire.

David A Smart

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ESQUIRE is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred R. Pastel, Vice-President in charge of advertising; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer; A. L. Blinder, Circulation Director. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Depts., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., Dec. 15th, 1933 under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage if their return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.17. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions and Pan-American Union, $5.00; in Canada, $5.50; elsewhere, $7.50.

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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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EDITORIAL: Fanfare for a new feature beginning in the March issue

Seldom have we had as immediate and widespread response to an article in Esquire as that which followed the appearance, last August, of *Languages the Painless Way* by Frank Henius. In it the author told about, and gave a few typical examples of, the soundwriting method of language instruction by which American soldiers have been taught, quickly and easily, to make themselves understood in foreign languages. Boxed in the middle of the first page of that article was a list of soundwritten words in French, Spanish and German, to show how easy it is to pronounce foreign words in the proper foreign manner if you "sound out" the soundwritten syllables just as if they were written in English. Result: an immediate stampede from our readers for additional soundwritten word lists.

Now as it happened the examples of soundwriting selected by Mr. Henius for the documentation of his article were his own, as picked more or less at random from his various *Dictionaries for the Soldier*, in French, Spanish, German and Italian, which he had prepared in the soundwriting form adopted by the Army and which had been checked, before publication, by members of the Army Language Unit. But when we began to inundate him with requests for additional word lists, devised for civilian needs but prepared according to this same Army-perfected soundwriting method, he could only answer that while it could be done, it simply hadn't been done, to his knowledge, up to this moment. So we asked him to see what he could do about it, and the announcement displayed on this page is the first fruit of that request.

* * *

A civilian adaptation, a paraphrase, of this speed-method of military language instruction was simple to ask for, and even easy to promise, but it turned out to be a monumental job to execute. However, Esquire's Ready-to-Speak Language Series, prepared and soundwritten so that you may pronounce as you read, is now sufficiently far advanced to be able to give you a report-in-progress on its nature and to schedule its first appearance for our March issue. In this series we will present a new language, "ready-to-speak," every three months, devoting three successive articles to each language. For instance, the first month's article will be devoted to a basic word list, determined on a frequency-of-use basis. As his guide for the preparation of such a list, Mr. Henius has had recourse to the results of the checking of 1900 phone calls (3800 speakers), out of which could be determined a basic list of most used words. In most languages, such a basic list will run somewhere between eight and nine hundred words, as witness the claims of Basic English to be able to express any thought within the confines of the former limit.

Next, after your frequency list of words, to give you the basic vocabulary, you need just enough grammar to enable you to put those words together in an intelligible manner. Not enough to win any prizes in either composition or oratory, but enough, for example, to enable you to buy a ticket, make a purchase, order a meal or ask and exchange directions. Or, as Mr. Henius said in the first place, enough to make it clear that you would like a steak rather than a load of buckshot.

Third, and as far as we go, is a basic sentence and phrase list, giving you the most commonly used idiomatic expression, the well-worn phrases that make up the majority of casual conversations and "small talk" the whole world over. Thus, in three months, Esquire will have given you access to the mastery of spoken French, for example, to a degree of conversational fluency that only the very exceptional language student might have acquired after three years of its study by conventional classroom methods. Of course, we realize that it *is* only the very exceptional student who can say anything in French so a Frenchman can understand it, after three years of ordinary classroom study. But that's the point. This is the miracle that soundwriting hath wrought.

* * *

In case you've forgotten, or never saw the original article on this subject, the big thing that the soundwriting method accomplished, in the case of the troops abroad, was to provide a means by which they could "absorb the essence of several languages at a glance—and then speak them . . . to make on-the-spot use of a minimum vocabulary and colloquial phrases to converse simply." When you think of how the average college graduate, after anywhere from two to seven years of exposure to any given foreign language in high school and college classrooms, retains at best only a rusty reading knowledge of it and is utterly tongue-tied when suddenly called upon to speak it, you realize what a large order it was to turn out linguists literally overnight, and what a revolution in language instruction the soundwriting method is. That's why, no doubt, there was such a spontaneous response to the first presentation of it in our pages. And that's why we're so pleased to be the first general magazine to offer it in what amounts to the proportions of an extension course.

We have long known that people like to learn things out of Esquire's pages. As far back as ten years ago we gave piano lessons that are still drawing mail, despite the fact that the last available copies of them were exhausted years ago. They were presented under the title *Sit Down and Play*, and their relation to the orthodox and tedious conventional methods of piano study was quite similar, come to think of it, to that of this new Stand Up and Speak method of language study which dispenses with the "scales and finger exercises" that are the declensions and conjugations of the grammarian. They, too, left you some miles short of the virtuoso level of technique, but possessed the singular virtue of offering a short cut to that degree of competence needed to sit down and "whistle on the piano"—in other words, play simple tunes easily, just as these language lessons will enable you to express simple thoughts easily.

But what we started to say about these language lessons, before we were detoured by our recollections of other educational features in Esquire's checkered past, is that nothing teaches tolerance better than learning the other fellow's language. Any sneaking superiority-feelings you may ever have harbored concerning "foreigners" are guaranteed to vanish when you first try to get around in a foreign country. And while we hope through soundwriting to convey relatively unaccented speech, still there's a certain value to your soul in being put, now and then, into the position where, for a change, yours is the "funny accent." Psychologically, something happens to you, under those circumstances, to give you a suddenly increased tolerance, if not a suddenly enhanced respect, for the other fellow's intelligence. And certainly, in these troubled times of continued shortages, that of tolerance is one of the most acute and dangerous shortages of all.

Americans are better, on the whole, in this respect than some other nationalities. As individuals, at least, we are international extroverts, almost excessively willing to visit the other fellow's country, try to speak his language and try to understand his point of view. Your typical Englishman, by contrast, while a confirmed traveler, will make no greater concession to language difficulties than to raise his voice and shout in his own tongue. Your typical Frenchman is not only reluctant to speak the other fellow's language but even unwilling to visit his country. It took an invasion and a national catastrophe to make travelers of the French. Of course it should be borne in mind that, as the fellow said, "all generalizations are deceptive, including this one." But we can recall specific instances that would seem to support our contention that the American willingness to attempt foreign languages is in inverse ratio to ability. And they also support the truth of the bromide that "a little learning is a dangerous thing."

In our judgment, based on our experience, a few don'ts are in order. Have fun, for instance, with your soundwritten French. Discuss the menu with the headwaiter and astound your friends. But be good and certain-sure that you retain at all times a more than amiably vague idea of what *he's* talking about or you may find yourself succumbing, as we once did, to the charm of his finger-kissing-in-the-air description of (something we didn't quite catch) covered with a mustard sauce and garnished with mushrooms. It sounded enchanting. The word we didn't quite catch, though, turned out to have been the word for kidneys, the one thing for which we have such a definite and uncontrollable aversion that it acts upon us as an automatic emetic. And we found ourselves eating the insidious things, snugly concealed beneath their mustard sauce blanket, before we knew it. The effect was that of so many well-placed depth bombs.

And don't show off the fact that you know how to say "round trip" in French (*aller et retour*, soundwritten ahl-LAY ay ruh-TOOR) unless you also know that your round trip may turn out to be merely "go and come," without a chance to get out at the other end and see anything, as once happened to us on a boat that went to and from a picturesque town that we had long wanted to see but couldn't because our round trip ticket turned out to have taken us, literally, just for a ride.

For that matter, don't speak a foreign language anywhere unless you are linguistically capable of coping with the answer you may get. We said *uno e un ragazzo* (OO-no ay oon ra-GAHT-tso) once, in an exhibitionistic moment. That's perfectly good Italian, a tongue in which, unhappily, we know not more than a dozen ill-assorted and relatively useless words. But we led the Italian ticket seller to believe that we knew what he was talking about when he gave us a machine-gun burst of rapid and highly gesticulated Italian. Result: we sat on a lovely but lonely Italian mountain top, for six solid insufferable hours, holding the hand of a first bewildered, then bored, then cold and inconsolable nine-year-old, whom we had inadvertently let in for a "lovers' excursion," when all he wanted was to see the view. The little mountain railway car, suspended from a cable (*teleferica*, soundwritten tay-lay-FAY-ree-ka) had taken us up there at sunset, but didn't come back up after us until midnight.

Maybe the only moral of the foregoing incidents is the point that Mencken made long ago, to the effect that you can teach a man a dozen languages (or even put him through all the scholastic paces culminating in a Ph.D. degree) and still leave him no more nor less of a fool than he was to begin with.

* * *

But the chief thought we want to leave with you about these forthcoming articles embodying Esquire's Ready-to-Speak Languages is that they fulfill, to the ultimate degree, the promise implicit in their author's original title, *Languages the Painless Way*. They are as simple, concise and to the point as it is now possible to make language instruction through the new short cut soundwriting method. If you want to pick up the essence of a few modern languages, and an amazingly large percentage of the population now seems to want to, then the forthcoming issues of Esquire would appear to offer you the shortest of short cuts. One thing about these articles we can promise you, in any case. They may not hold you spellbound, as reading matter, unless you already have some interest in learning another language or two. But if you have, then you won't quit them for the reason that caused the star reporter to quit his job in disgust.

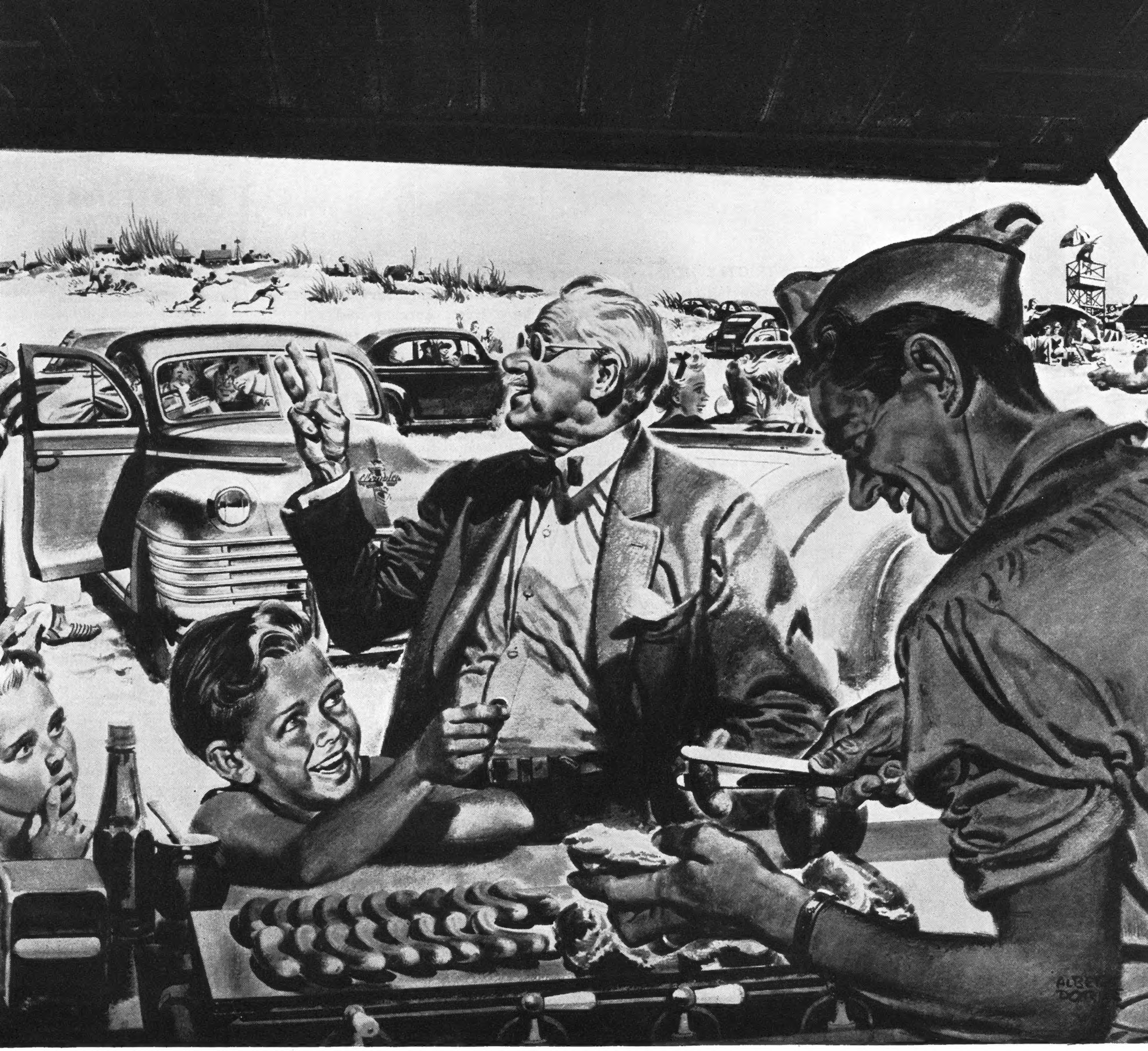
That was, if you remember, because the grammarians on the copy desk kept vitiating his stuff by changing it to conform to their rigid conception of the nuances and niceties of strict syntax. He stood it for as long as he could, then quit with a note saying, among other and less seemly things: "This is the last time that I will let you ruin one of my stories because of your dislike of my use of prepositions to end sentences with. I can end sentences without prepositions as well as you can, as I now demonstrate by telling you that your senselessly strict insistence upon the silly rules of grammar is something up with which I will no longer put." ⵿

Beginning with the March issue . . .

Learn another language, with Esquire's ready-to-speak language guides prepared and soundwritten

by FRANK HENIUS

Adapted to civilian needs but prepared by exactly the same method that was devised for the U. S. Army in "soundwriting" self-pronouncing dictionaries and sentence books for the use of American troops overseas, these articles in Esquire will give you *speaking acquaintance* with a different foreign language every three months! With a minimum of study, you will painlessly and pleasantly acquire a capsule command of the basic words and phrases sufficient to meet all ordinary travel and tourist conversational needs. Watch for Esquire's ready-to-speak language guides, beginning with the March issue . . . and make a New Year's resolution not to miss a single one of them.



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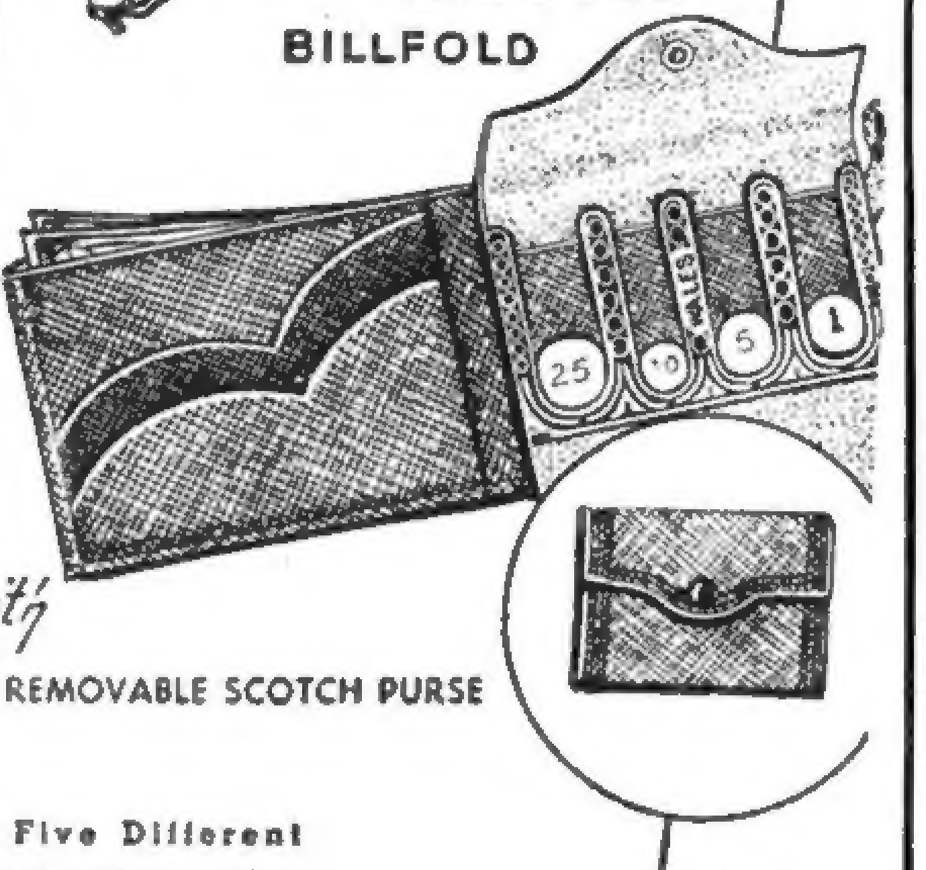

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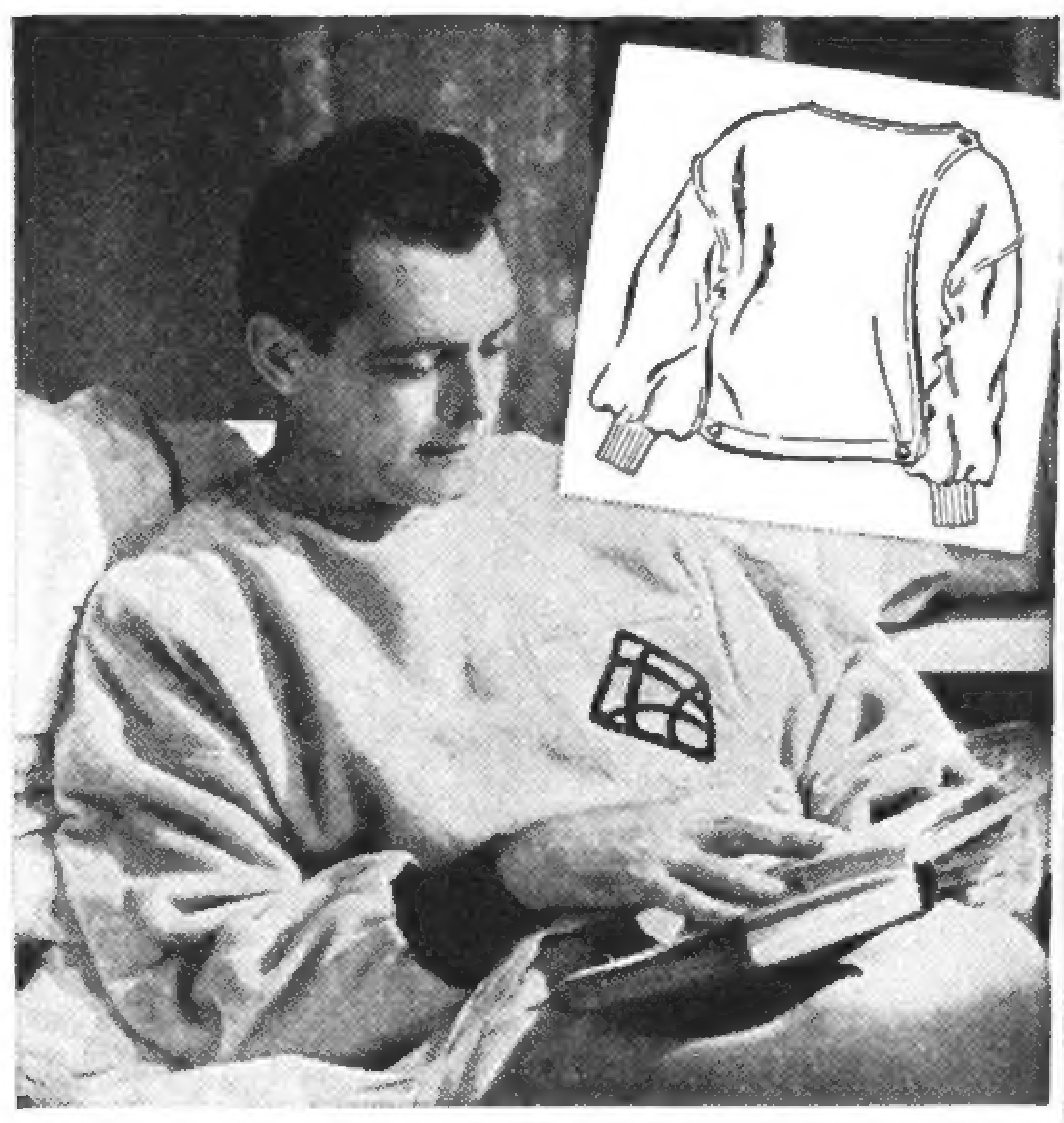
Readinjack



A MOST ORIGINAL, HANDY LOUNGING JACKET

...for men at home, in the barracks, at school, or traveling—and particularly for men of the armed forces who are in hospitals and who need every comfort and convenience while convalescing. **Wonderfully easy to slip on or off** because of its clever, original, patented crisscross back-opening and three-button closure. **Warm, comfortable, cozy** and **so convenient.** Of soft-as-down Camelord, a fabric of Du Pont Rayon Yarn that will give amazing service. Large front decorative pocket. To doff the "Readinjack" the man simply touches the hip buttons and slips his arms out. Never anything like it before. **The Perfect Answer** to the **Gift Problem. Postpaid.** . . . **$6.50**

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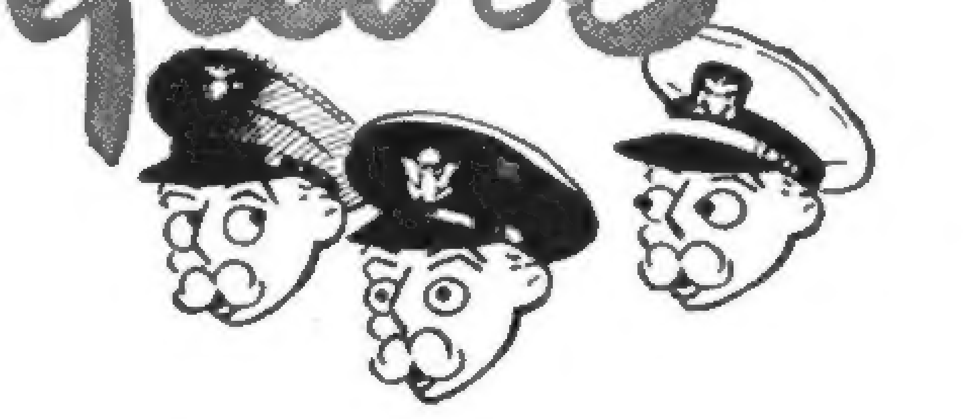
Please send me these Readinjacks: (Check or money order enclosed.)

	Small	Medium	Large
Luggage Tan			
Royal Blue			
Maroon			

Name__________

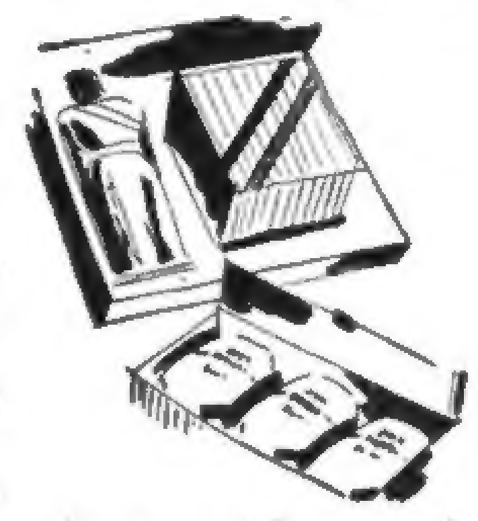
Address__________

Talking Shop with Esquire



STRICTLY *NON* — G. I. Here it is fellows, by popular request . . . a shopping page just for Uncle Sam's Service Men. Every month you'll find here items current and choice . . . catering to the outer and inner man, gifts for those on the home front, various bits of advice and information. Write to us, tell us what you'd like to buy . . . what sort of dope you want to hear. RANGER, at your service.

YOUR BUDDY. Got someone you think a lot of in the service? Why not give him a good wrist watch? A water-proof job that's shockproof, anti-magnetic, with sweep second hand, radium dial and hands, unbreakable crystal and a stainless steel back. 17-jewel, precision tested, to boot.



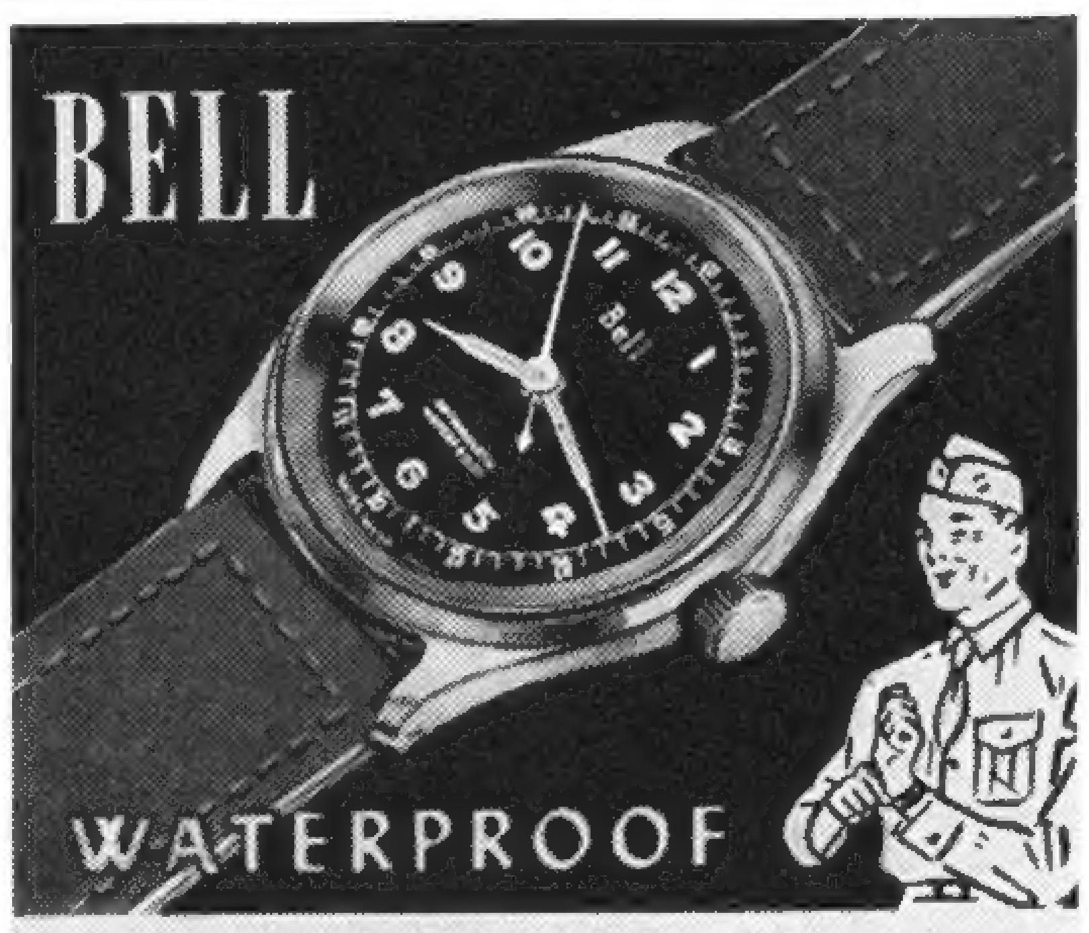
FIVE OR UNDER. If you have a long list of dames expecting gifts . . . how about these? Chinese good luck earrings in gold-finish sterling . . . each earring designed in a Chinese character standing for "Long Life", "Happiness", etc. Cute idea. A new perfume called "Fabulous" in a jewel-cut flacon. An expensive, lavish sort of scent any gal would go for. Manicure set . . . 5 bottles of various liquids, plus scissors and nippers. Packaged in simulated leather decorated with a stamped medallion clasp. Good for a WAC. WACS also will welcome a toiletry set called "Dress Parade" . . . 3 cakes of soap in a red, white and blue box; box of dusting powder and bottle of cologne shaped like a soldier of the guard, complete with busby top. Vanity case made of handsome polished wood with modern carved design. Or a lipstick in plastic case with matching stick of perfume in solid salve form. Scented with a buoyant fragrance called "Excitement". Both sticks come packaged in a smart container.

FUN ON FURLOUGH. There'll be some lucky fellows who'll be in New York around Christmas time. All men in uniform should know about a hospitable haven called "The Dugout" . . . a private house turned over to servicemen. There's a dining room where you can get inexpensive home-cooked food; club rooms for reading, dancing, writing and games; hostesses on hand every evening . . . and Thursdays they'll even do your mending for you! The two top floors are given over to single or double bedrooms. It's a good bet, fellows.

Ranger

SERVICE MEN: THIS IS YOUR PAGE

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



Waterproof, shockproof, anti-magnetic, radium dial and hands, unbreakable crystal, precision tested, sweep second hand.

No. UN 121 15 jewels, stainless steel back......	$39.75
No. UN 212 17 jewels, stainless steel back......	$42.50
No. UN 330 17 jewels, all stainless steel case	$59.75

Prices Include All Federal Excise Taxes. Postage Prepaid. Mail Orders Promptly Filled.
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BELL WATCH COMPANY
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Precious velvet-cut nail file

"This La Cross implement is precious. If you own one, treasure it. The manufacture of manicure implements is still sharply curtailed. All genuine La Cross implements are stamped—La Cross."

For more than four decades, America's Finest Manicure Implements
SCHNEFEL BROS. CORPORATION. FIFTH AVE., N.Y.

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Smoker's B-B JEEBIES *(BITE and BURN)*

Make *your* pipe-smoking *ALL* pleasure. Fill up with Country Doctor Pipe Mixture. Avoid B-B JEEBIES (Bite and Burn) which lurk unseen in ordinary tobaccos. Country Doctor's extraordinary blending experience, the skillful selection of the choicest tobaccos plus the perfect moistening agent . . . make possible this exclusive blend. Try Country Doctor Pipe Mixture. You'll like it.

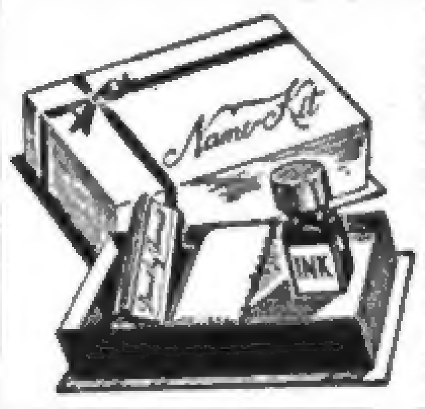
Country Doctor *Pipe Mixture*

25¢ A Product of Philip Morris

PLEASURE BY THE PIPEFUL

If your dealer doesn't have it—write Philip Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc., 119 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

SERVICE MEN! CIVILIANS!
STAMP YOUR NAME ON EVERYTHING



Name-Kit enables you to mark your name permanently on personal apparel and on all sorts of objects. Ideal for the soldier or sailor. Black indelible ink, pad, and your name in script or block letters (enough for 1000 stampings). *Only* **$1.00** *postpaid.*

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Amazing tricks, mystifying and spooky stage and party illusions. Easy to do—no skill—perfect instructions. Fool your friends. Loads of fun. Add "life" to any party. 300 pages. 600 illustrations. Mail 75 cents for catalog, credited on your first order for $5.00 or more.

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119 S. State St., Chicago 3, Ill.

New, luxurious Shave Kit The "Caravan"

Consisting of 10 Personna precision blades (sold everywhere at $1.00)
a precision razor
and a 20 gauge steel mirror
. . . all compactly arranged in a beautiful stitchless* case made of genuine Pigskin leather.

Two great names—
Worthington Fifth Avenue
PERSONNA
Combining the finest in blades with the finest in leather.

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Mailable Overseas Anywhere, Anytime!

$3.00 each (Complete)

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On sale at better stores from coast-to-coast. If your dealer can not supply you, order direct from

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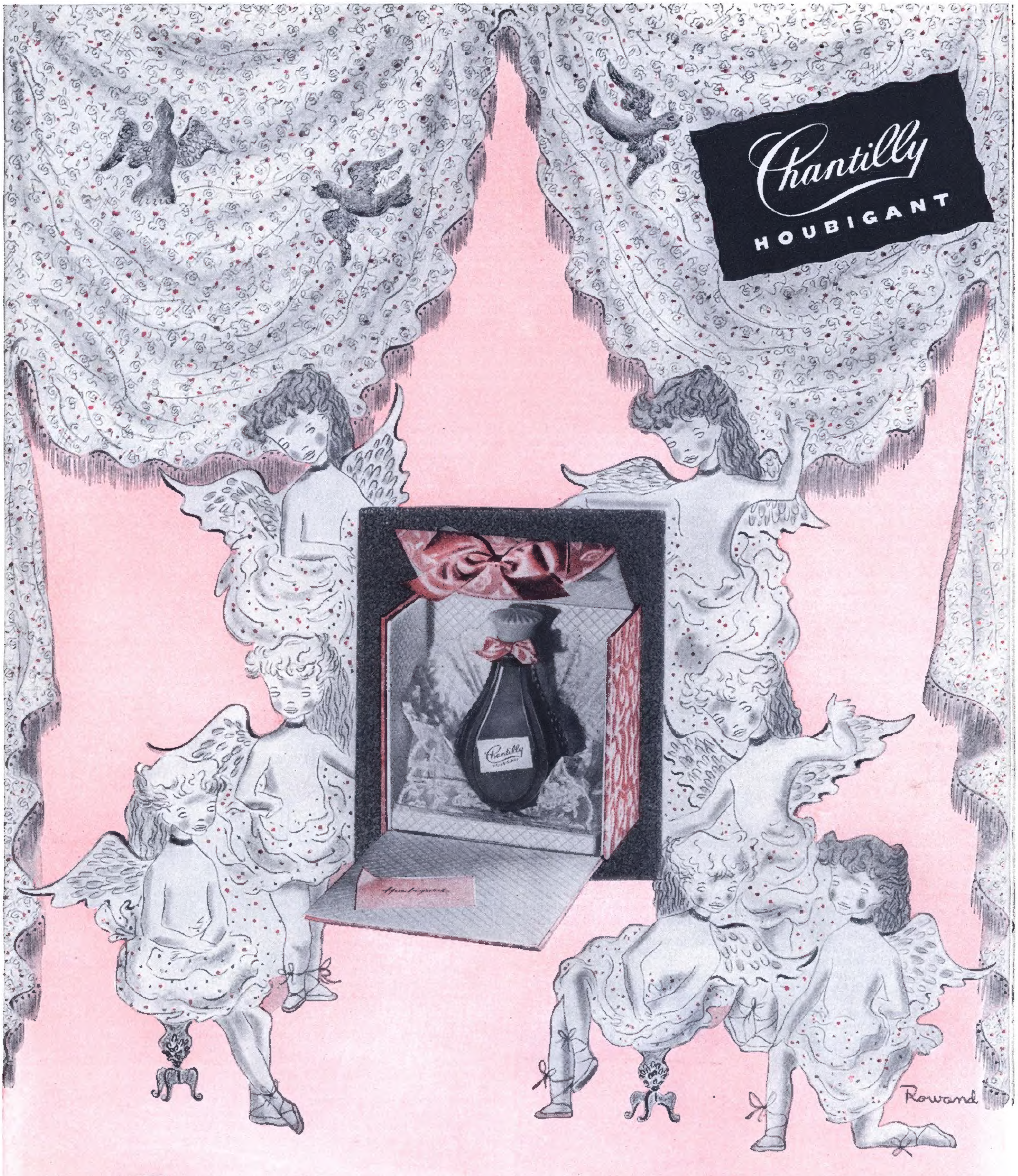
Chantilly
HOUBIGANT
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the Drama every woman loves

A gift unforgettable . . . Chantilly, by Houbigant. A new and very special perfume, refreshing and utterly feminine. The merest touch of it adds drama to a woman's charm and makes her leading lady in—a man's world.

Perfume, $32.00; 16.50; 10.00; 6.50; 3.00.
Dusting Powder de luxe, with huge, fluffy lamb's wool puff, $3.50; Utility size, $1.00.
Eau de Toilette, richly perfumed, refreshing, $3.00; 2.00. (Plus Tax)

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

HOW BESSIE PASSED A MIRACLE

(1.) The Doubting Corporal

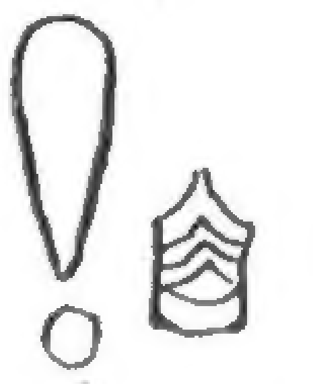
After reading *All Bessie's Children Got Wings* I suggest that S/Sgt. Richards stick to writing advertising copy and leave the fiction field to those who don't let their imaginations completely run away with them. The blow that really got me down was the statement in Backstage with Esquire:"Incidentally, as a result of his successful means of bringing down a plane with damaged landing gear, the same idea or modifications of it has been used in several instances since." Nonsense! Anyone with any common sense who ever saw the tail assembly of a B-25 will say that the sergeant's stunt is impossible. I would like to see the crazy operations officer who would allow twelve men to even attempt such a stunt. Have you ever thought about jumping from a vehicle moving at eighty miles an hour? I have a friend who is a Hollywood stunt man and he has often explained the difficulties encountered in jumping from moving vehicles at any speed.

This is the first time that I have found Esquire out on a limb of this sort. *C'est la guerre!*

Corporal Hal Bergida
Walla Walla, Washington.

(2.) The Sergeant's Reply

Thank you for forwarding Cpl. Hal Bergida's letter protesting literary fraud in *Bessie's Children*. I am happy to reply to defend the truth of the story and the integrity of the men who risked their lives in the incident. Likewise, I am glad to speak out for the A.A.F. against the doubts of one of its apparently young and inexperienced members who unfortunately does not yet know of what stuff the men are made who comprise the organization to which he belongs.



The incident occurred as described in Esquire. Except that perhaps the jeeps were going nearer 60 miles an hour than 80 miles an hour, it is precisely correct. The plane's airspeed read about 80 but the jeeps I have been unfortunate enough to ride in usually quit at about 60.

It has been several months since I left New Castle Army Air Base, which formerly was the home station of Capt. Garske, who piloted the plane. Capt. Alan W. Jones, public relations officer at New Castle Air Base, has supplied corroborating data which Cpl. Bergida seems to require. Cpl. Bergida alone of all the Air Force people who know the story, is the first I know of to doubt it. Capt. Jones long has known Capt. Garske, has flown with him many times and with others of the men involved, and Capt. Garske told the story to me personally, then read it for a factual check after it was written.

I dislike lending dignity to Cpl. Bergida's ill-considered protest by furnishing a denial, but here is additional data if he wishes to pursue his doubts. The incident occurred on July 14, 1943, at Goose Bay, Labrador. The plane was B-25B—No. 4130512. Capt. Garske at the time was flying on Special Orders 113 from the U. S. Army Weather Reconnaissance Field at Goose. Among those with him were Lt. Anthony Monaco, Jr., Lt. Jacob T. Hague, co-pilot, Lt. Joseph Cohen, co-navigator, and Lt. Jack Blauw.

Cpl. Bergida said he would like to "see the crazy operations officer who would allow twelve men to even attempt such a stunt." Perhaps Cpl. Bergida would better enjoy meeting the C. O. of the field, a lieutenant colonel, who *himself* was in one of the jeeps and was among those who leaped aboard the plane. Afterward, the colonel bought the finest dinner the base could produce for the plane's crew and the men who saved the ship.

A commendation on Captain Garske, crediting him for this incident as well as his sterling performance flying weather ships in that region was dispatched from Goose to New Castle Air Base and is on file there. Capt. Garske now is an instructor at one of the nation's foremost C-54 schools.

A repetition of the Goose incident, with slight modifications, occurred at New Castle Air Base shortly before I left. Captain Jones and I saw it. Since then there has been another similar incident there and reports reaching the field say that the same technique has been used successfully elsewhere.

Cpl. Bergida is sadly uninformed on the fortitude that has given the Army Air Forces some of its highest traditions. He judges on standards of his friend who is a Hollywood stunt man, a man who doubtless had best remain at his trade rather than adjudge what some airmen do. These men like Captain Garske, not stunters, fought airplanes over the treacherous North Atlantic route when it was uncharted, without weather information, and when the Allies had their backs to the wall. To them every plane represented the margin of victory. They would do anything rather than lose one.

Cpl. Bergida says, *"C'est la guerre!"* I'm afraid he is borrowing a phrase. He doesn't fully know all that goes with war.

Sincerely,
S/Sgt. Stephen H. Richards—A.C.
Washington, D. C.

TRAVESTY ON TYRA

Yesterday I appropriated a 4x4¼ ton truck (jeep to you) and tore over twenty miles of bumpy and dusty roads to a distant PX for the September issue of Esquire (New Guinea newsstands run a bit behind those in the States). On page 67 I encountered a photograph of a very lovely young lady; and, my curiosity piqued, I looked at the lower right of page 66 for the lowdown.

Tyra Vaughan, I see, is no "rose born to blush unseen." She impresses me as being typical of the current crop of pseudosophisticates. I enjoy the blurbs which accompany such pictures—they generally pack a more genuine laugh than any of the cartoons. The following is intended to bring a guilty flush to Tyra's face. The photo I term:

The face and misfortune of George Schott.

Slightly over a year out of Temple University where he excelled in math, German, English, political science and particularly history, publicity-seeking George Schott has kept his academic training razor-edged so that he may see how his natural endowments add up in the world of print. Winner of a staff-sergeancy in the United States Army, George has already been schooled by the Army for a test. This involves day after day devoted to swimming excursions, writing letters and verse, compiling ideas and outlines for forthcoming short stories and novels as well as gruelling practice in sleeping under extreme conditions. And that is not all—George must learn how to make his sturdy body sturdier by the gentle art of physical exertion and how to wear the kind of clothes he never wore so that he can feel at home in anything from fatigues to sun tans.

Says the 20-year-old sage who has traveled extensively in the United States, "I am grateful to this twist fate gave my professional plans. I am eager to be a soldier-author because of my background (he is half Prussian and half East Prussian). I feel I can bring a new technique to American literature. I was impressed by gullibility of women in general and want to introduce that naïve note in my writing."

Sgt. Schott votes his fiancée as his favorite pin-up with his 3-year-old niece gurgling a close second. He endorses the prolonged adolescence of the American male and is appalled by severe military training at any age. Asked about love, Sgt. Schott says he is tormented by impatience to sink into married bliss. American girls, philosophizes this student of human nature, "cooperate delightfully" and his advice is "don't change." George types himself as a composite of Robert Montgomery, Johnny Weissmueller (dehydrated), Sinclair Lewis and Ogden Nash. In addition to eating and smoking, Sgt. Schott is at home in a potato patch—possibly a throwback to his Junker ancestors.

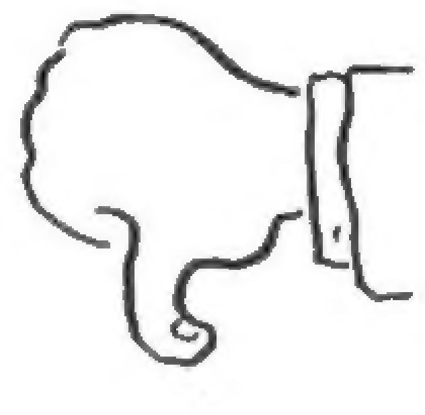
Vital Statistics: *Height:* 5′ 8.6″; *Weight:* 150 lbs; *Chest:* 35″; *Waist:* 28″; *Hips:* 32″; *Age:* 20.

Overseas Staff Sgt. George Schott

FEATHER FAN CLUB

(1)

In recent months many of us who are devoted to jazz music have become increasingly alarmed by the writings that have appeared in Esquire under the guise of jazz criticism. Particularly have we been taken aback by the opinions of your chief critic Leonard Feather who, we feel, is either completely incompetent or thoroughly dishonest.



It is not that we have anything against Mr. Feather's personal preferences—or what he states are his preferences—in regard to jazz. What we fear is that Mr. Feather's notions—it is hard to call them anything else—may influence some of your readers. We fear that some of them may come, as he has, to prefer the sentimental, affected honkings of Coleman Hawkins or the shrill "I-can-blow-higher-and-louder-than-you-can" shriekings of Roy Eldridge to the simple, honest playing of Bud Freeman or the incomparable Muggsy Spanier. We do not feel that the listing of such a record as Art Hodes' *Royal Garden Blues* in the class of hillbilly music (as Mr. Feather once did in his reviews in *Look* Magazine) is either intelligent or honest criticism. Nor do we feel that such examples of Mr. Feather's type of jazz as his Commodore recordings with the Esquire All-Star Band are worthy of the name.

It would not be quite so bad if Mr. Feather's was the majority opinion and ours the minority. But that does not happen to be the case. Such critics as Charles Edward Smith, George Avakian, Frederic Ramsey, Eugene Williams, William Russell and others who were listening to and appreciating jazz before Leonard Feather ever heard of it think, with us, that Pee Wee Russell and Georg Brunis are more representative of jazz music than are Charlie Shavers and Art Tatum.

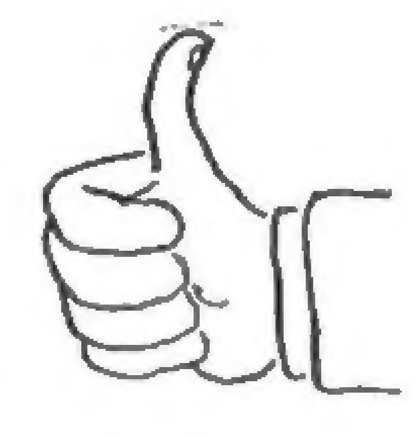
We do not suggest to you that you dismiss Feather from your staff. (We might think it a good idea, but we don't suggest it.) What we do ask is that you have some one who really knows jazz music as Feather never can and never will, to counteract, or at least to balance, the influence of Feather's attitudes. It was, I believe, Charles Edward Smith who put Esquire on the jazz beat back in 1934. Could you not get Smith to put Esquire back on that beat today? Or if not Smith, some other critic or some less-known but equally devoted collector who has some literary bent and can help lead your readers out of the present state of delusion into which Mr. Feather has led them. If Mr. Feather wishes to write of his jump boys, let him, but please have someone else around who can write of Dixieland and New Orleans, of the music that is real, that is jazz.

Esquire can do jazz music a great service. We to whom jazz means so much hope that it will not fail.

A. H. E.
Cornell University Medical College
New York, N. Y.

(2)

A few weeks ago I received my June issue of Esquire and was delighted to find *The Rhythm Section*. It was not an unpleasant surprise, to say the least. I've found it the most interesting feature in the publication.



Here in Italy we get very few records from the States. Of the twenty-odd discs we have, eighteen of them are a mixture of Harry James, Sammy Kaye and Kay Kyser. The other five include one terrific Goodman plate, two Tommy Dorsey records, *Jenny* by Gertrude Lawrence (murder), and a solitary V-Disc—your own *Blues* and *Esquire Bounce*—backed by *Tea for Two*.

Tatum, Casey and Hawkins were never better than in "Bounce." The big trouble is—all we get is the sour schmaltz of Sammy Kaye and the secondhand corn of Harry James' commercial trumpet.

What is the matter? As long as they're using valuable space to send records, why can't they send some music, instead of noise? Frankly, I would rather hear myself playing *Sweet Lorraine* on a jew's-harp than Sammy Kaye and the rest at their best (which isn't too good).

In any event, I want to extend my congratulations for the fine job you're doing, Mr. Feather. Keep 'em coming.

J. R. Walsh, Jr.
2nd Lt.—Air Forces

ESKY AS MARRIAGE BROKER

I'm writing to thank you for my husband. I couldn't have found a better one. In your November issue, 1941, you published a letter from Staff Sgt. Russell, Panama Canal Zone. He asked at the time for girls to write to the soldiers stationed there. I wrote and received an answer from a fellow from Texas. We kept up the correspondence for two years and then he was shipped back to the States. He came home on furlough on Oct. 12, 1943, and we were married two days later. We celebrated our first anniversary yesterday. I've been traveling with him and I believe we are happier than we were a year ago. He is ready now to be shipped again. I'm very proud of him, for he is a real doughboy. I don't believe anyone could have had a more romantic wedding, so I'm thanking you again.

Mrs. H. N. Snodgrass
wife of
Cpl. Herbert N. Snodgrass
Camp Pickett, Virginia.

Once again it's time to make a bowl of

Merry Christmas!

The ingredients: Here's all you need for the most soul-satisfying "Bowl of Merry Christmas" you ever tasted—a Four Roses Egg-Nog:

Six eggs . . . ¾ cup sugar . . . 1 pint cream . . . 1 pint milk . . . 1 oz. Jamaica Rum . . . 1 pint Four Roses Whiskey . . . grated nutmeg.

The procedure: Beat separately yolks and whites of eggs. Add ½ cup sugar to yolks while beating. Add ¼ cup sugar to whites after they have been beaten very stiff. Mix egg whites with yolks. Stir in cream and milk. Add the pint of Four Roses and the rum. Stir thoroughly. Serve very cold, with grated nutmeg.

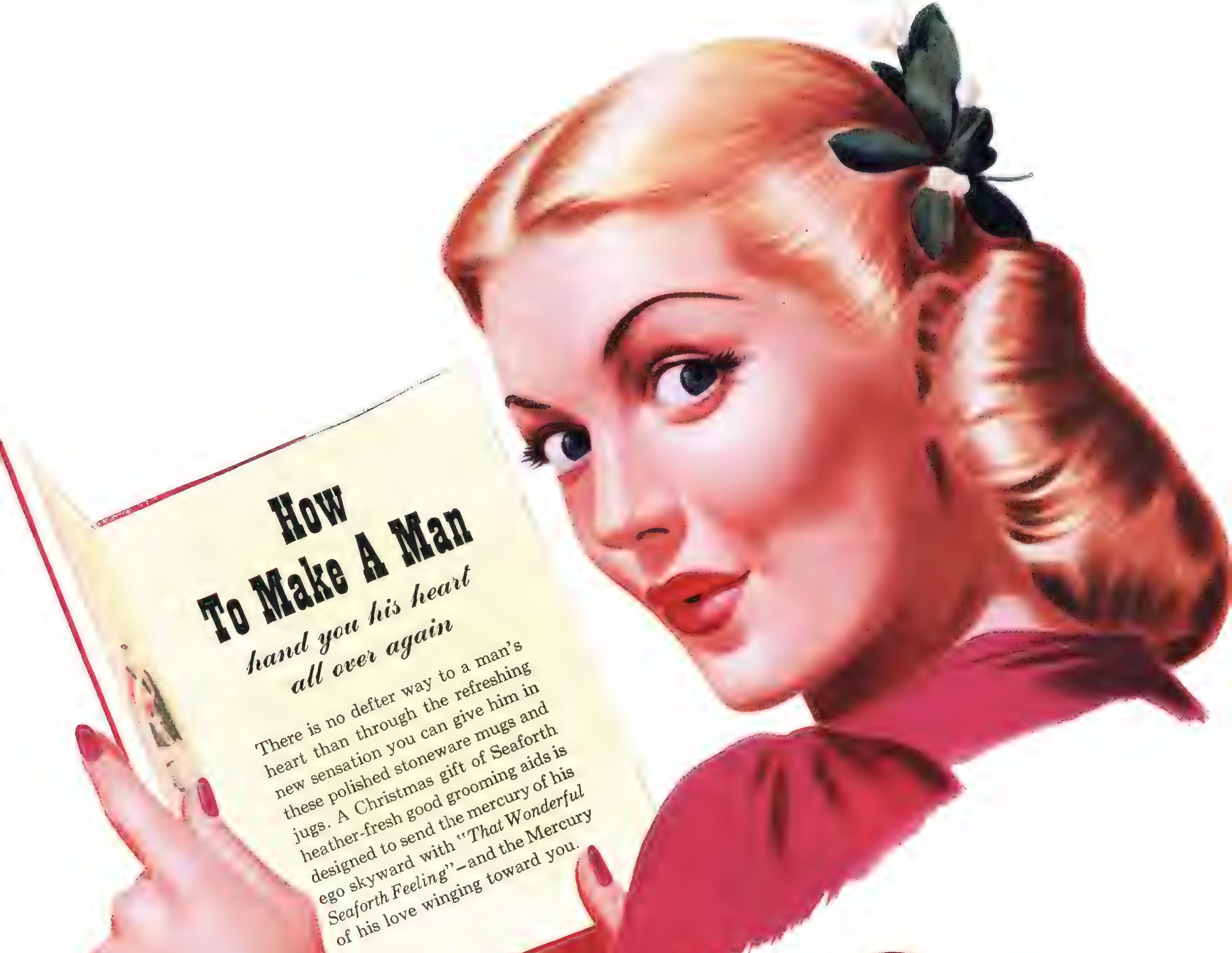
The delightful result: A bowlful (five pints) of the fluffiest, grandest Egg-Nog ever ladled into a cup . . . a fitting tribute to your skill as a mixer, and to the matchless flavor of that magnificent whiskey—Four Roses!

FOUR ROSES

A TRULY GREAT WHISKEY

—the same today as before the war

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies, 90 proof. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.



How To Make A Man

hand you his heart all over again

There is no defter way to a man's heart than through the refreshing new sensation you can give him in these polished stoneware mugs and jugs. A Christmas gift of Seaforth heather-fresh good grooming aids is designed to send the mercury of his ego skyward with *"That Wonderful Seaforth Feeling"*—and the Mercury of his love winging toward you.

Shaving Lotion
Seaforth!
FOR men
Shaving Mug
Seaforth!
FOR men

HE-GIFT GUIDE TO THE ART OF GOOD GROOMING

LITTLE GENERAL (Top, left) Travel Kit. In the two streamlined stoneware jugs: Talc and Shaving Lotion or Talc and Cologne . $2*

SET H (Lower, left). Here's the A-to-Z outfit, with handsome Shaving Mug, Shaving Lotion, Hand Soap, Deodorant, Talc, Men's Cologne and Hair Dressing $7*

GRANDSTANDER (Lower, center), with those three essentials, Shaving Lotion, Hair Dressing and Liquid Shave Soap $3*

SET F (Lower, right). The "Big Five" Set, containing the famous Shaving Mug, Men's Hand Soap, Shaving Lotion, Men's Talc and Hair Dressing $5*

*Plus Tax

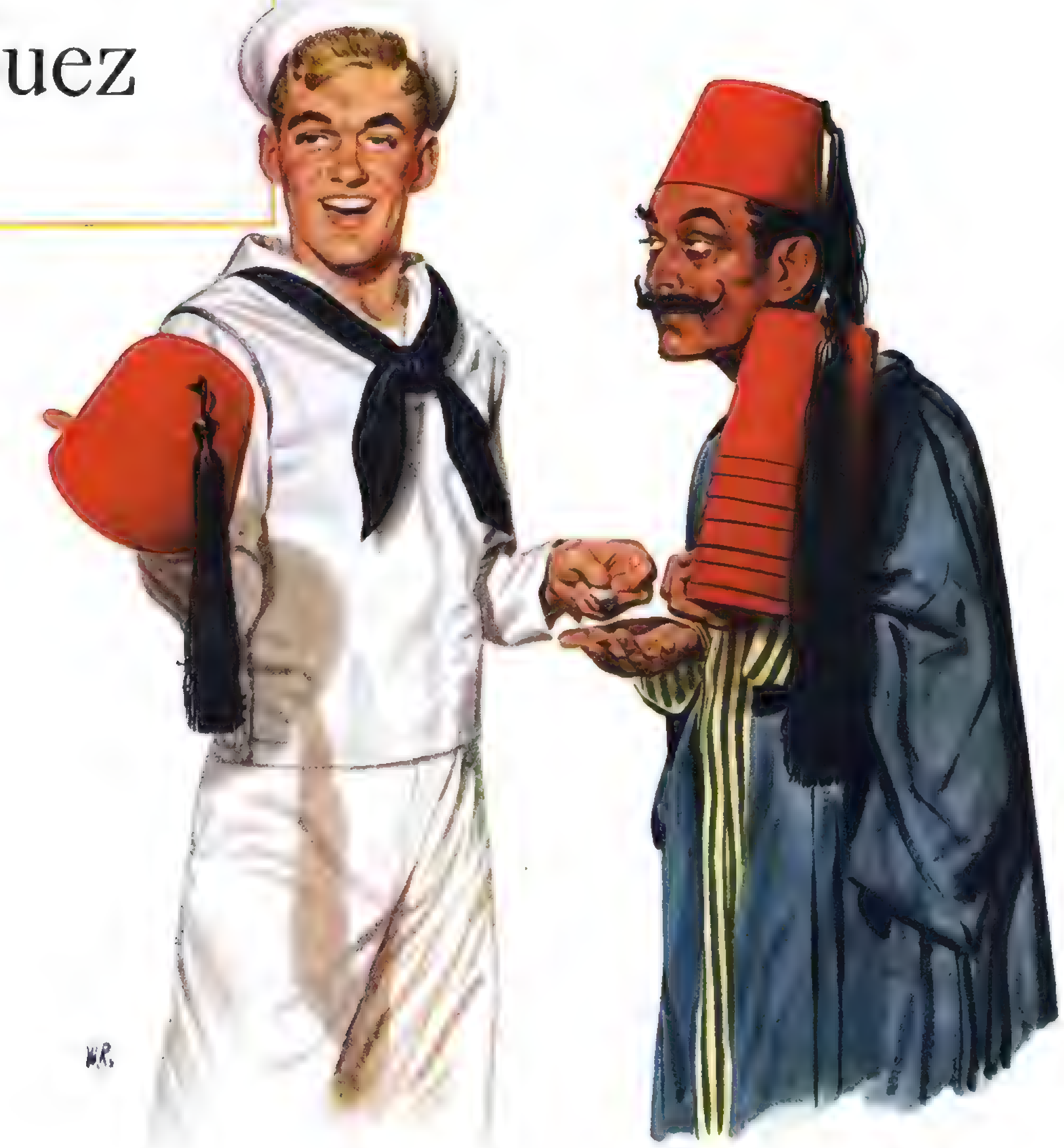
Seaforth!

FOR men

SHAVING MUG • LIQUID SHAVING SOAP
SHAVING LOTION • HAND SOAP • TALC • MEN'S COLOGNE
HAIR DRESSING • MEN'S DEODORANT • $1* EACH

ALFRED D. McKELVY COMPANY
10 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

He bought a Fez in Suez



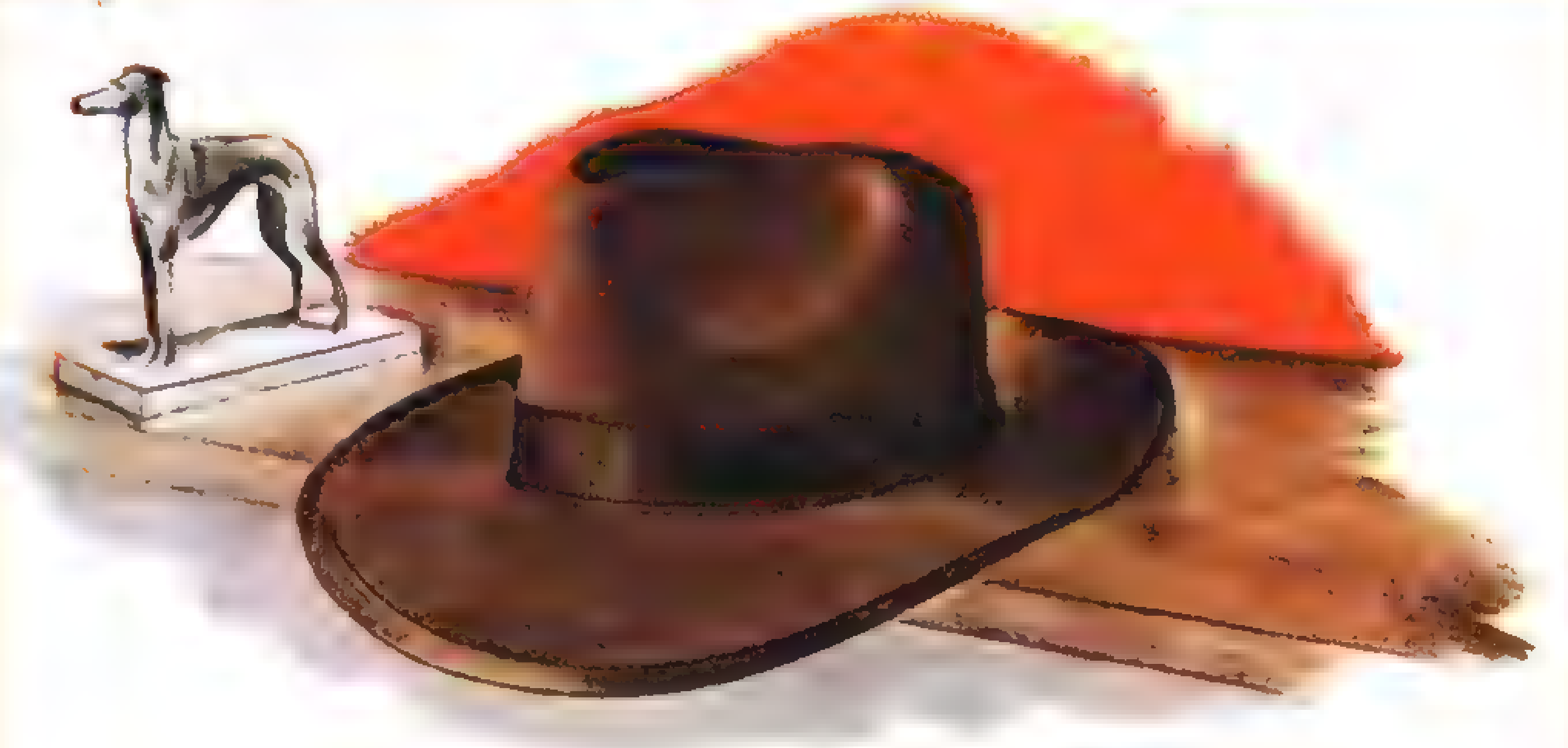
But, boy!—to be home in a STETSON

It's good to see the world, but he'll be mighty glad to see the folks back home again.

To snooze for a week. To walk the quiet hills. To get a fish pole back in his hand.

He'll be glad to get back to things that are made with friendly and familiar American names—names that stand for things a man can trust—that tell you so much without asking. Like the name Stetson in a hat. And hundreds of other product names.

Yes, he'll be glad to get back. And won't we be glad to see him—and to welcome him home in style!



THE ROYAL STETSON "WHIPPET"—Mellow-light felt, smartly bound edge. $10. Other Stetson hats are priced to $40. John B. Stetson Company, Philadelphia, Pa., U. S., and Brockville, Ontario, Canada, hats for men and women.

Give war bonds—complete the victory
Greetings
R
ROMA
ROMA
Estate
California
BURGUNDY
NATURALLY FERMENTED GRAPE WINE
Bottled at our Winery in California
SERVE COOL
MADE AND BOTTLED BY
ROMA WINE COMPANY, FRESNO, CAL.
R

The "SEASON'S GREETINGS" to you from the makers of famous ROMA California Wines. Especially during the holidays, do ROMA Wines add a gracious, yet inexpensive extra delight to entertaining; to family meals or get-togethers. Because they are so uniformly *good,* so true to type, so constant in quality—*more Americans enjoy ROMA than any other wine!* Take home a bottle of your favorite ROMA California Wine today. If your dealer is temporarily out of ROMA, please try again soon. ROMA WINE COMPANY, Fresno, Lodi, Healdsburg, California.

ROMA
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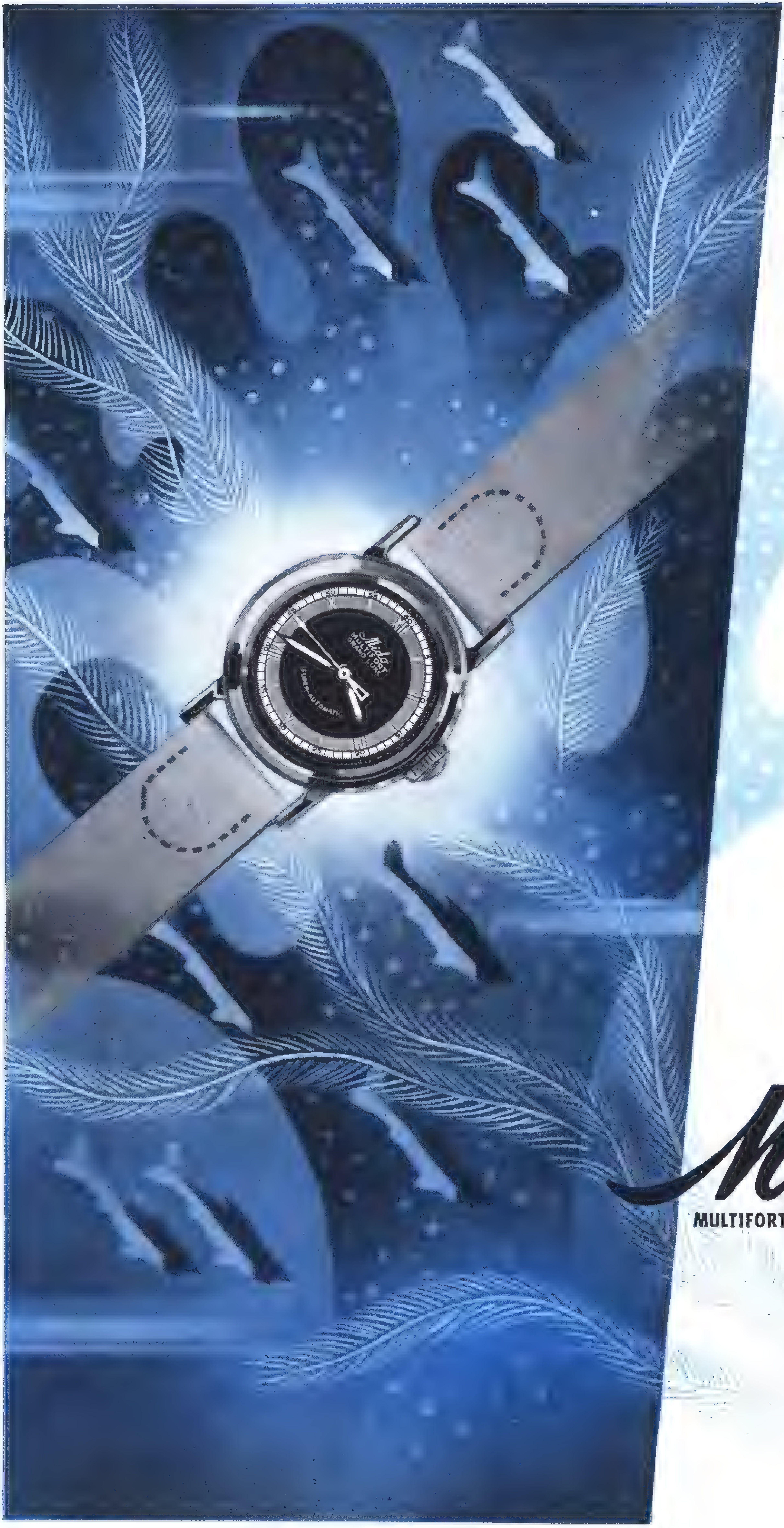
MORE AMERICANS ENJOY ROMA THAN ANY OTHER WINE



100%

WATERPROOF

"When our ship was sunk due to operations of war . . . we were forced to swim in not only salt water but considerable fuel oil as well . . . my Mido was aboard my wrist at that time and still is . . . it was the only watch on the ship, forced to undergo the same treatment that is still serving a proud owner."

SELF-WINDING

"My Mido watch is the most incredible timepiece I have ever known. Eighteen months ago I put my new Mido on my wrist. To date it has never been wound, has never missed a tick, and has consistently kept remarkably accurate time."

SHOCK-RESISTANT

"My Mido watch has weathered flak, fighters, crash landings, and immersion in salt water, to say nothing of unending minutes on the business end of a .50 caliber machine gun."

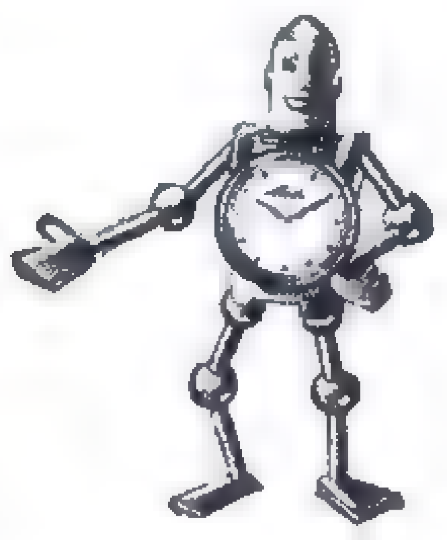
ANTI-MAGNETIC

"Today in physics we were experimenting with electricity and magnetism and tonight my Mido is as always—and almost everyone else's is stopped."

The above excerpts from unsolicited letters written by proud Mido owners* tell better than we can how faithfully a Mido Multifort Super-Automatic functions. It's the 100% waterproof watch that winds itself. Shock-resistant, anti-magnetic . . . 17 jewels, sold and serviced in 65 countries.

Supply limited — a Mido is well worth waiting for.

Mido



MULTIFORT SUPER-AUTOMATIC

Write for illustrated booklet, A15, Mido Watch Co. of America, Inc., 665 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y. . . . In Canada, 410 St. Peter St., Montreal

**Complete letters from which above excerpts were taken on file in our office.*

Model illustrated "Rumsey" (illustration enlarged to show detail) $125.00 Federal Tax included. Other models $42.50 up.

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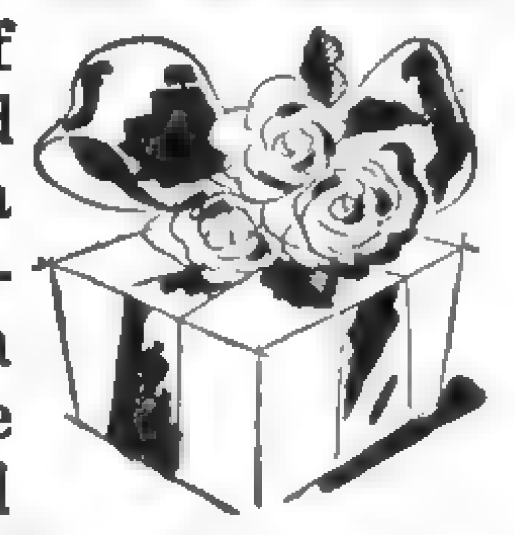
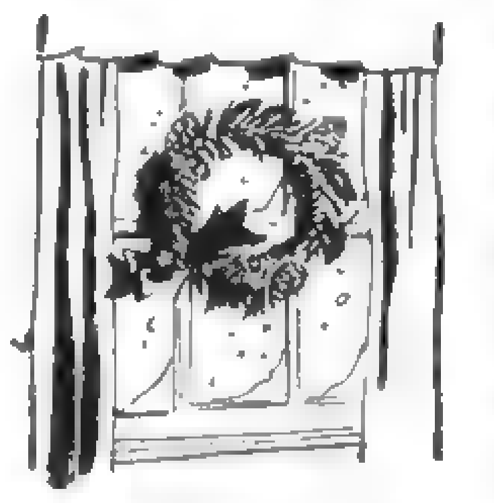
Talking Shop with Esquire

SAY IT WITH NUTS. For your blasé friends who think they've tasted everything, we suggest some out-of-this-world, light-as-a-feather tiny cakes called walnut drops, an ambrosial mixture of ground walnuts, butter and such; or nut scotchies, cakes in a shortbread consistency whose principle ingredient is ground almonds. Or a 10½ oz. bottle of toothsome glaced pecans, cashews, walnuts and almonds.

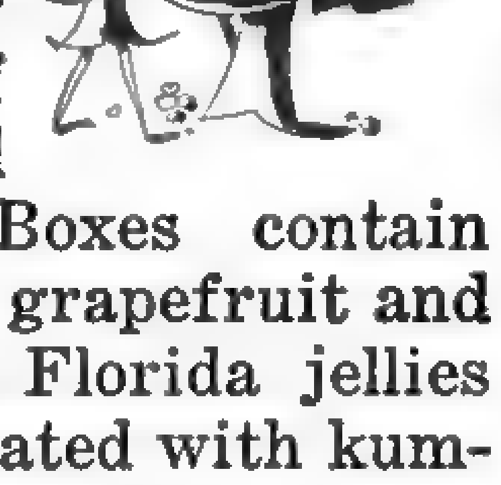
SAY IT WITH A PERFUME-CORSAGE. Here's a double feature that is tops in lady lure and sentimentality. A bottle of flower - scented perfume and a corsage of lifelike imitation flowers which she can wear on lapel or in her tresses. Xmas brides get Lily of the Valley perfume with a lily and orange blossom corsage; Mother gets rose-scented cologne, soap, talc and bath scent with a lovely rose corsage; other lovelies on your list get "Sleeping" perfume in a gorgeous glass bottle shaped like a Christmas candle and a corsage of mistletoe, acorns and Xmas bells . . . and for your Dream Girl . . . gardenia perfume with a gardenia corsage.



SAY IT WITH WREATHS. Send a Christmas greeting in the form of a luxurious wreath made of a spray of snowy pine decorated with snow-tipped pine cones, red holly berries and a big red satin bow. Or a door knocker of sugar cones with natural greens, small cones and red berries (19" long); or a poinsettia spray for mantel or table, snowy greens trimmed with berries and artificial poinsettias.



SAY IT WITH ORANGES. Here's a new gift idea. You go to a certain shop, pay for an elaborate greeting card which contains a gift certificate which entitles the recipient to order a fancy box of tree-ripened Florida fruit. Boxes contain luscious oranges, grapefruit and jars of delicious Florida jellies . . . and are decorated with kumquats and Persian limes.



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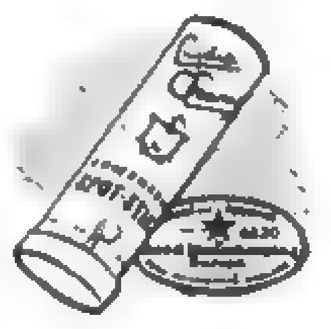
Sporting sleepless eyes neatly framed in black? Bright razor nicks on cheek and chin? It's time for facial artistry. Cover that trail of "morning-after" clues with Covermark Spot-Stik. Instantly, blemishes, burns—all skin discolorations vanish from view. Even your favorite "whodunit" man would never know Spot-Stik is the secret of your healthy looks. Use Waterproof Covermark Cream to conceal birthmarks and all larger blemishes.

Esky's Female Fans, too, find Regular Covermark Cream, Spot-Stik, and Waterproof Covermark Cream indispensable for concealing blemishes.



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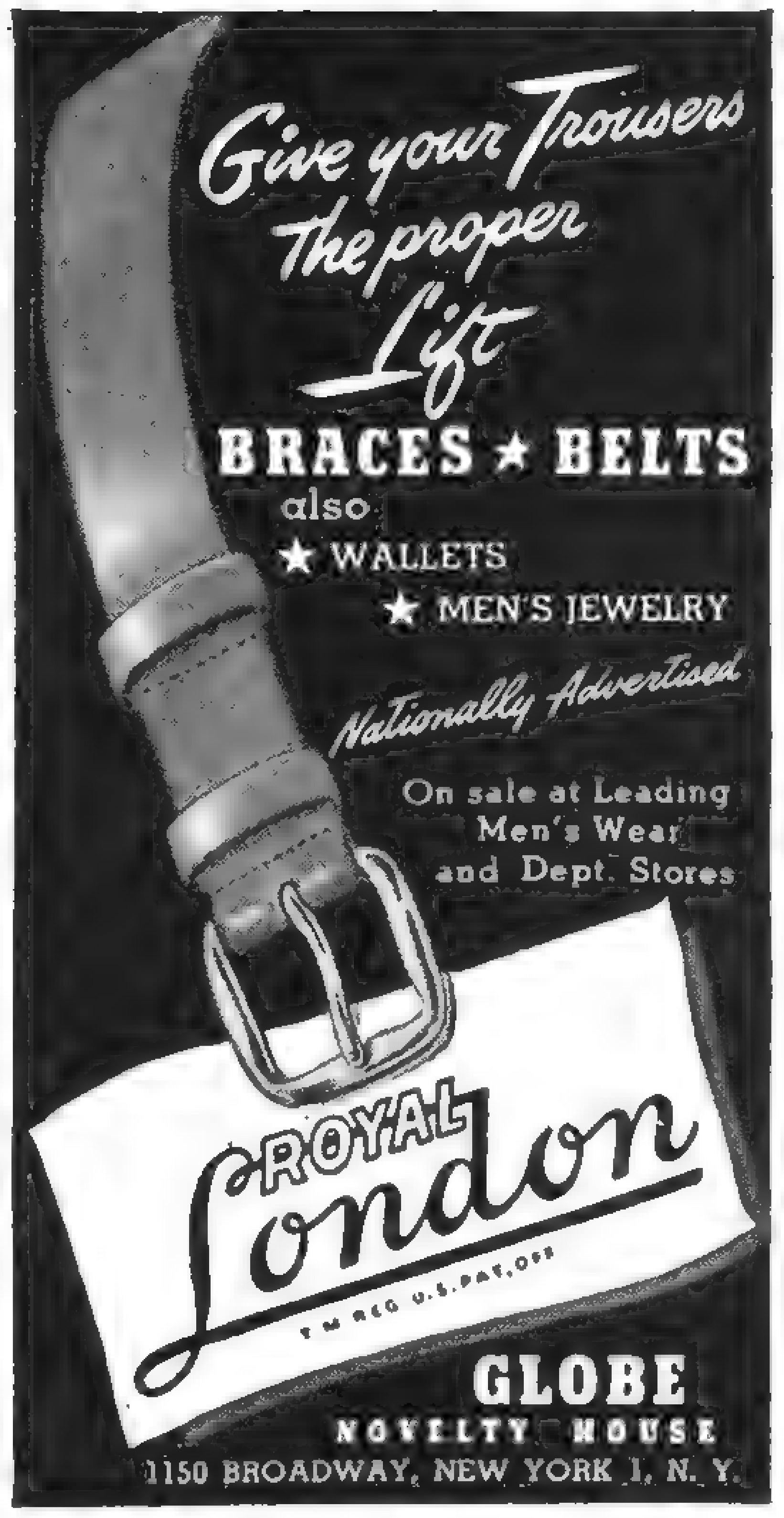

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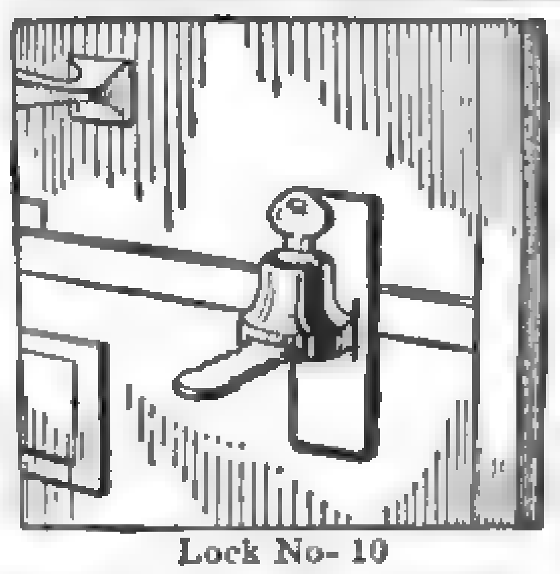

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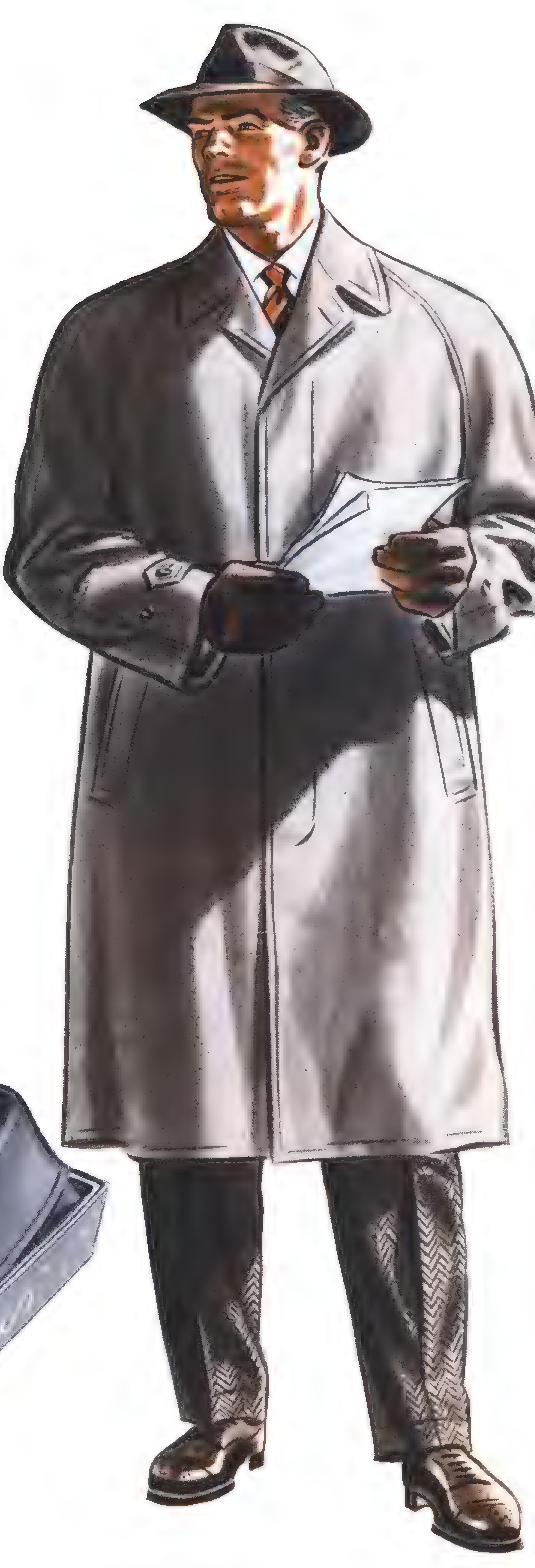

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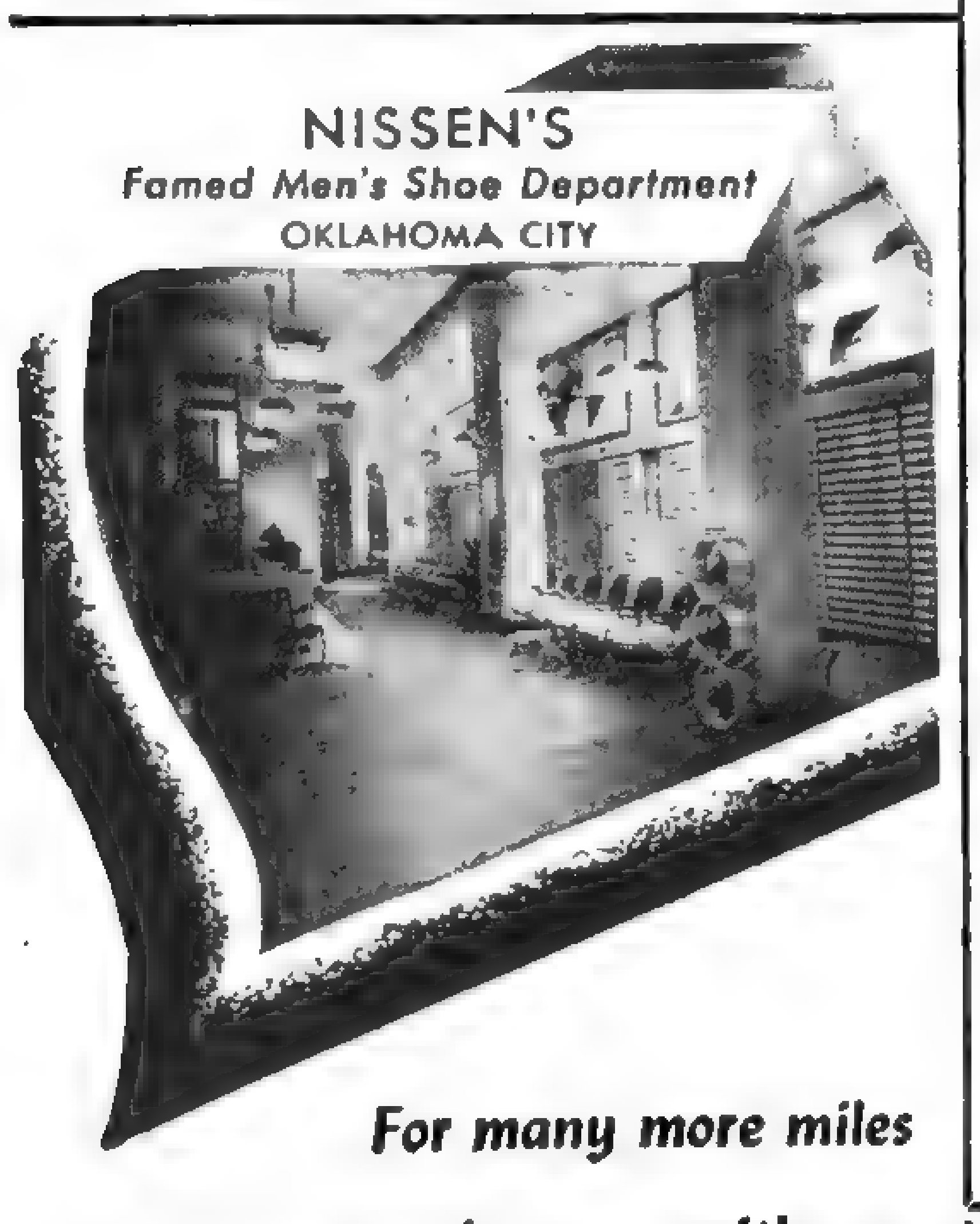

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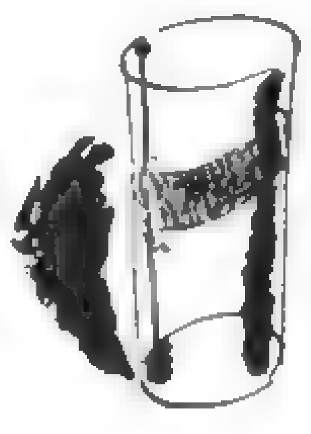
Talking Shop with Esquire

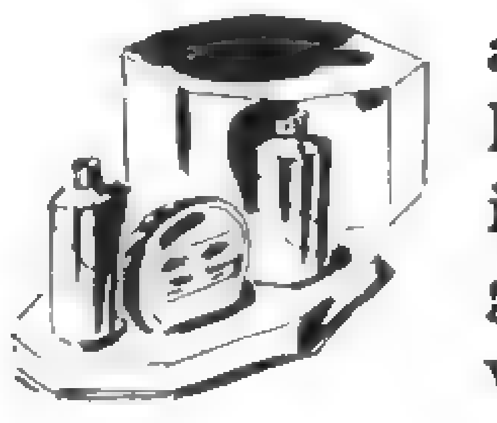
MADONNA MUSIC BOX. The tinkling, charming little music box has been part of Christmas since time immemorial. "Ave Maria" is the loved, familiar music played as the doors of this box open to view a lovely Madonna enshrined in a gray Gothic case 7¼" high. Then there's the piano cigarette box . . . a perfect miniature baby grand in lucite, which plays a melody each time the top is lifted. Holds 2½ packs of cigarettes, or can be used for candy.

PLACE CARD TUMBLERS. Here's a nifty . . . particularly for big party givers: 8½ oz. crystal tumblers each designed with a sand-carved panel upon which you write the guest's name in pencil. After the party, just wash off the names and start fresh for the next bender. The "write your name" tumblers come a dozen to a box.



FOR CUT UPS. A fine set of craftsman's knives housed in a natural finish wood box. There are 3 types of handles with detachable interchangeable blades . . . a blade for each kind of ticklish cutting task; mat work, woodcarving; soap carving, stencil work etching; silk screen; lithography and other arts and crafts. Blades are for light and medium work, heavy work or mat knife. A rack inside the lid holds the 12 assorted knife blades.

STRICTLY MASCULINE. If you're giving him a toiletry set, why not pick one that will be an instant click? To wit . . . a 3 pc. set, shave lotion and talcum in handsome burgundy bottles with special leak-proof caps plus a burgundy plastic shaving bowl with a firm, locking cover grooved to hold a shaving brush. The makers think so much of this exclusive design they've had it immortalized in solid gold (it's yours if you have two grand handy).



BLENDED BEAUTY. Newest idea is to send your best girl a Duchess of York related make-up set. Lipstick, powder, eye shadow, mascara, rouge, all in a skillfully blended sequence to harmonize with individual types of coloring. If she's a brunette, she gets a "black-cherry" sequence; if she's blonde, "cardinal" or "holly berry". Just send your girl's coloring . . . eyes, complexion and hair, and get her correctly matched set.

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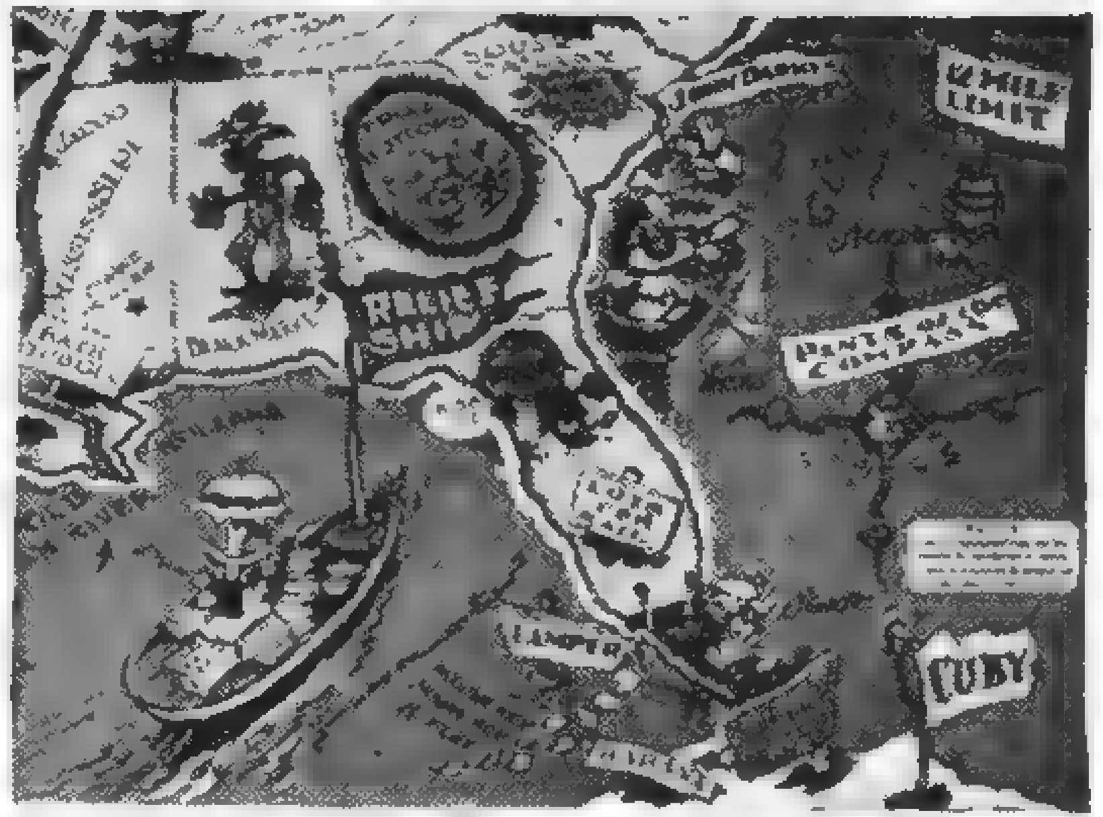

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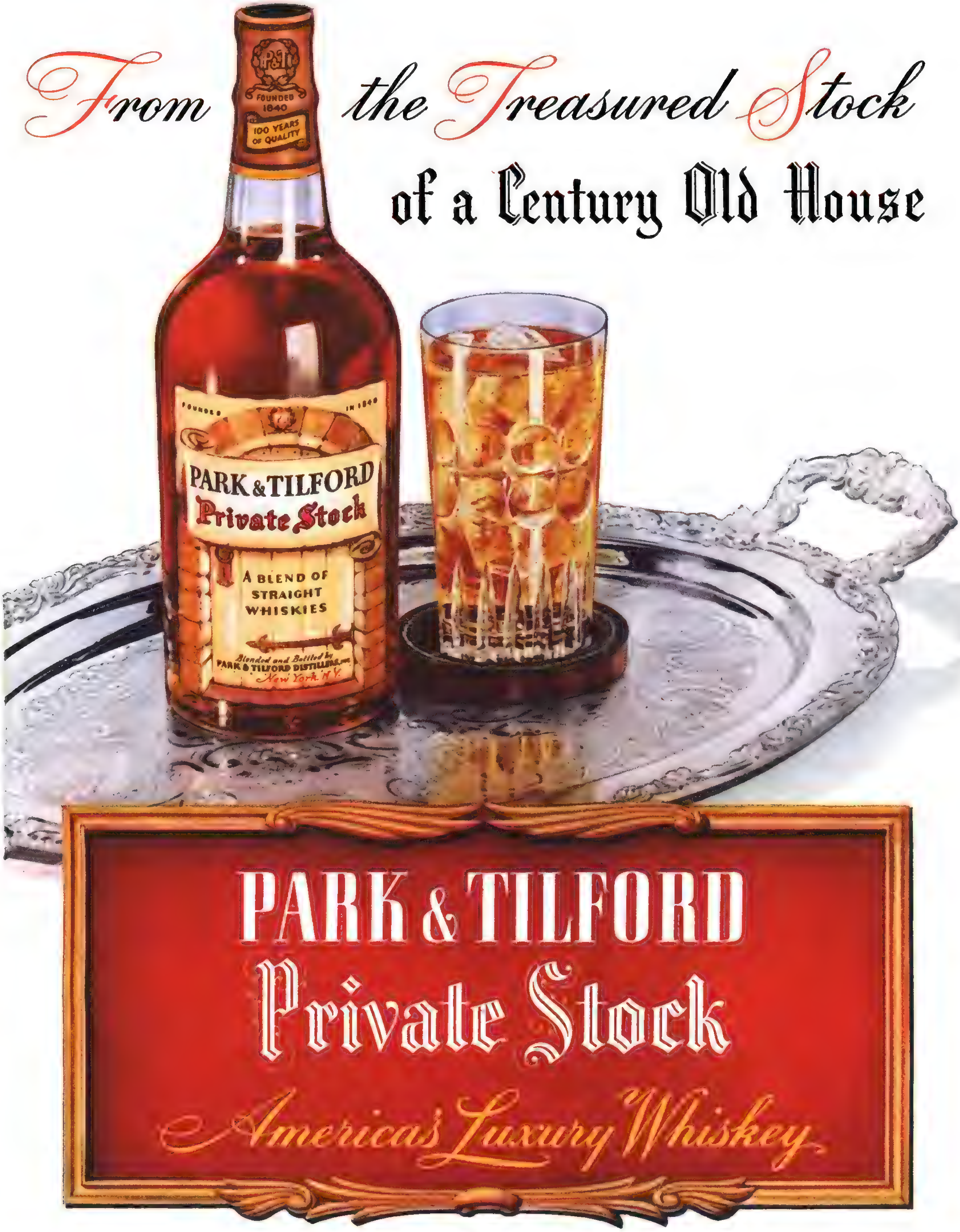
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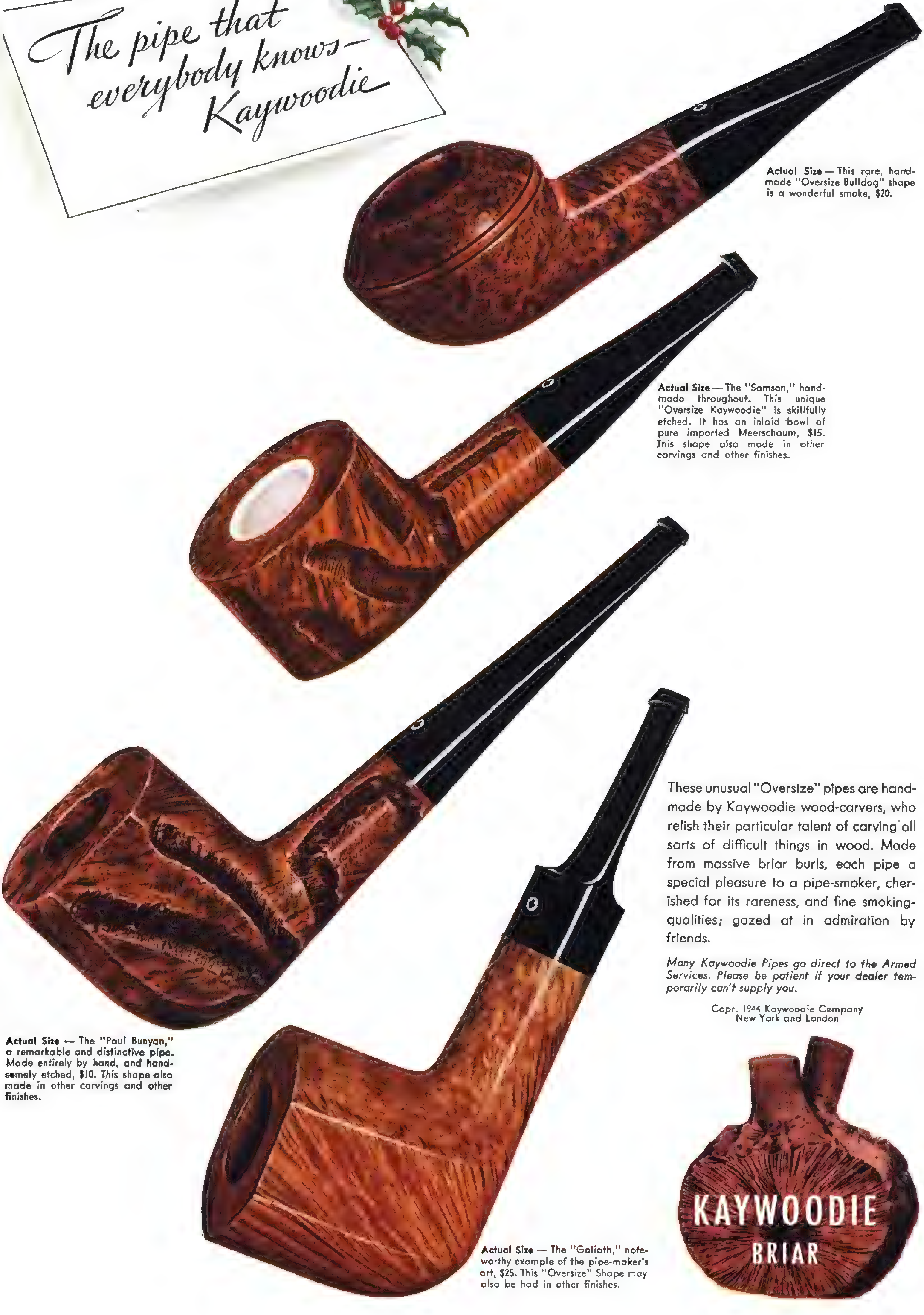
The pipe that everybody knows— Kaywoodie



Actual Size — This rare, hand-made "Oversize Bulldog" shape is a wonderful smoke, $20.

Actual Size — The "Samson," hand-made throughout. This unique "Oversize Kaywoodie" is skillfully etched. It has an inlaid bowl of pure imported Meerschaum, $15. This shape also made in other carvings and other finishes.

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Actual Size — The "Goliath," noteworthy example of the pipe-maker's art, $25. This "Oversize" Shape may also be had in other finishes.

These unusual "Oversize" pipes are handmade by Kaywoodie wood-carvers, who relish their particular talent of carving all sorts of difficult things in wood. Made from massive briar burls, each pipe a special pleasure to a pipe-smoker, cherished for its rareness, and fine smoking-qualities; gazed at in admiration by friends.

Many Kaywoodie Pipes go direct to the Armed Services. Please be patient if your dealer temporarily can't supply you.

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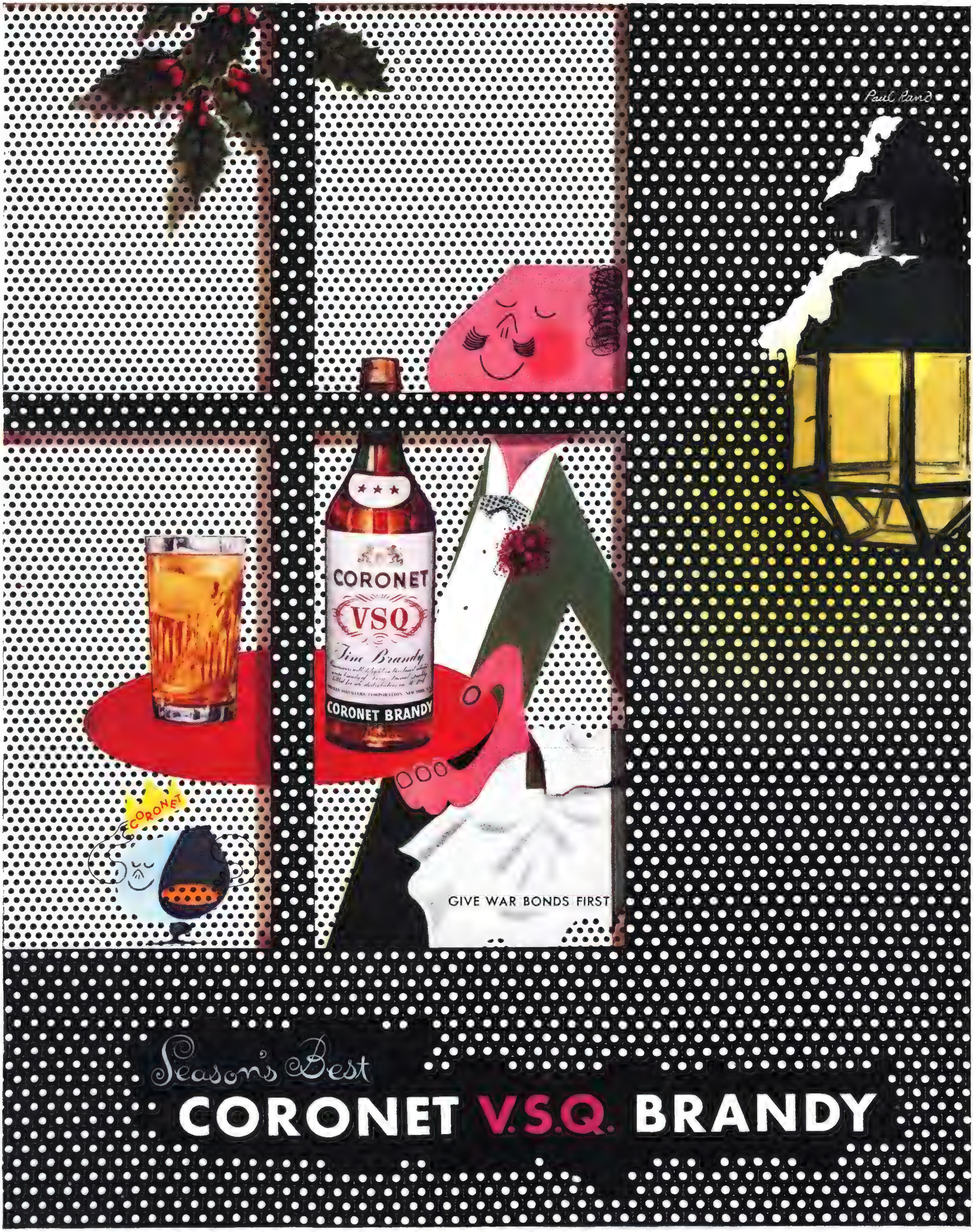
BRIAR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Gems of Fashion and Enduring Beauty

The earrings—each with four beautifully matched cultured pearls in a graceful flower-and-leaf mounting of 14k. gold. $75 the pair.

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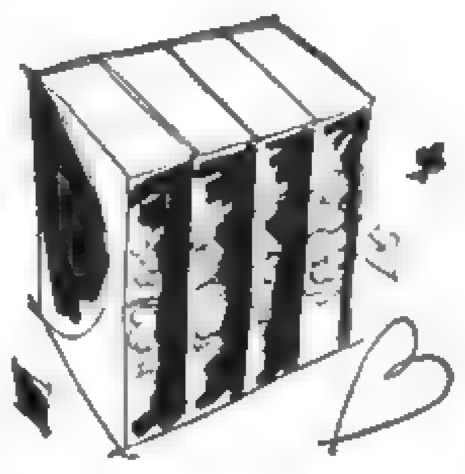
Talking Shop with Esquire

HI HO SILVER! Rugged characters all have secret leanings for a mess of elaborately stamped leather belongings from the great open spaces. We've tracked down a rootin' tootin' craftsman in Texas who turns out choice carvings on only the choicest tooling calf. Hand-stamped billfolds, belts, snapless purses, etc. Fine gifts.

RECORD BOOK. Better put it in writing in this leather-bound tome which combines the functions of a diary, appointment book, private financial record and data book. The 200 page diary section is ruled off by hours per day with daily quotation; 200 pages of copyright charts and data for executives' daily use; railroad, air fares, best hotels in various cities, road mileage between cities, stock, bond, insurance record, stock market range for 10 years . . . what else could a guy want! You can have the name of the recipient done in gold on the cover.

SOMETHING IN LEATHER. Here's where "The Govnur" comes in for his share of Christmas loot. How about a leak-proof leather-lined cigarette case in handsome imported Morocco leather? Holds 22 cigs, has metal walls and celluloid covers for protection. Each cover has room for a photograph. All round zipper closing.

PLAYING CARD HOLDERS. Heavily gold-tooled top grain leather molded over metal, the holders look like a miniature set of books with bookends. Each holder is slightly larger than a deck of cards, and you can buy cards with holders in sets of 2 or 4. One of the neatest and most decorative ways of disposing of decks of cards when not in use. Can be had in brown, green or red leather.



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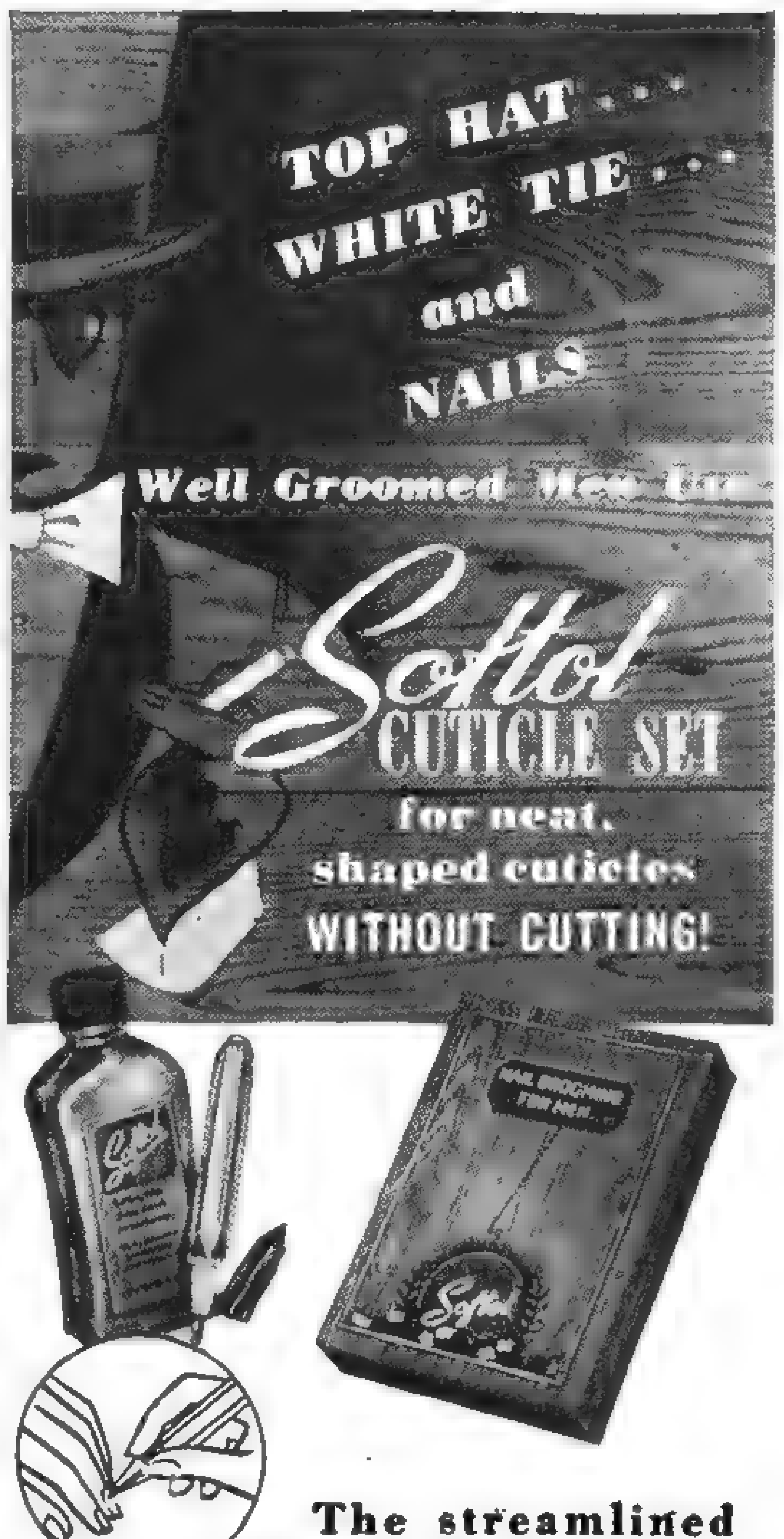
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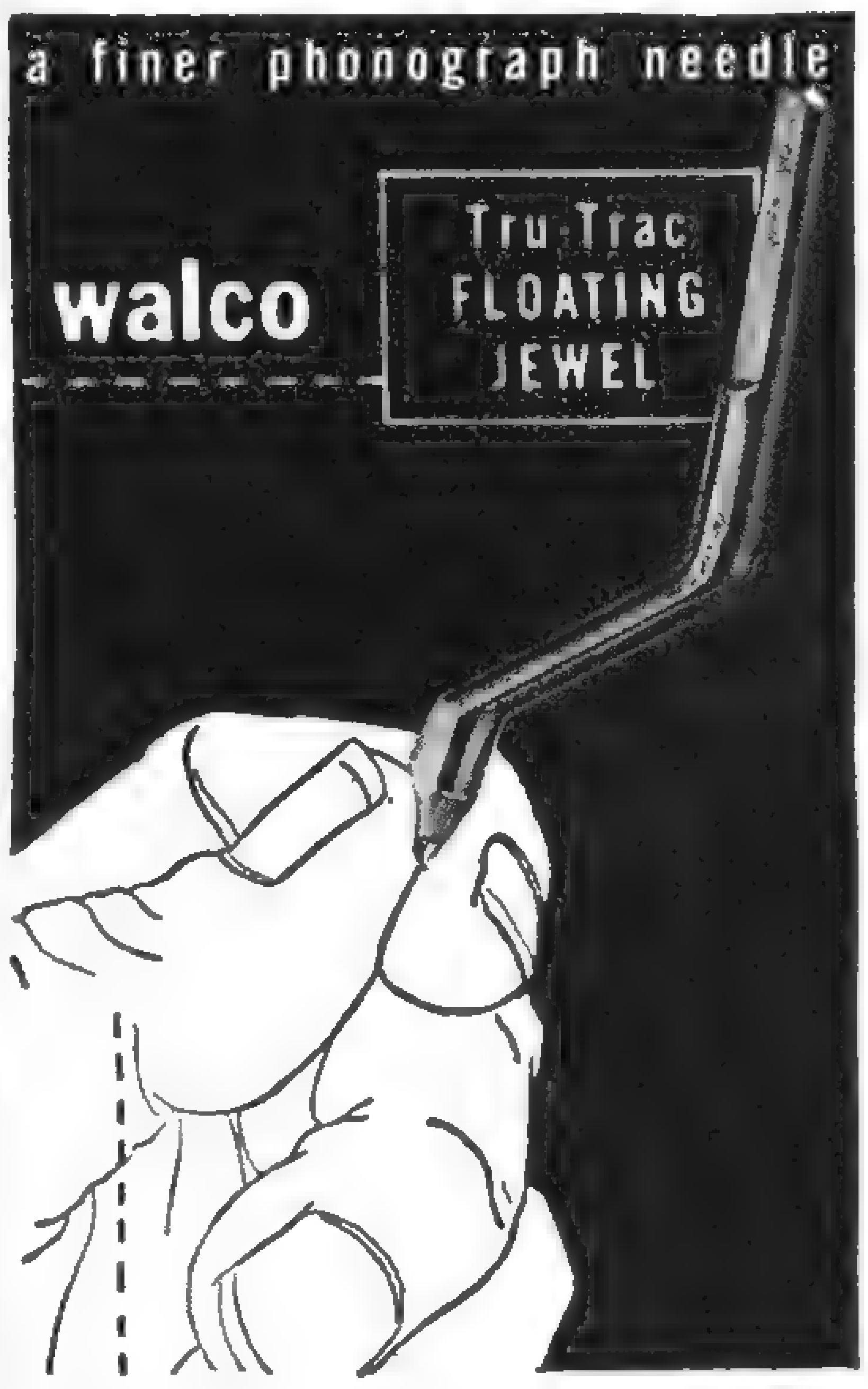
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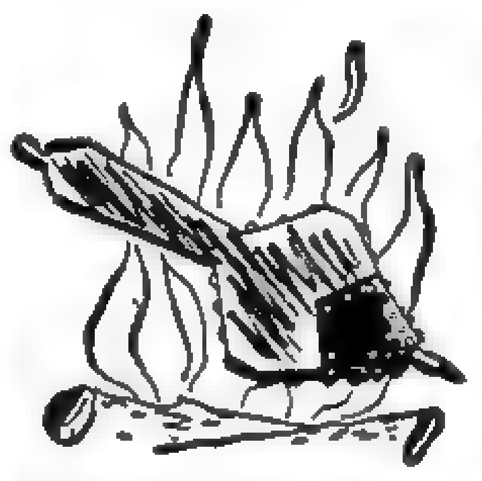

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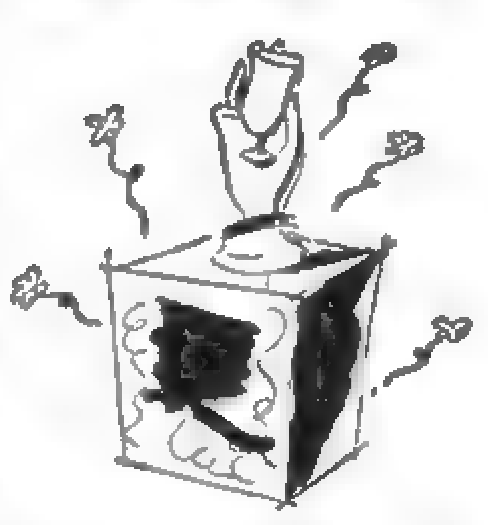

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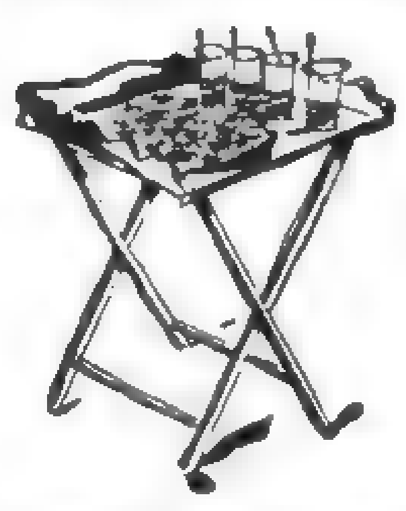

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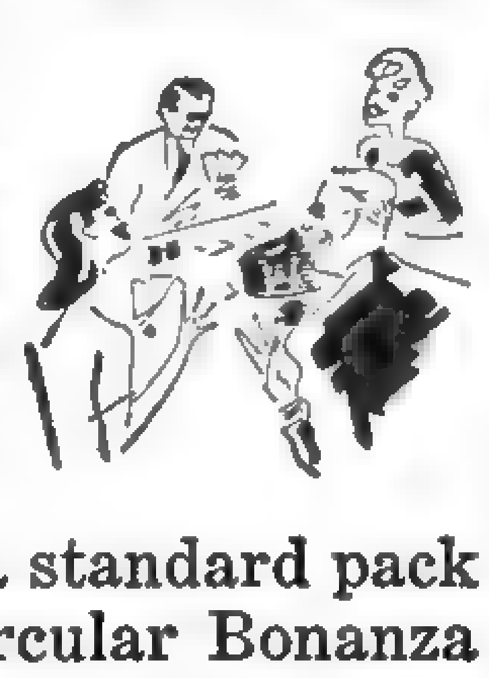

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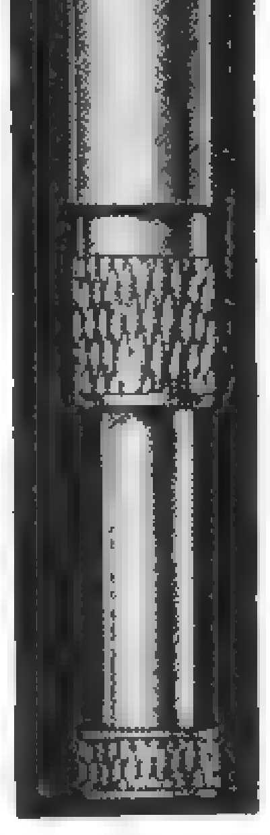

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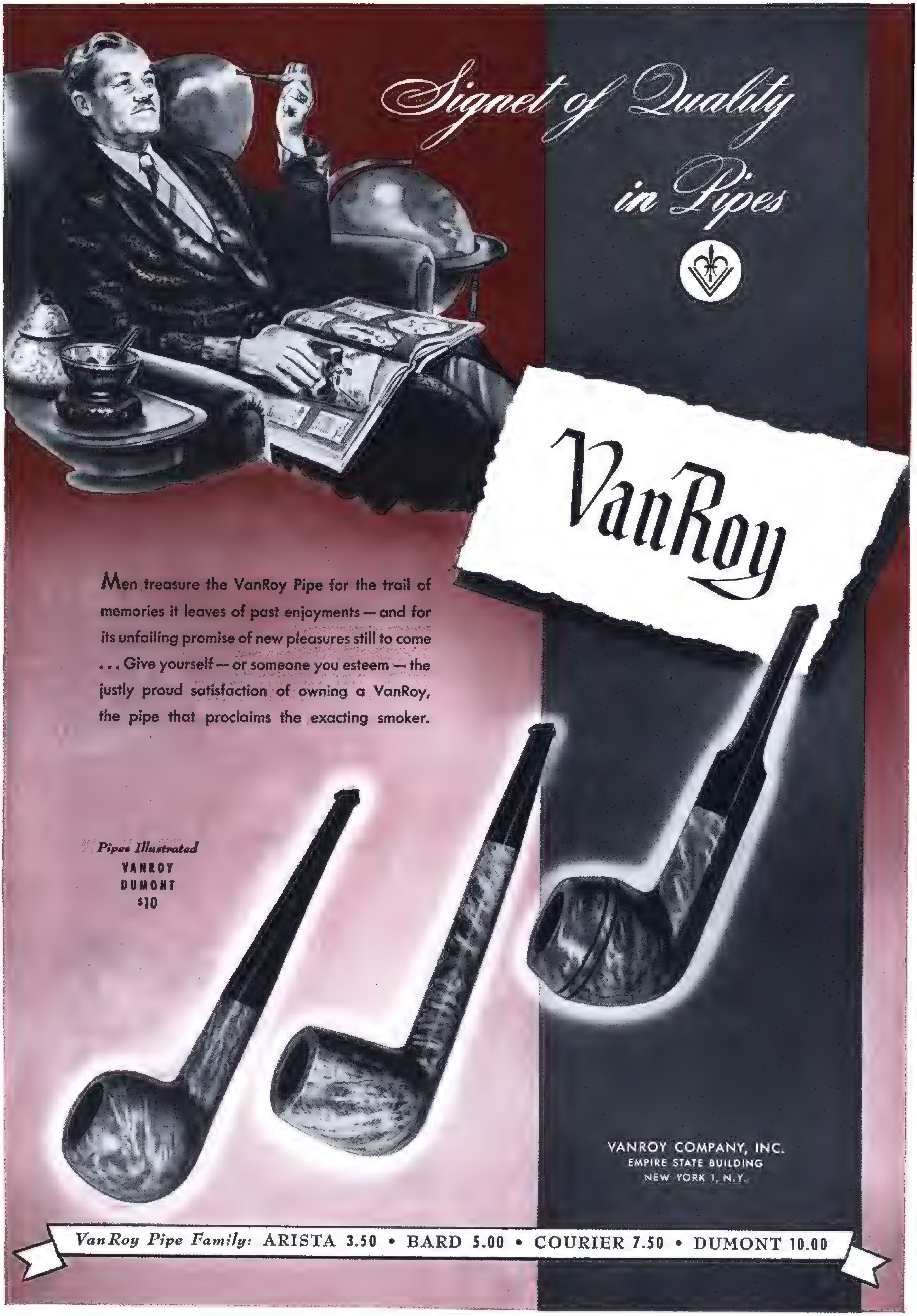
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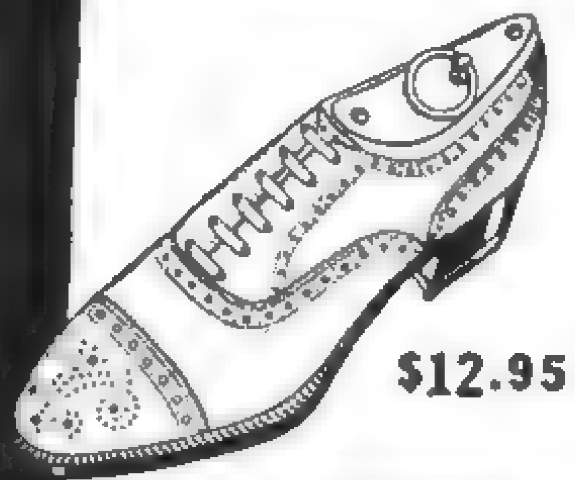

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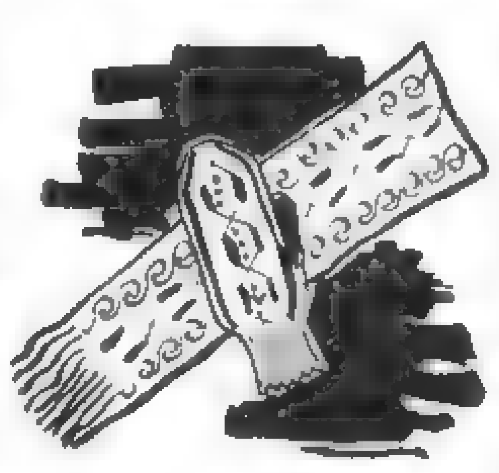

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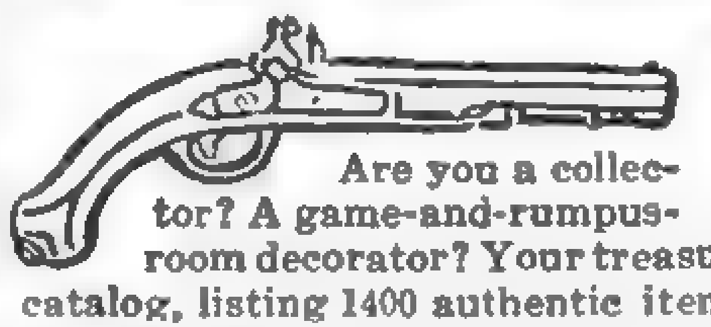

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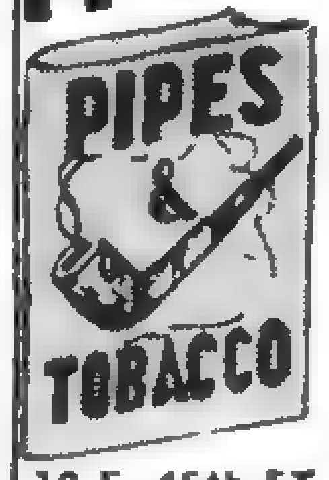

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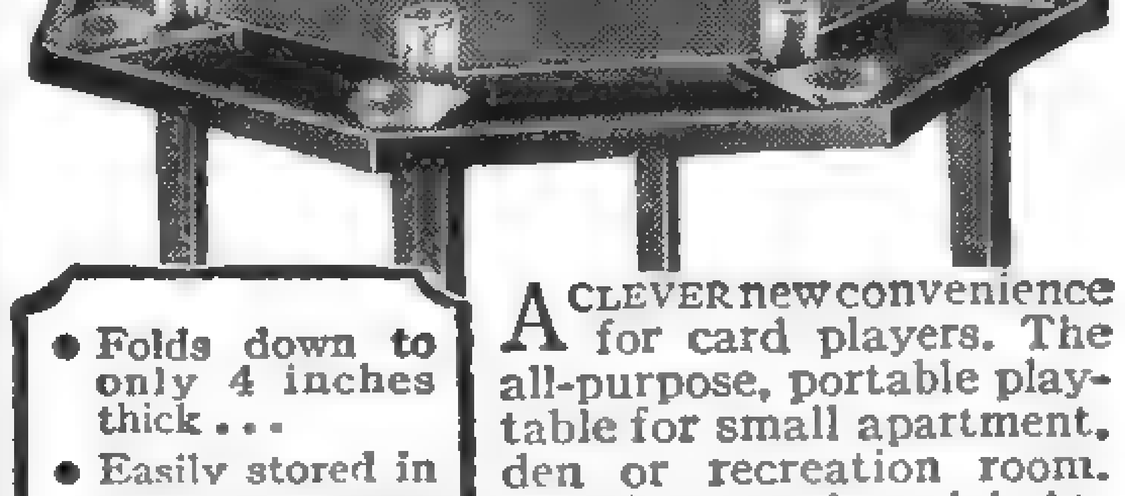

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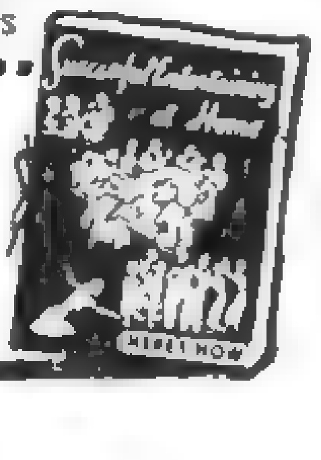

PERFUME
Gemey
RICHARD HUDNUT
NEW YORK PARIS
Gemey
GAY PERFUME WITH
THE SPARKLE OF GEMS
BY Richard Hudnut

Painting the Town with Esquire

THOUGH WE weren't aware it had been spirited away, a reader writing mid mud, rain and rubble somewhere in Europe, swears he's got Fifth Avenue's Hotel St. Regis with him as a cheerer-upper. Seems that, come the great day he re-contacts American soil, there's to be celebrational dining and dancing by him and his gal, and this hostelry is elected. So it had better keep functioning, keep in fettle for doing the honors.

WE CAN ASSURE him that the St. Regis (V. Astor, proprietor) is marking time superbly. The splendorous Iridium Room, whose décor and lighting abet feminine complexion allure, has the music of Fred Miller and his orchestra (genteel ginger style) alternating with tune-besparkler Theodora Brooks and her Hammond organ ensemble. (She makes like the bubbles in your glass of champagne.) Dancers Pierre D'Angelo and Vanya, whose success on the St. Regis Roof last summer nearly offed the lid of same, have come back with new charm stuff, and if fleet-hoofed D'Angelo ever gets tired of toting and floating that honey around, he can toss her to us. The Maisonette, or down-under department — clubbier — is rhythmed by Laszlo and his orchestra and Paul Sparr and *his.* The King Cole Room has no dancing but considerable elbow activity under the auspices of the well-known Maxfield Parrish depiction of His Merry Majesty— counterbalancing nationally the influence exerted by the same artist's "Pied Piper" in the Palace Hotel in San Francisco. Art lovers, undecided as to which of the two is supreme, shuttle between them.

IF A TRUCK had backed up to our door with a ton of caviar, we'd have been no more boffed of a heap than we were at the opening, casual as you please, of the three-alarm grand luxe Restaurant Roberto at 22 East 46th, right next to the Esky Edifice. Layout, which includes a Camellia Lounge, is eye-gladdening, with no crowding; conversations aren't public property. Tendered by headwaiter Pierre, the oversize menu (entirely à la carte) proclaims the chef's scope with royal squab, capon, guinea hen, veal cutlery, rack of lamb, Chateaubriand steak, etc., and what eventuates doesn't leave well-nourished Pierre out on a limb.

For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H. M. KING GEORGE VI

The world's most famous *Quality* Dry Gin

BOOTH'S HOUSE OF LORDS

Imported from England

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP. NEW YORK, N. Y.
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86 PROOF

"My Family

has taken pride in producing rums of fine flavor and quality since more than a half century," Senor Oliver says. "Now I take pride in putting the name of my family on a brand of rum. That is how highly I esteem it. That is why I am sure you will enjoy Ron Oliver— and serve it with pride."

SERVE IT WITH PRIDE
There is no better

86 PROOF

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Licoreria Roses Inc., Arecibo, Puerto Rico
Sole Distributors in U. S. A.
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A•1 SAUCE

There's nothing quite like it

An international Sauce of satisfaction for over 100 years!

Ask for A•1 Sauce when dining out. Order A•1 for the home table. *Not rationed.*

G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford 1, Conn.

The DASH that makes the DISH

For those who demand QUALITY

Fine Brandies Since 1780

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LEON & EDDIE'S
33 WEST 52 NEW YORK

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"America's Finest Aromatic Tobacco"

2 Ounce Package
40¢
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Sample?
Send 10¢ to
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128 Delmar Blvd.
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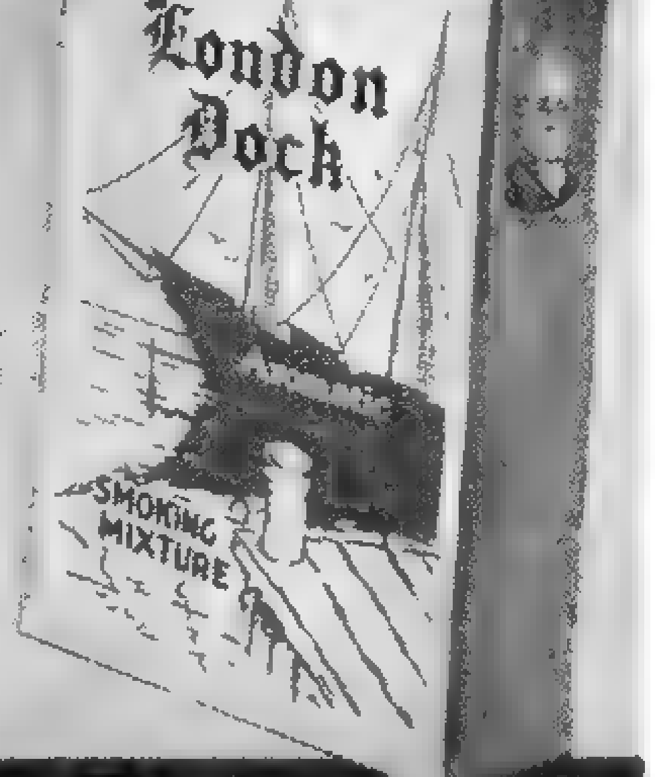


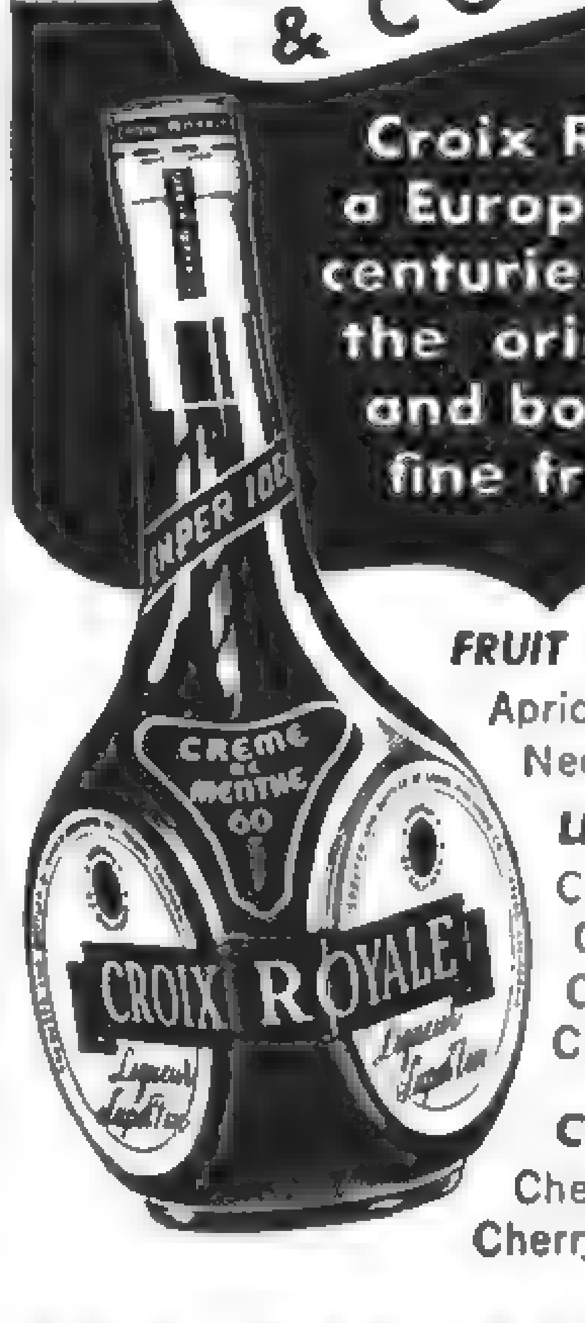
Christian Peper St. Louis
Fine Tobaccos Since 1852

A charming custom . . . liqueurs-after-dinner. And a very special compliment when your choice is . . .

CROIX ROYALE
SAY CROY ROYAL

LIQUEURS & CORDIALS

Croix Royale, using a European formula centuries old, retains the original flavor and bouquet of the fine fresh fruit.



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Apricot • Peach • Plum
Nectarine-Peach

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Creme de Rose 50 Proof

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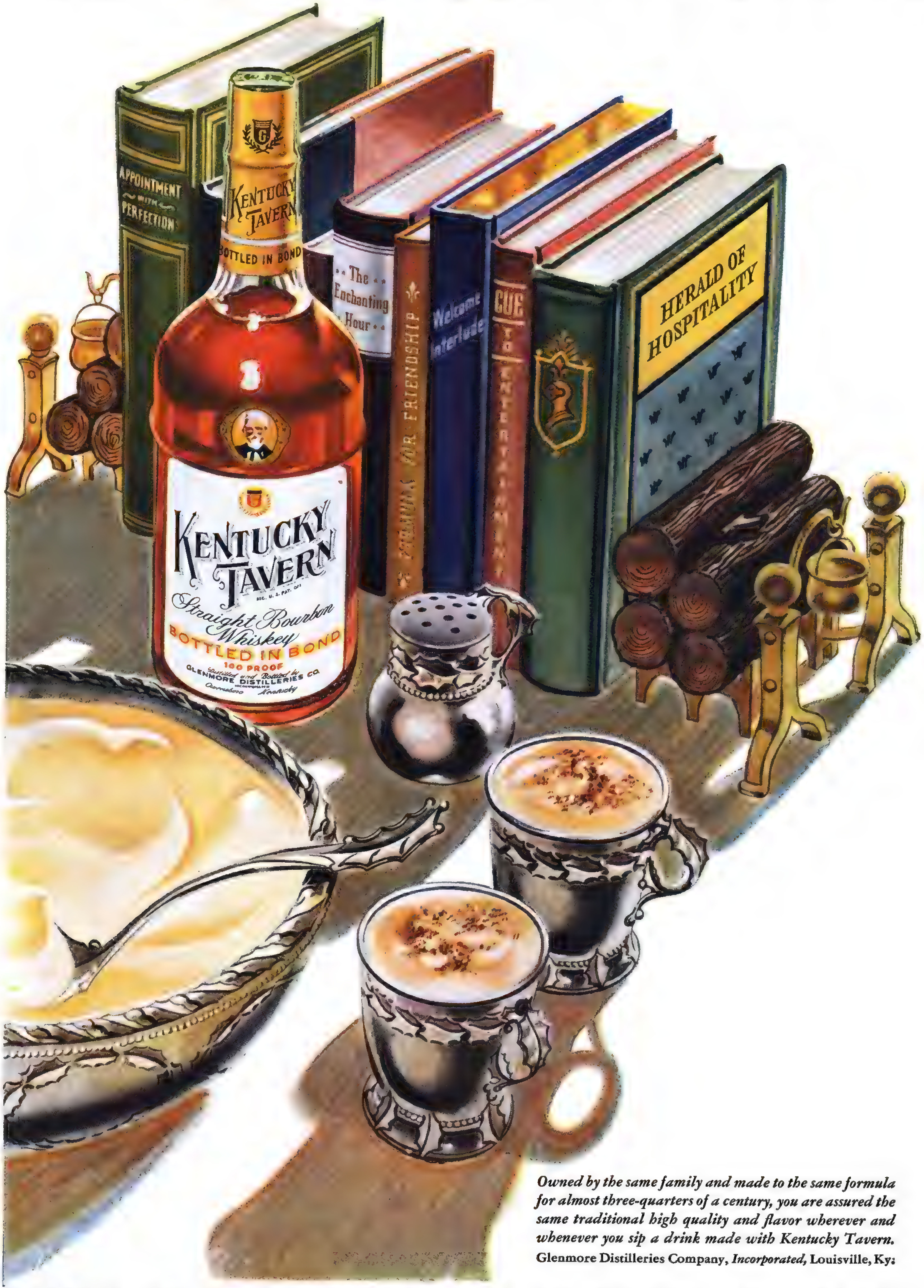
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BOTTLED IN BOND
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INCORPORATED
Owensboro Kentucky

Owned by the same family and made to the same formula for almost three-quarters of a century, you are assured the same traditional high quality and flavor wherever and whenever you sip a drink made with Kentucky Tavern.

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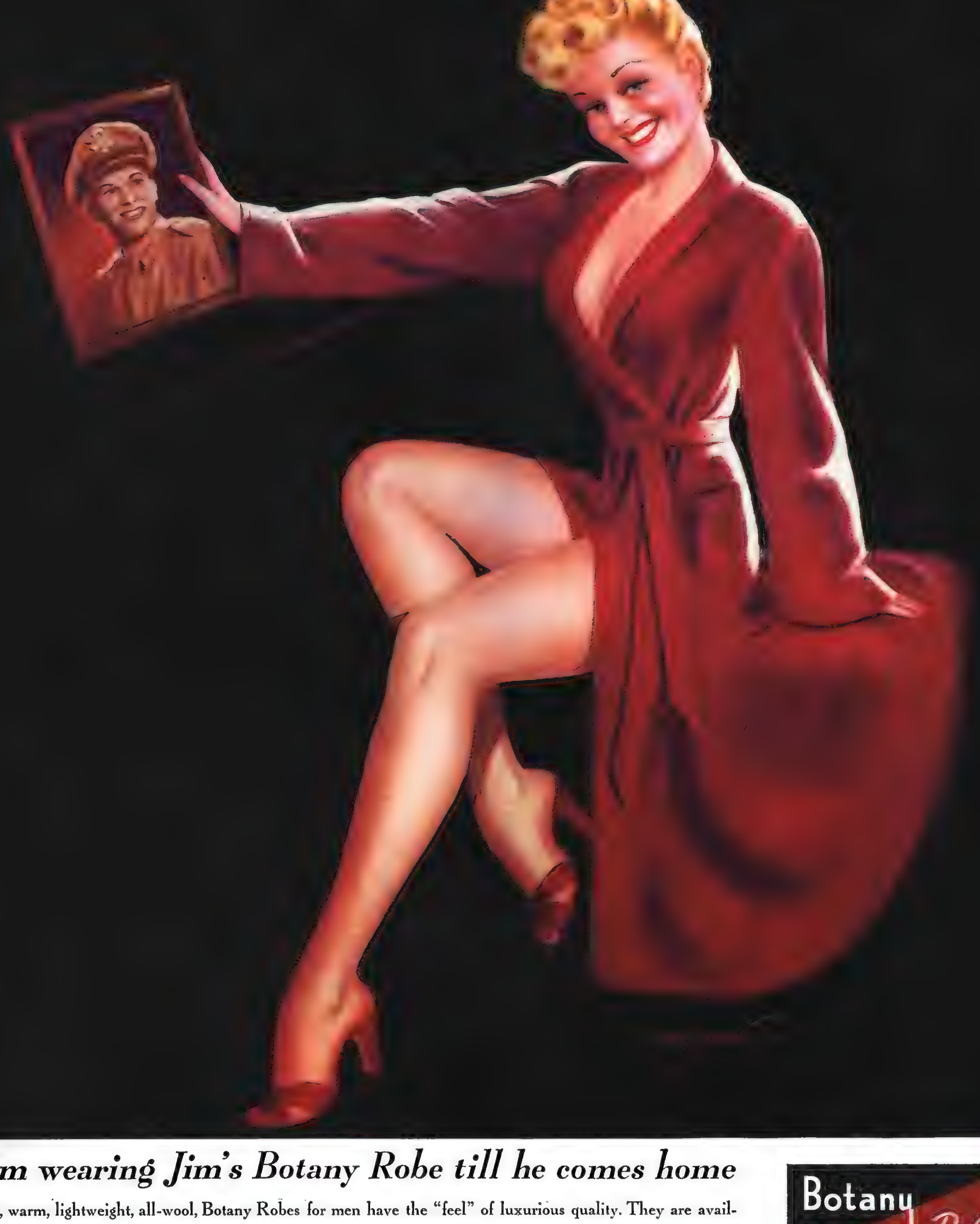
First choice of men who know

The distinguished appearance of Courtley Toiletries reflects the superiority of their quality. Courtley fragrance is unmistakably masculine — blended from rare essences of Cognac, Cedarwood, Russian Leather, and the Great Outdoors. Presented in richly colored flagons of genuine porcelain to match your decor.

THREE FLAGONS AND BOWL	FLAGON AND BOWL	TWIN FLAGONS (selection)	FLAGON (selection)	MILLED HAND SOAP
After Shave, Men's Cologne, Powder, Shaving Soap..$7.50	After Shave and Shaving Soap . . . $3.25	After Shave and Powder, After Shave and Cologne, Men's Cologne and Powder, Pre-Shave Lotion and Powder . . . $3.75	After Shave, Cologne, Powder, Deodorant Cologne, Pre-Shave Lotion, Hair Dress $2.00	Bath size of 3 cakes, $1.50 Toilet size of 4 cakes, $1.00 Five colors to match your toiletries.

COURTLEY, LTD. ROCKEFELLER CENTER, 630 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY LOS ANGELES



I'm wearing Jim's Botany Robe till he comes home

Soft, warm, lightweight, all-wool, Botany Robes for men have the "feel" of luxurious quality. They are available in limited quantities, at good stores everywhere... Look for the label... it identifies the genuine "Botany"

Botany Robe

BOTANY WORSTED MILLS, Passaic, N. J. • Robes • Ties • No-Dye-Lot Yarns • Men's and Women's Wear Fabrics • "500" Suit • Lanolin Cosmetics • Certified Fabrics

BOTANY ROBES for MEN

Reg.

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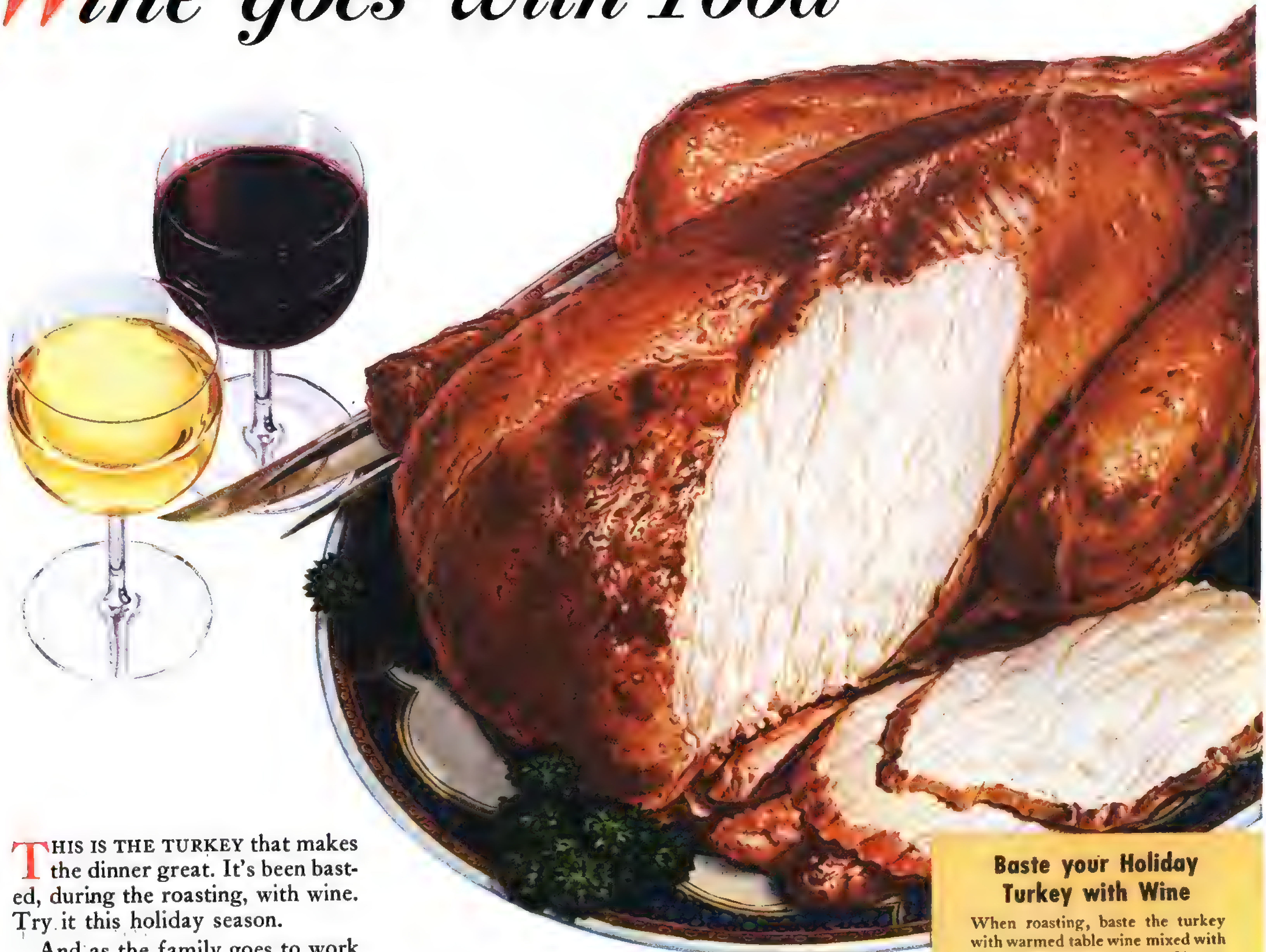
As giving goes with Christmas

Wine goes with Food



THIS IS THE TURKEY that makes the dinner great. It's been basted, during the roasting, with wine. Try it this holiday season.

And as the family goes to work on drumstick and breast meat, serve glasses of the same good Sauterne or Burgundy you used in basting.

The result, you'll find, is first a perfection of taste and tenderness in each morsel of meat. And second a flavor harmony that brings out the natural goodness of any food on the table—that adds an extra pleasure to the year's most important dinner.

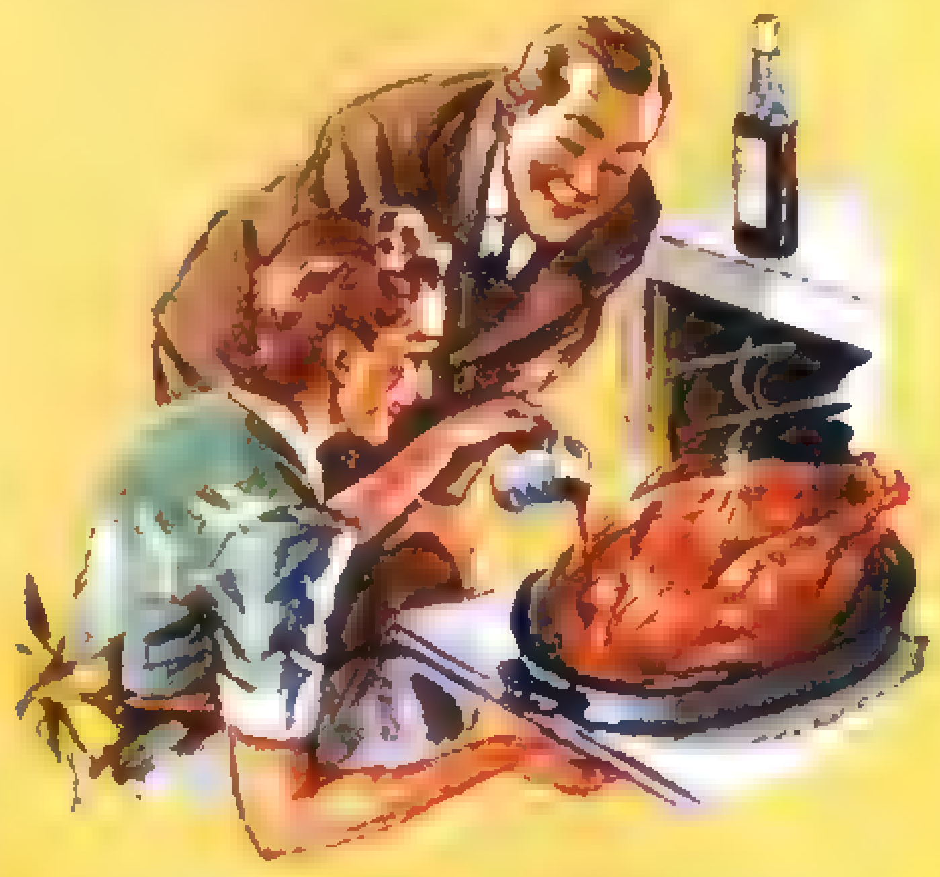
We would like to introduce you to other taste-pleasing dishes in which food combines with wine—dishes to enjoy throughout the year. May we send you our new *free* booklet of wine cookery recipes? Just write to the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second St., San Francisco 5, Calif.

Say "Welcome" with Port or Sherry

Ruby Port or amber Sherry makes for delightful entertaining... on the moderate side. Serve your Port or Sherry in small glasses, along with sweet cookies, crackers or cake

Baste your Holiday Turkey with Wine

When roasting, baste the turkey with warmed table wine mixed with oil or margarine—about ¾ cup wine to ¼ cup oil. A red table wine like California Burgundy or a white table wine like California Sauterne is excellent for the purpose. And you may serve the same wine *at* the table—the Sauterne well-chilled, the Burgundy at room temperature



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SIZE 5" x 7"

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. . . FOR GIFTS . . . FOR KEEPS

Varga Girl Playing Cards $1 a deck

Play cards the up-to-date way—with cards backed by gorgeous Varga Girls. These two eye-filling decks are of top quality two-ply stock, coated with glass-like cellulose for easy cleaning. Varga Cards cost but a dollar a deck; and with every pair of decks, we'll enclose absolutely free the 68-page Esquire Joker Book . . . containing a scorepad, Gin Rummy rules, and directions for 30 fun bar bets.

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________pairs of Varga Playing Cards, at $2.00 per pair;
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I understand that with every pair of decks, you will enclose, absolutely free, the 68-page Esquire Joker Book.

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1945 Esquire Date Book Civilian Edition 50c

Here's a calendar and reminder book to keep you busy execs up to date on all your business and social activities. In 106 plastic-bound pages are a 54-page calendar and diary for daily appointments; an address-telephone section; and date and gift reminders. And knockout attractions of this sensational book are 32 full-page glamor girls: 6 Varga drawings and 26 photos by America's top glamor photographers.

1945 Esquire Date Book G. I. Edition 50c

Keep your dating situations up to date with this 106-page plastic-bound handbook. Edited for all who dote on dating, this Date Book gives you amusing do's and dont's; a screwy dating dictionary; stories and jokes by G.I.'s; a 36-page calendar and diary; address and memo sections; and 32 great Esquire pin-up girls, including 6 dazzling Varga drawings and 26 photos of the nation's most gorgeous girls.

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name____
please print
address______________________________________
city______________________**zone**______**state**______

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Painting the Town with Esquire

BORSCHT IS IN the pink with a floating island of cream and a submerged jungle of vegetables, at the Russian Kretchma, 244 East 14th. Tracing it to its source in the laudably clean kitchen, we learn that two and a half days of adroitness go into its preparation which rates as a mere trifle in an establishment now twenty-third-seasoning: New York's oldest night club. The Kretchma is out of the way, its floor shows always include performers you have seen and seen, and numbers you've heard and heard; its menu never varies. Yet patrons keep returning—we among them—because everything the Kretchma offers is, like the borscht, colorful, flavorful, non-cloying. Current show, featuring a new ballerina, a new soprano and some lively character comedy, is really a lulu.

FOR apéritif hour romancers who'd sooner get up and glide than sit and clutch paws, there's cocktail dancing at the Stork Club . . . Restaurant Crillon (277 Park Ave.) host Otto Baumgarten, able palateer, has pioneered a new potion—"Dubonnet Crillon": 3 oz. Dubonnet in an Old Fashioned glass, hulking lump of ice, juice of one lime with the empty rind tumbled in after it. Ridiculous that a drink so simple should taste so good. (The complexity is in the Dubonnet, and Marse Paul Dubonnet ain't saying what.)

PERSONAL, to Lt. Joe King, A.A.F., South Pacific: Dropped in last evening at The Fraternity House, alias Joe King's Rathskeller, on Third Ave. at 17th St., and found it packed, both floors, with service men and their girl friends all having a grand time and everything under control. When you got hold of that fruity old curio of a building and turned it into the pet haunt of the collegiate set, you couldn't have guessed the *second* big change that would occur—you and your brother in the Armed Forces, and your customers, too. But here they are, Joe, every chance they get. Going at the marinated herring, the sauerbraten and the other swell dishes priced so cheaply. Honestly, Joe, if you could see this place now and the way the GI's appreciate it, you'd realize you were serving your country *two* ways.

For information about any hotels or restaurants and their related services, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

Distinguished Entertaining
calls for a
Distinguished
Liqueur

de Kuyper's
DELECTA
AFTER-DINNER *Liqueur*

Its flavor suggests *all* the qualities you have liked best in liqueurs—tang, delicate bouquet, rich body, silken smoothness. Its 249-year-old name, de Kuyper, is your best guide to quality.

National Distillers Products Corp.
New York • 86 Proof

THEODORE'S
4 E. 56th St. PLaza 3-6426
Luncheon $1.50 • Superb Dinner $2.25
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CONTINUOUS ENTERTAINMENT
LE RUBAN BLEU

From Maryland where good living is an ancient heritage we bring you . . .

NATIONAL
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Send 10¢ for our fine old MARYLAND RECIPE BOOK
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JAMAICA LIQUEUR

The rich mellowness of fine, old Jamaica Rums suits them admirably for use, unmixed, as a novel liqueur for all appropriate occasions. A real treat for "persnickety palates" in search of something *different.*

GENUINE *Jamaica Rums*

Regardless of brand, you are still assured (through rigid centralized control) of the same traditionally superior quality that has always marked *all* genuine Jamaica Rums.

THE SUGAR MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION
(OF JAMAICA), LTD KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B. W. I.

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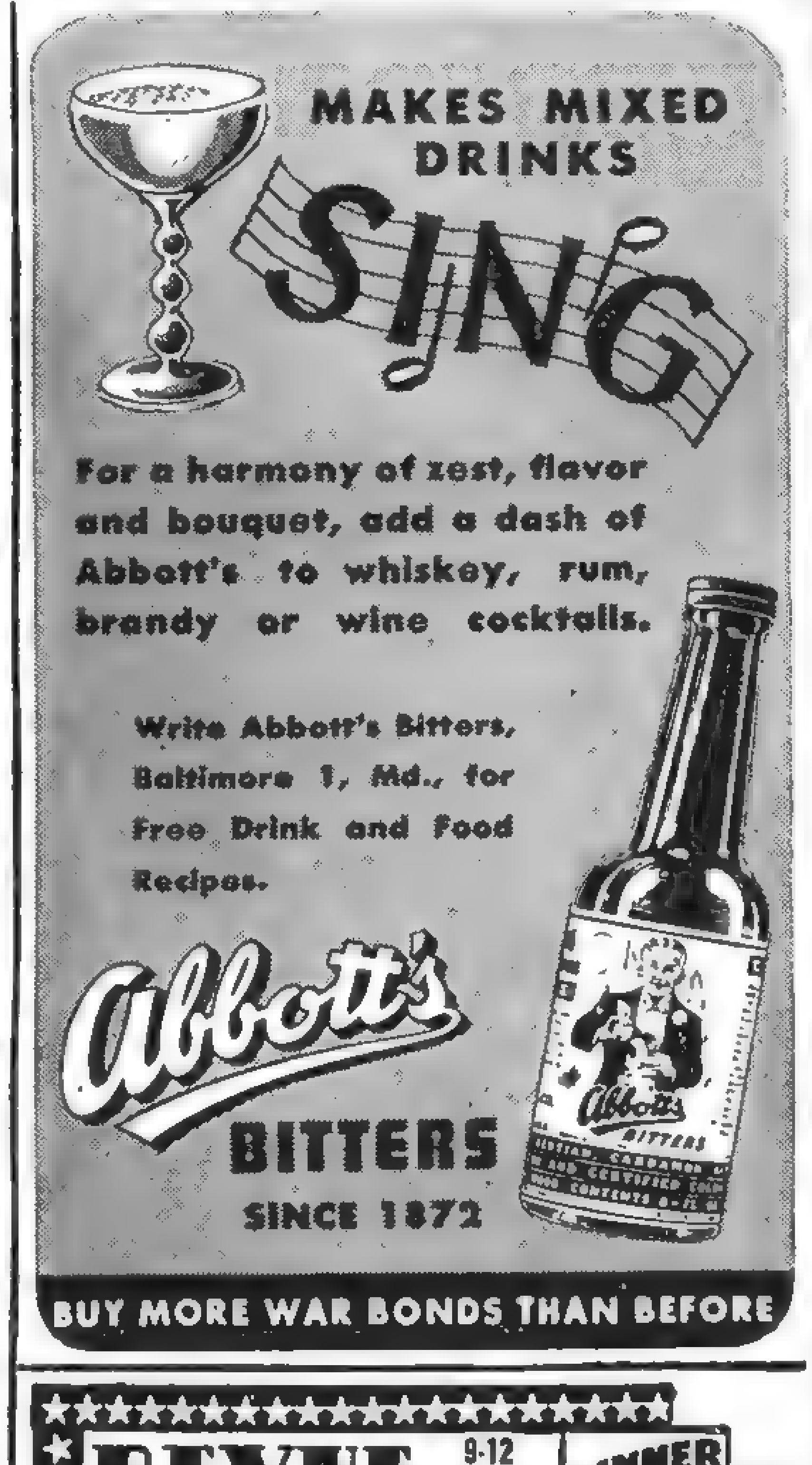
WAR BONDS



MAKES MIXED DRINKS
SING

For a harmony of zest, flavor and bouquet, add a dash of Abbott's to whiskey, rum, brandy or wine cocktails.

Write Abbott's Bitters, Baltimore 1, Md., for Free Drink and Food Recipes.

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BITTERS
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BUY MORE WAR BONDS THAN BEFORE

REVUE 9-12
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OPEN SUNDAYS NO COVER
DINNER $1.75
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You'll be seeing it...

. . . a lot more often from now on at better bars, hotels and package stores, thanks to increased facilities for producing The Grand Old Drink of the South.

FULL 100 PROOF
LIQUEUR
The hearty body of mellow whisky, the soft smoothness of rare brandy. Served straight or mixed. America's most versatile drink.

Write for your free copy of "The Gracious Art of Tippling Since 800 B.C."

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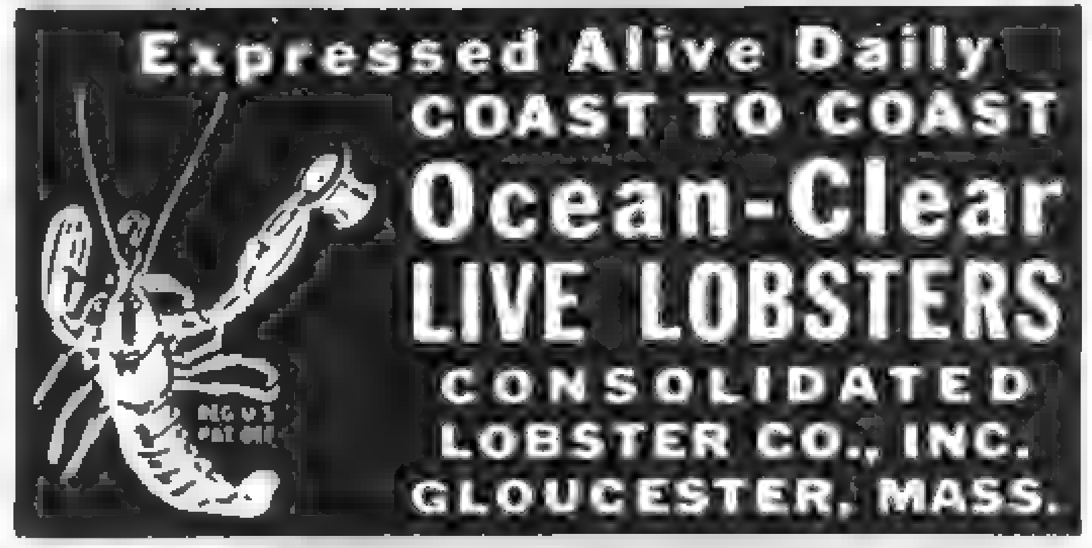

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Ocean-Clear
LIVE LOBSTERS
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Terrace Room—Dinner from $1
Gregory Franzell plays
No cabaret tax
John Paul Stack
Gen. Mgr.
Henry Hudson HOTEL
57th Street
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SURE BET
for Smart Hosts!

Plump pieces of tender chicken bathed in luscious cream sauce with sherry. No bones . . . no waste! It's the ready-to-serve main dish for a thrilling buffet, lunch or dinner.
Stock-up At Your Grocer's . . .
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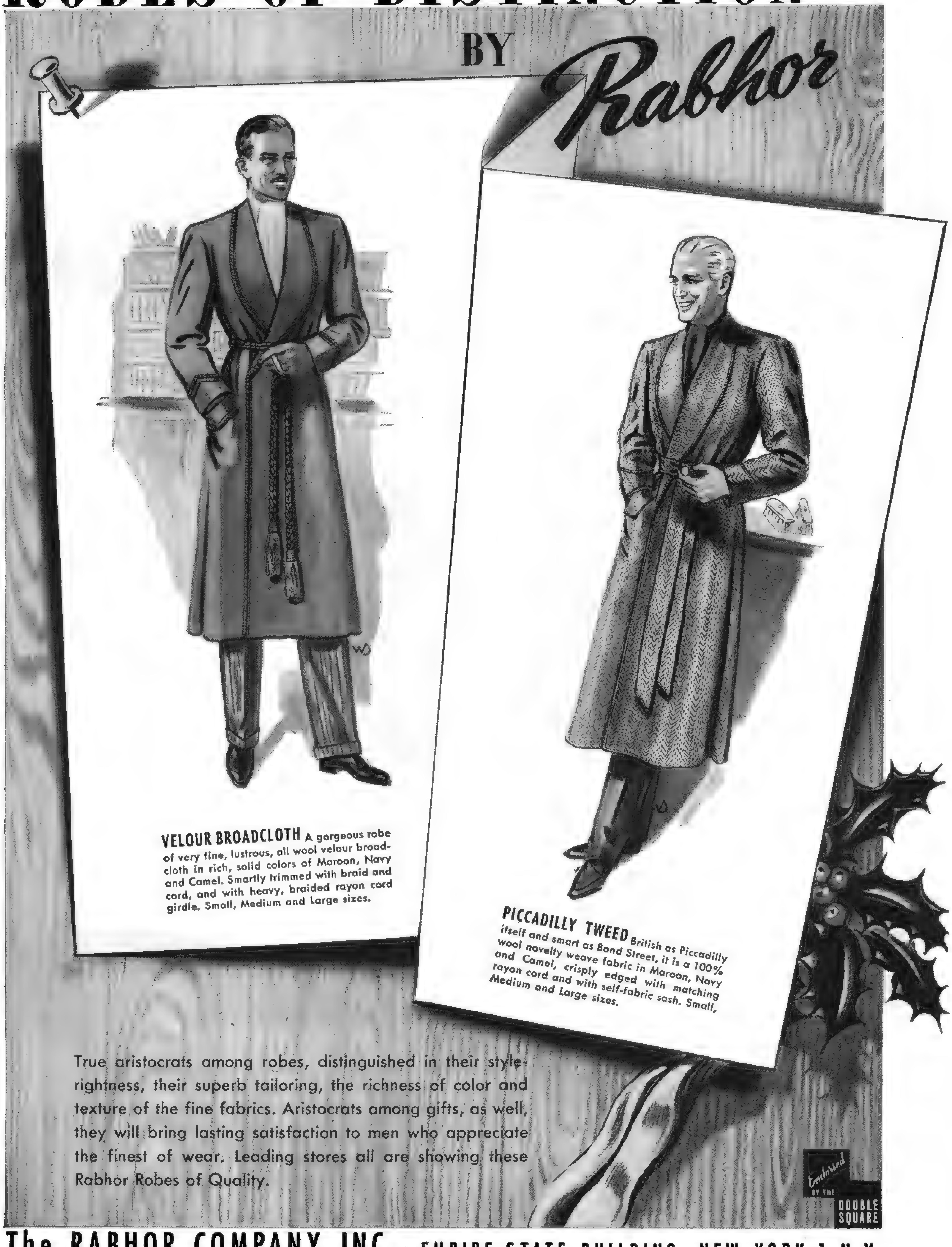
BY Rabhor


Endorsed BY THE DOUBLE SQUARE

VELOUR BROADCLOTH A gorgeous robe of very fine, lustrous, all wool velour broadcloth in rich, solid colors of Maroon, Navy and Camel. Smartly trimmed with braid and cord, and with heavy, braided rayon cord girdle. Small, Medium and Large sizes.

PICCADILLY TWEED British as Piccadilly itself and smart as Bond Street, it is a 100% wool novelty weave fabric in Maroon, Navy and Camel, crisply edged with matching rayon cord and with self-fabric sash. Small, Medium and Large sizes.

True aristocrats among robes, distinguished in their style-rightness, their superb tailoring, the richness of color and texture of the fine fabrics. Aristocrats among gifts, as well, they will bring lasting satisfaction to men who appreciate the finest of wear. Leading stores all are showing these Rabhor Robes of Quality.

The RABHOR COMPANY, INC. • EMPIRE STATE BUILDING • NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Jack Benny

Jack Benny began playing his now famous violin at high school dances in Waukegan, Illinois, and later, teamed with a pianist, toured the vaudeville circuit. Joining the Navy during World War I, he was assigned to entertainment, discovered that the gobs enjoyed his patter more than his music; hence, he became a comedian. In 1928 some M-G-M executives caught his vaudeville act in Los Angeles and signed him for a role in *The Hollywood Revue.* Movie stardom came in 1936 with *Broadway Melody.* Meanwhile, after playing the lead in *Earl Carroll's Vanities* on Broadway, he had begun to hit his stride in radio. Writers Bill Morrow and Ed Beloin assist him with his radio scripts, which depend more on humorous situations, like his eternal feud with Fred Allen, than on individual gags. His Crossley rating has been consistently tops. He lives in Beverly Hills with his wife (Mary Livingstone on the air) and their adopted daughter.

•

Frank Elkins writes a daily column, *Ski Slopes and Trails* for the New York *Times,* where he started as a copy boy in 1927, giving up the post of physical instructor at the late Artie McGovern's gymnasium while attending N. Y. U. He keeps skiers appraised of weather conditions on a weekly radio program and is the author of a book called *The Complete Ski Guide.* His harmonica playing, singing and yodeling are familiar to every mountain goat in the ski country. His two-and-a-half and eleven-year-old sons are fanatic skiers, as is Mrs. Elkins. During his scholastic years he boxed at N. Y. U., swam the breast stroke, played goalie in soccer and ran the 440 and 880. He once worked across to Europe in the steerage of the old *President Harding,* confined to the bowels of the liner for "having addressed a superior officer, the captain, without having been spoken to first."

Frank Elkins

•

Ira Wolfert, a veteran reporter for the North American Newspaper Alliance at thirty-six, got his most gratifying scoop when he was the only correspondent to cover the Fighting French expedition to St. Pierre and Miquelon, off the coast of Newfoundland. Sent by the N.A.N.A. to Guadalcanal in '42, he saw the action described in his *Battle for the Solomons,* which won a Pulitzer Prize. His second book, *Torpedo 8* is the story of the bomber squadron which, following the Midway disaster, adopted the motto: "Attack—and Vengeance." He has also written a novel about the numbers racket, entitled *Tucker's People,* which he calls "the story of American business from Rockefeller to Hitler." His wife, Helen, is a poet; they have a son and a daughter.

Ira Wolfert

•

Brendan Gill (*A Home with the Latest Gadgets,* page 70) writes: "I was born on October 4, 1914, in Hartford, Connecticut, which I regard as the Athens of America, the Hub of the Universe and a fine place to live. As it happens, however, I don't live there. I graduated from Yale in 1936, and remain a shameless admirer of my fostering mother. I sold my first piece to the *New Yorker* in 1936 and have been more or less attached to that magazine ever since. Also in 1936 (a fine, dry year), I married Anne Barnard of Asheville, North Carolina. She, our children and I live in an eighteen-foot-wide house in New York in winter and a seventy-foot-wide house in Norfolk, Connecticut, in summer, and in general enjoy the easiest and most agreeable way of life you ever heard of. Don't bother to knock on wood. I just did."

•

John L. E. Pell and **Clay Perry** are co-authors of two historical novels and are working on a third, from which *Greatest Gold Strike in America* is taken. Mr. Pell's father was a forty-niner in the California gold rush and he himself did some prospecting for silver in Northern Ontario sometime after the rush to the Porcupine area.

•

While **Max Shulman** was attending the University of Minnesota he wrote a flippant column in the student newspaper and was editor of the campus humor magazine. His writing struck the risibilities of Doubleday Doran and he was commissioned to write *Barefoot Boy with Cheek,* a satire on college life which they published in 1943. He disclaims any memory of having written his second book, *The Feather Merchants.* "Last year," he says, "I used to practice nightly on my typewriter trying to get my speed up to fifty words a minute. My wife, an economical young woman who knows 275 ways to fix leftover meats, would save the pages as I tore them out. This book must be them."

Max Shulman

•

Charles Edward Gray, author of *Episode at a Nazi Chess Club,* writes: "I'm afraid I'm a hodgepodge sort of person. I own a number of copyrights on things I've invented or designed, ranging from an automatic accounting system for small businesses to architectural plans for a war memorial. A year ago, while engaged in abortive experiments with three-dimensional moving pictures, I discovered a phenomenon of light projection which physicists thus far haven't been able to explain. In collaboration with Pfc. Joseph R. Hocker, I am developing a 'different' type of Shakespearean presentation for post-war exploitation. Awhile back I resigned from the accounting department of a California gas company to devote myself to full-time writing. I am thirty-two, a bachelor, a confirmed Los Angeleno and, as a chess player, a dub!"

Charles Edward Gray

•

Otto Eisenschiml was born in Vienna, Austria, as an American citizen. He has had a distinguished business life as a chemist with the Carnegie Steel Company in Pittsburgh, the American Linseed Company in Chicago and as owner of the Scientific Oil Compounding Company, also in Chicago. He is co-author of the Eisenschiml-Copthorne method of determining fish oils in vegetable oils; was founder and first president of the National Soybean Oil Manufacturers' Association. His writings have been chiefly concerned with the life of Abraham Lincoln; they include *In the Shadow of Lincoln's Death* and *Why Was Lincoln Murdered?,* which was dramatized by Paul Horgan as *Mr. President* and presented at the Shubert Theatre in New York in 1942. #

Otto Eisenschiml

YOU'RE SURE WHEN YOU SAY

"CHRISTMAS"

SURE that, on that hallowed day, loved ones far away will be thinking of their family . . . their fireside . . . and YOU.

SURE that twinkling lights and holly wreaths and gleaming Christmas trees will brighten millions of American homes.

SURE that the spirit of "good will"—despite a world at war—still lives in the hearts of men. This Christmas of 1944 is the first in many years to bring tidings of "Peace On Earth"—not yet complete—but not far off. To celebrate it moderately, thoughtfully . . . gratefully . . . to give gifts modestly, carefully and wisely—is in keeping with the spirit of the times.

If fine whiskey is on your list of "Things to be Bought", may we offer you this sound suggestion: "Only the finest is fine enough for Christmas".

When you say Seagram's—you're SURE of the Finest—SURE that the whiskey you buy is true Pre-War Quality.

Only the Finest is Fine Enough for Christmas

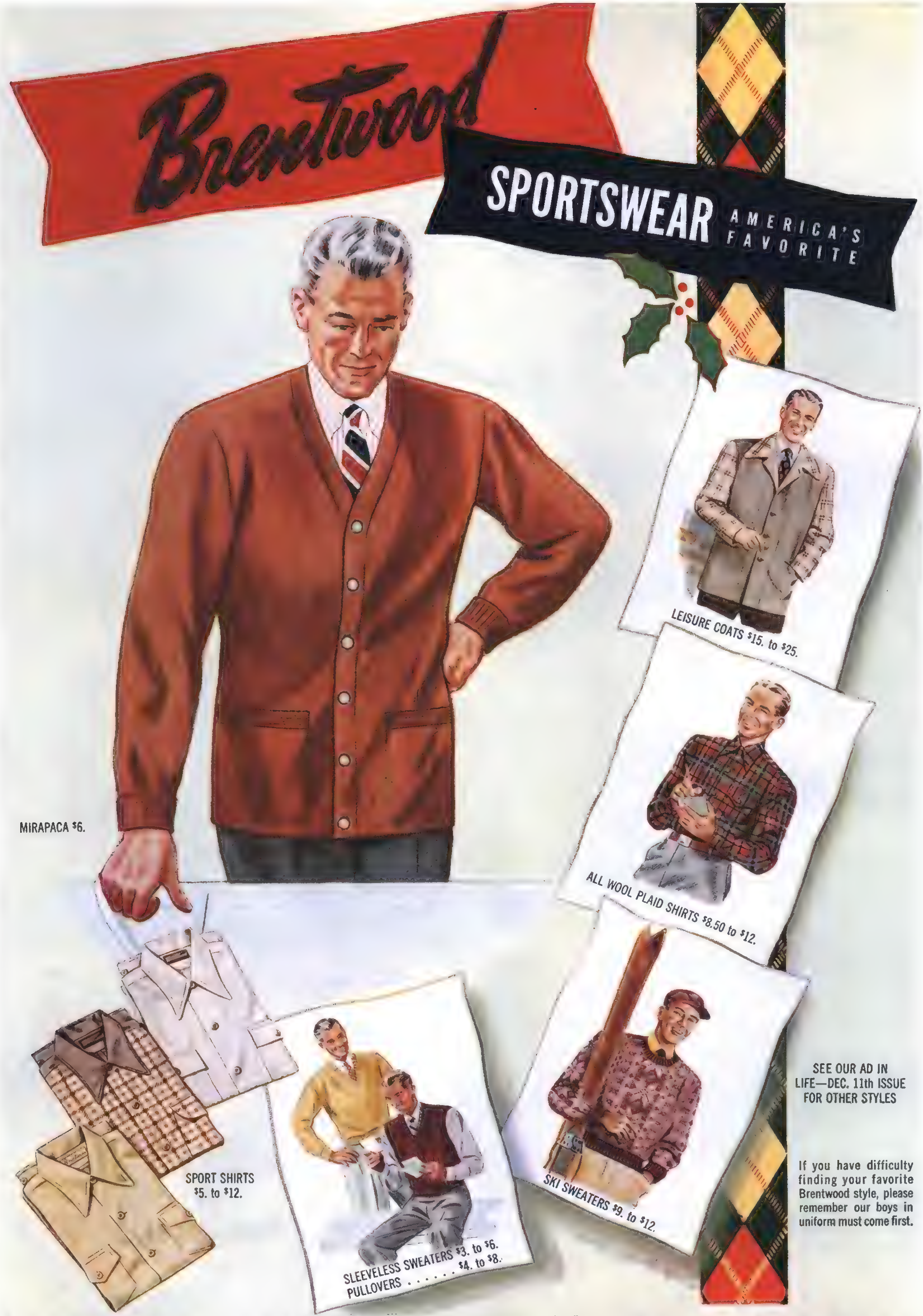
Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York City

SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN: America's greatest whiskey value. Blended Whiskey. 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. 86.8 Proof.

SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN: Designed for Your Pleasure. Blended Whiskey. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits. 86.8 Proof.

SEAGRAM'S V.O.: Canadian Blended Whisky at its Glorious Best. A Blend of Rare Selected Whiskies. 86.8 Proof. 6 Years Old.

Give **Seagram's** *and be Sure . . . . of Pre-War Quality*


Brentwood
SPORTSWEAR
AMERICA'S FAVORITE
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SPORT SHIRTS $5. to $12.
SLEEVELESS SWEATERS $3. to $6.
PULLOVERS . . . . $4. to $8.

SEE OUR AD IN LIFE—DEC. 11th ISSUE FOR OTHER STYLES

If you have difficulty finding your favorite Brentwood style, please remember our boys in uniform must come first.

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Fragrance that carries the heart away

$50
and
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in Gift Box

L'AIMANT, the Magnet, has inspired a series of individual and ensemble Christmas gifts, in a wide range of prices.

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DE LUXE
Blended Whiskey
PM for Pleasant Moments

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York. Blended Whiskey. 86.8 Proof. 51% Straight Whiskey, 49% Grain Neutral Spirits.

Small Business for the Yanks

How to get financial backing, how to protect your investment and where to find openings here and in Alaska

by GUS LARSON

• ARTICLE •

YANKS fighting the battle of freedom around the world can take it, hand it out, think fast, move fast and get results. And that's about what it takes to start and click in small business. Granted—there are a few other musts, too. But they're easier to get than the guts and fire and drive that win wars. At least some of the other things will be a shorter reach for many G.I.'s after this war than ever before. And it's the cash on the line waiting to go to work that makes the reach a shorter one. It's that fighting man's G.I. Bill of Rights again that does the job.

Uncle Sam has arranged so the veteran can borrow money amounting to half the purchase price of the business he wants to buy or start—but the guaranteed part of the loan must not exceed 2,000 dollars. Here's how it works. When the returning soldier asks someone for a loan he'll have Uncle Sam at his shoulder saying, "If he doesn't pay it, I will." With that kind of backing, who would refuse to lend him money? The interest won't be over four per cent and the loan will be payable in full in not more than twenty years. And no security other than the property or business he gets to run will be required. An especially good feature about Uncle Sam's backing of the loan is that the veteran will probably be able to borrow more than half the original cost of his business. With half the loan covered by the Government, the lender probably won't hesitate loaning more than the guaranteed amount.

Here's a surprise, too. Suppose the soldier bought a sawmill at a cost of about 1,000 dollars and that he borrowed 500 dollars as a take-off. Then suppose after a few years he needed a little cash. He would then be able to get a second loan of not more than 200 dollars or twenty per cent of the original purchase price of his business. Also, the interest charges on the second loan wouldn't be more than one per cent higher than on the original loan.

The veteran will be eligible for this small business boost if he was in active military service on or after September 16, 1940, and before the end of the present war, and if he was honorably discharged or released after active service of ninety days or more. If he was released for injury or disability incurred in service in line of duty, he's eligible.

But the G.I. Bill does more than this for the business-minded boys. The bill offers, too, first-rate business education opportunities. Tuck this away right now. An education always increases a fellow's chances for success. Men in business have better educational backgrounds than any other major occupational group. They're older and more experienced, too. That shows they learned something about business by experience or in other ways before they started. But the G.I. without an education can make it, too, with pluck. Thousands have.

One of the really excellent things about the education angle is that the serviceman can start right now to prepare for civvies. The United States Armed Forces Institute, his own Army, Navy and Marine organization with headquarters at Madison, Wisconsin, and branches in Alaska, Hawaii, England, Egypt and Australia serves men wherever they may be through correspondence courses. The courses to sign up for are the two offered on small business. These give a nice overall shot at the kinds there are and problems of starting and managing them. It's a good take-off.

There's more. The Department of Commerce, with the help of various trade associations has prepared small business books especially for servicemen. These books discuss problems of getting started, steps to take, selecting a community, store and business location problems, and many other things small businessmen should know. They'll be available from the Institute early in '45. Here are the titles: *Metal Working Shops, Sawmills, Painting Contractors, Building Contractors, Electrical Appliance Stores, Grocery Stores, Restaurants, Dry Cleaning Establishments, Shoe Repair Shops, Filling Stations, Laundries, Hardware Stores, Auto Repair Shops, Real Estate and Insurance, Heating and Plumbing, Apparel Stores, Beauty Parlors, Variety and General Merchandise Stores, Bakery Stores* and *Drug Stores.* Other Institute business courses include those on accounting and statistics—basic to sound business management and development—business law, bookkeeping, business mathematics, business correspondence, air conditioning, heating and ventilation, plastics and many others. Incidentally, anyone wanting to get straightened out on this plastics picture can go a long way toward eliminating a lot of eyewash about this important and growing industry by taking this course. Then, when the serviceman is discharged, he shouldn't forget the many good business schools. The G.I. Bill may cut him in for up to four years of college or vocational school work.

Small business means Main Street back home. That's about as long as a man's list of small businesses gets. Want some ideas for others? Pick up a few good, fat telephone directories and run through the classifieds. You'll get enough ideas to keep you busy planning and scheming for weeks. But before getting into the subject of the kinds of small business opportunities you may overlook, here are a few lines on small businesses we all know and which we will have more of in more places after the war. Won't even mention the well-known ones. Just don't forget the typewriter repair shops, upholstery shops, court reporting and public stenographer services, billboard and advertising, duplicating, addressing and mailing services, disinfection and exterminating services, linen supply services, travel bureaus, window cleaning services, ambulance services, blacksmith and gunshops and pipe shops. This, then, takes care of the standard stuff.

One more thing before getting specific. You ought to know something about how important small business is. There are 2,000,000 small businesses (employing under 100 workers) in this country—50,000 big ones. The small ones employ forty-five per cent of all workers. Which are increasing in number? Service trades, amusement services, hotels and tourist facilities increased by 42,000 establishments from 1929 to 1939; small industries by 350,000; finance, insurance and real estate, mining, quarrying, manufacturing and construction declined. Look to the growing ones and keep your eyes on the declining ones. They may decline too much.

This is a flying war. Many flyers will want to use what they know. Here's one way. What about getting together a few C-47's or C-54 A's and setting up an air trucking service transporting fresh fruits and vegetables and other

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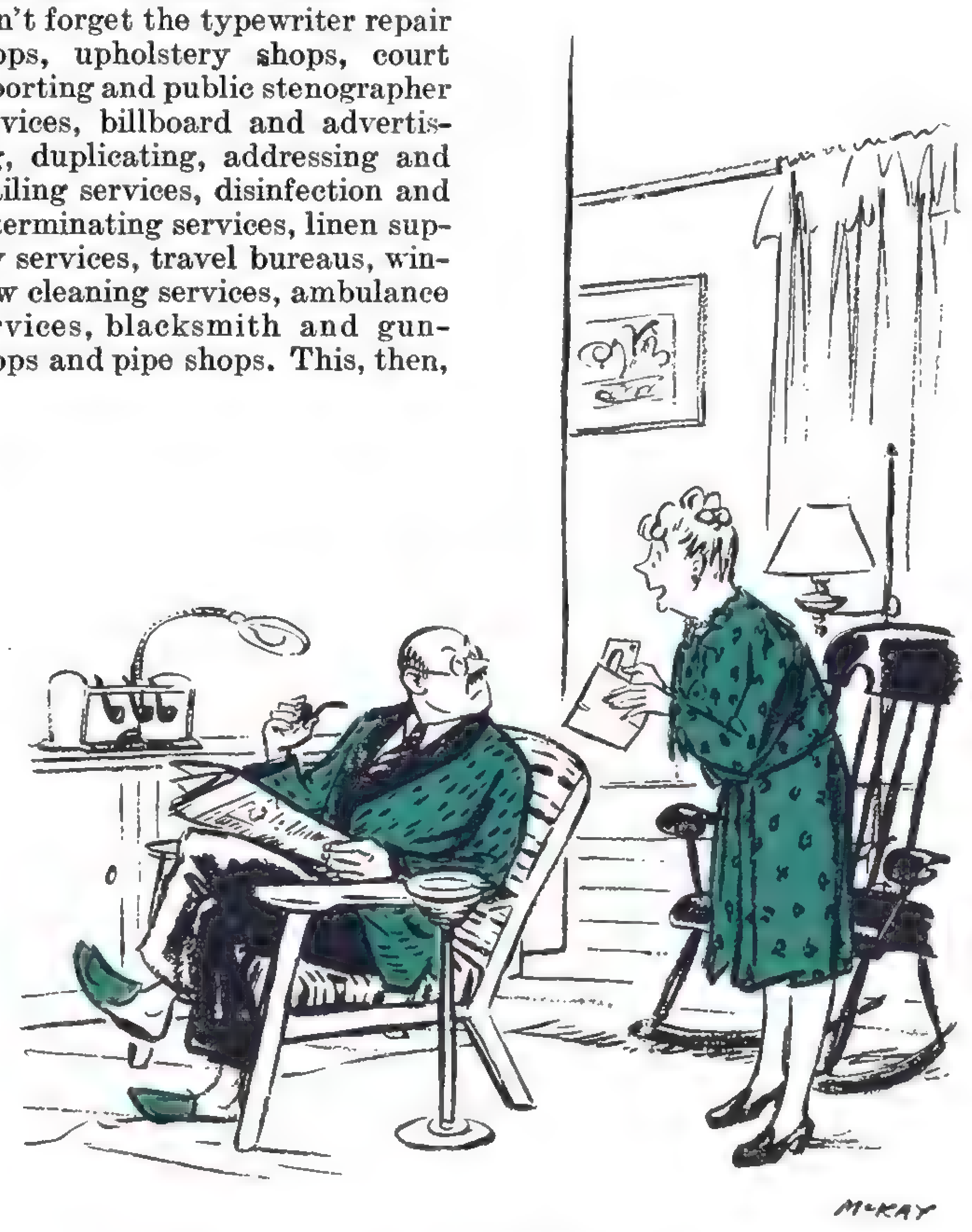

"Junior wants us to send him his skis—he plans to slide down Fujiyama"

Satan Up a Side Road

The preacher's mule had a nose for sin, so as Balaam turned toward Dry Hill Sin-Splitter's duty was clear

by **ROARK BRADFORD**

• FICTION •

When old Balaam turned off the main highway into the narrow wagon trail that led through the pine hills, Reverend Sin-Splitting Samuel straightened up and took notice. Man and mule, they had been traveling the highway for many miles in the autumn sunshine. The bony old sorrel beat out a rhythmic cloppity-clop with his unshod feet, as the bony old evangelist chanted his song of victory:

> "We whupped de devil around a stump,
> And gi'ed him a lick at ev'y jump."

The Sin-Splitter had just completed a series of successful one-night stand revival meetings in the Red River bottoms where cotton and sin grew rank. And now he was on his way to winter quarters in the little village of Plain Dealing, where a man and a mule might eat and meditate all winter at minimum expense and bother. But when Balaam quit the main highway for the side road, the preacher did not protest. "Hmm," he speculated, "I bet ole Balaam smell some evil takin' place over twarge Dry Hill." And as the mule began a running walk in the soft, red dust, the Splitter took up his song:

> "We twis' his tail and made him yell,
> And runned him plum on back to hell."

Balaam was right about the Dry Hill community. The war had brought a surplus of the root of all evil even to the remote reaches of north Louisiana, and the Reverend Sin-Splitting Samuel made it his business to keep grubbing in the vineyard. He struck at the fertile river bottoms where twenty-cent cotton was pouring money into the pockets of the young and sending the old people to that tin can under the loose brick in the chimney jamb. Money from the pockets of sinful youngsters had been too easy for an experienced old collection-taker like the Splitter; but prying the crinkled bills and moldy loose change from the tin cans was a job worthy of his finest evangelism. The Splitter had been compelled to "pour de Sperrit" on the old folks. "Like ole rich man Dives," he thundered, "hidin' his light under a bushel basket—hah! Y'all hidin' dat money under de brick in de chimley—hah! Hit's evil in money and hit's evil in yo' soul—hah! Drap dat money in de hat and let de Lawd make you sin-free and holy!"

Following his lucrative haul in the rich bottom lands, the Splitter was ready to retire to a winter of rest, prayer and meditation. Feared and respected in north Louisiana, he had evangelized among the cotton croppers and truck farmers for more years than most people remembered. Railing against Satan and sin, he ever was ready to relieve his congregations of the temptations that came with the possession of money. His reputation as a collection taker grew and as time passed, people began to believe he possessed supernatural powers.

"De Sin-Splitter is a four-eyed man wid de second sight," folks said. "He kin look inside yo' soul and see dat last dime you got hid away for Christmas. So you might jest as well gi' hit to him befo' he th'ows dat thing on you and make you gi' hit, anyhow."

Balaam was no less remarkable. The mule could, according to legend, "smell sin a mile off." It was the preacher's custom to stick an old Bible in his coattails and start traveling through the land, and when Balaam pointed his long ears the Splitter would dismount and conduct a "free will" service on the spot. Aside from any supernatural powers he may have possessed, Balaam was old; and like all old mules he flopped his ears aimlessly, until a noise or strange sight attracted his attention. Then the long ears would thrust forward, possibly to shade his eyes for a better view. More often than not, the object of his interest would be a group of people gathered at crossroads or country stores. And the Sin-Splitter knew that in any group of people there was enough potential sin—and loose change—to justify at least one whirl at the devil.

"They must have run out of conversation"

The sun was nearly down when the Reverend Sin-Splitting Samuel and Balaam struck Dry Hill. At once Dry Hill struck back.

The little settlement was a victim of progress. Once a fairly prosperous farming community, it had been by-passed when the big main highway came through, leaving a few houses to stand unpainted and ramshackle, tenanted only by meeker souls who preferred the back country. Among these was a woman known to all as Sister Gee. She farmed her own land, raised her own vegetables and hogs, and was the mainspring of the religious life of the community.

Balaam now headed straight for Sister Gee's house, stopped at the split picket gate and thrust forward both ears—an unmistakable accusation of sinfulness.

The front door was closed and the windows were battened down. Weeds grew stoutly in what had once been a bed of flowers, and grass and jimson were waist-high in the vegetable garden. What collard stalks survived were a sickly yellowish green, and not a single chicken or turkey was to be seen.

Sin-Splitting Samuel frowned. "Dis look like Sister Gee's house," he muttered, "but I be daggone ef'n hit look like her front yard."

From the rear came the sound of a slammed door and a moment later a young woman came around the house. She was tall and black and wore a cheap calico dress. Her frizzled hair was held upright by a wide band of soiled red ribbon. Her feet were innocent of shoes but the studied laziness with which she dragged them gave her willowy body a twist that was anything but innocent. She looked at the preacher and his mule with surprise and some fear.

"Whar Sister Gee at, daughter?" Samuel asked.

The woman glanced around cautiously. "She lef' out."

"Lef' out for whar 'bouts?"

Once more the woman showed evidence of fear. "I 'on't know," she said, and raising her voice, she called: "Yah, Pee Wee! Come out hy'ar and speak wid de man."

From within, a voice demanded, "What man?"

"Dis yonder ole buzzard-lookin' man settin' out at de gate on a scarecrow-lookin' jackass," the woman said.

Pee Wee came out. Small and an ashy yellow in color, he walked with a slight limp and had a long, thin scar on his left cheek. He glared inhospitably at the Sin-Splitter. "What yo' trouble, Ole Folks?"

"My name," the preacher said with dignity, "is de Rev'und Sin-Splittin' Samuel, and all but strangers knows me by dat handle. Dat puts you a stranger in a fur off land. Ain't dat right?"

"I'll ax de questions round hyar," Pee Wee scowled.

The Sin-Splitter glared. "You done answered all er my questions, Pee Wee," he said. "Dat yo' name—Pee Wee? Hit suits you to de ground."

"Yeah?" Pee Wee talked hard.

"I'm settin' hyar, readin' in yo' sinful mind," the old preacher told him. "You puts on to be powerful bad. But dat razor track tell me you ain't as bad as you figger you is, or else de yuther man would be packin' dat scar 'stid er you. And dat Angola limp you got tell me you been draggin' a ball and chain on somebody's chain gang. And dat long-laigged 'oman you got ain't yo' wife, on account er you is too chinchy to buy de licenses and she ain't smart enough to make you buy 'em."

The Splitter's calculations put Pee Wee on the defensive. "Go 'haid, preacher," he said. "I ain't huntin' no trouble. I'm jest mindin' my own business, me and Burny-deen."

"Whar Sister Gee lef' out for?"

"She lef' out for de guv'mer works on de cong-crete road," Pee Wee said. "She workin' in de powder factory, makin' powder."

Burny-deen added, "She makin' fo' dollars and a dime a day. I and Pee Wee livin' in she house."

"Y'all livin' in evil," snorted the Splitter. "How come you sinners livin' in a good member's house? Is she yo' kinfolks?"

"Sort er," Burny-deen said. "She my ole aunty, sort er. She my hosband's ole aunty."

"Whar yo' hosband at?"

"Workin' in de guv'mer works," Burny-deen said. "Over at de powder factory, makin' powder."

"Makin' fo' dollars and a dime a day?"

"Mo'n dat," said Burny-deen. "He makin' a natchal six dollars ev'y day and sometimes nine on Sunday."

The Splitter winced at the thought of working on Sunday. "How come you-all ain't makin' powder for de guv'mer?"

The woman looked to Pee Wee for guidance.

"I and Burny-deen makin' a little bit mo'n jest day wages over hyar," he said. "Jest doin' about."

"Yeah, I bet," said the Sin-Splitter skeptically. "Doin' about ev'y low-down thing you kin do."

Burny-deen looked frightened. "I tole you hit was evil," she accused Pee Wee.

"Shet up," Pee Wee snapped. He turned to the preacher. "Good or evil, hit's my business and none er yo'n."

"Me and de Lawd fixin' to change yo' business, son," said the Splitter. His voice was gentle, yet it packed the threat of authority. "Yo' next business might be making powder or hit might be draggin' a ball and chain. Or—" and here his voice changed to a roar—"hit might be punchin' chunks down in hell!"

With this, the Splitter dug his heels in Balaam's ribs. The mule wheeled about and went back down the trail at a running walk.

When the preacher and Balaam arrived an hour later at the "guv'mer" ammunition factory, the guard at the gate halted them. The Sin-Splitter explained he was hunting for a good woman known as Sister Gee. The guard pointed out a long double row of temporary dwellings hidden back in the pines, a considerable distance from the high, wire fence that enclosed the powder mill.

Diligent inquiry led the Splitter finally to the boxlike building which housed Sister Gee. The good woman was sitting on a stump, catching the night air. "Well, bless us all," she said cordially, "ef'n hit ain't de Splitter hisse'f! Slide down and make yo'se'f welcome. I jest been wonderin' why you ain't drapped by to whup ole Satan away f'm dis sin hole, and hyar you draps!"

The Sin-Splitter dismounted and Balaam began at once to graze on the tender Bermuda grass that grew between the pine trees. "You mean," the preacher demanded, "hit's sin goin' on around de guv'mer works?"

"Hit's folks hyar, ain't hit? Any time you finds folks hit do look like ole Satan gonter crope in."

"How many folks is hyar?" he wanted to know.

"Too many," Sister Gee stated. "Dey's all over de place. Dey

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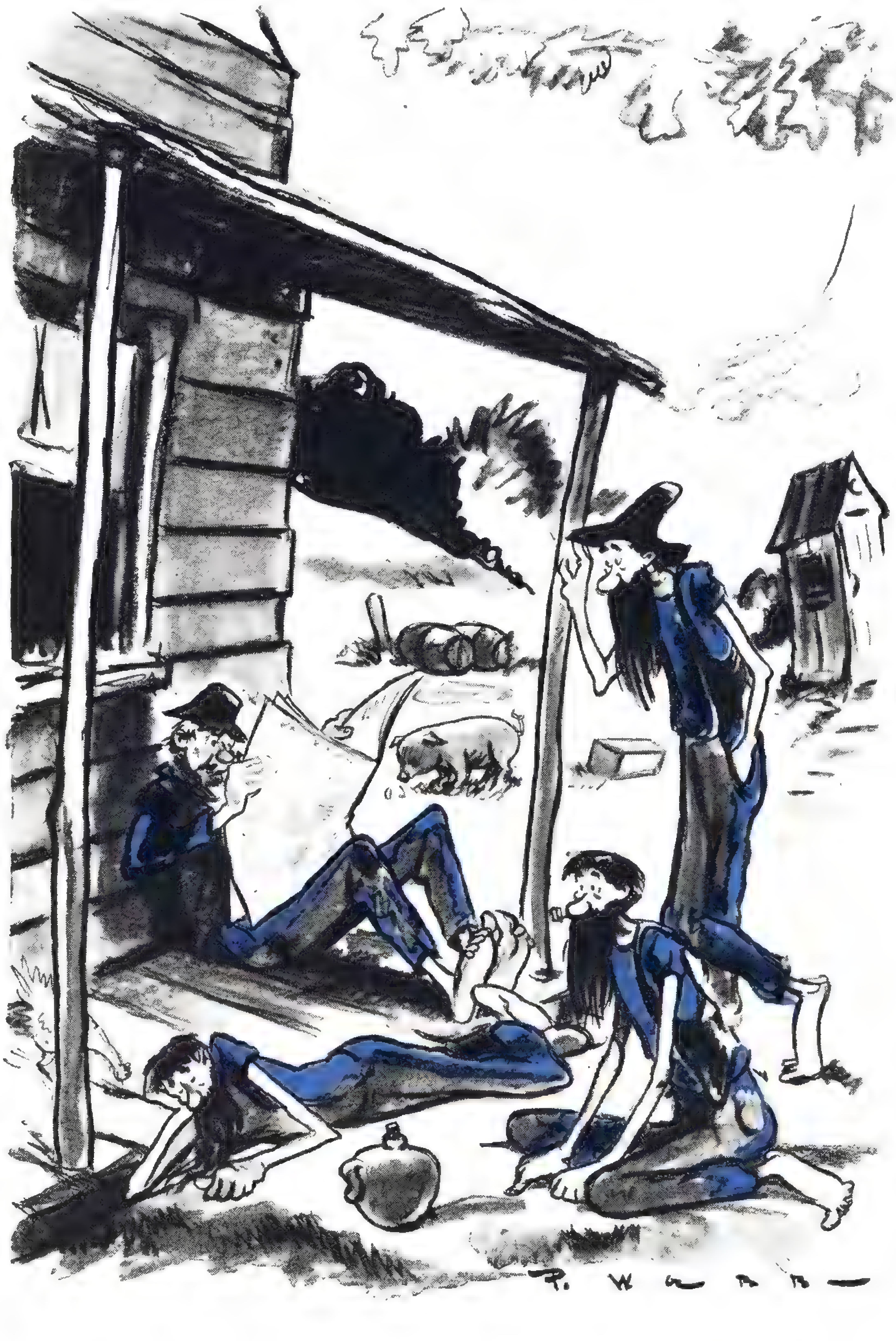


"Must be awful in the cities—no nylons, no gas, no luxuries"

Atlantic Homecoming: Christmastime

Those who know our fighting men have this lingering fear: what if the home they have longed for should fail them?

by **IRA WOLFERT**

• COMMENTARY •

When men are at war they think of their homes as they would of a girl they love truly. Being home seems an endless beauty to them. This, I imagine, is because home is, as far as Americans are concerned, where there is no war. But whatever the reason that is the fact of it and I have seen it to be true now of our men all the way from Guadalcanal to Germany, that home itself seems to stand waiting in the mind like a girl at the end of a path. Even the path to it is beautiful. Just walking down it seems a beautiful thing to do. The thought of doing it jitters in the mind and makes a man feel crazy there and light and nervous and as if he were walking without any weight on his feet.

In young men going home to their girls and folks and in less young men going home to their brides and even in older men who are going home to wives they long ago grew used to, the idea of going home has always seemed to come out the same—a fellow going jittery down a path, his whole mind straining on tiptoe and nothing else to him, no feeling of weight at all, just this jittery straining on tiptoe, giving him in himself a feeling that is beautiful and wild with strength. Then, when he gets to the end of the path and stands there at the end of it and is really up the steps and is really inside the door of his home, then . . . well, the whole thing goes up in smoke there when the men are at war and dreaming of going home. The whole thing at the end of it is just a big golden and rosy foam of smoke in which the mind drowns.

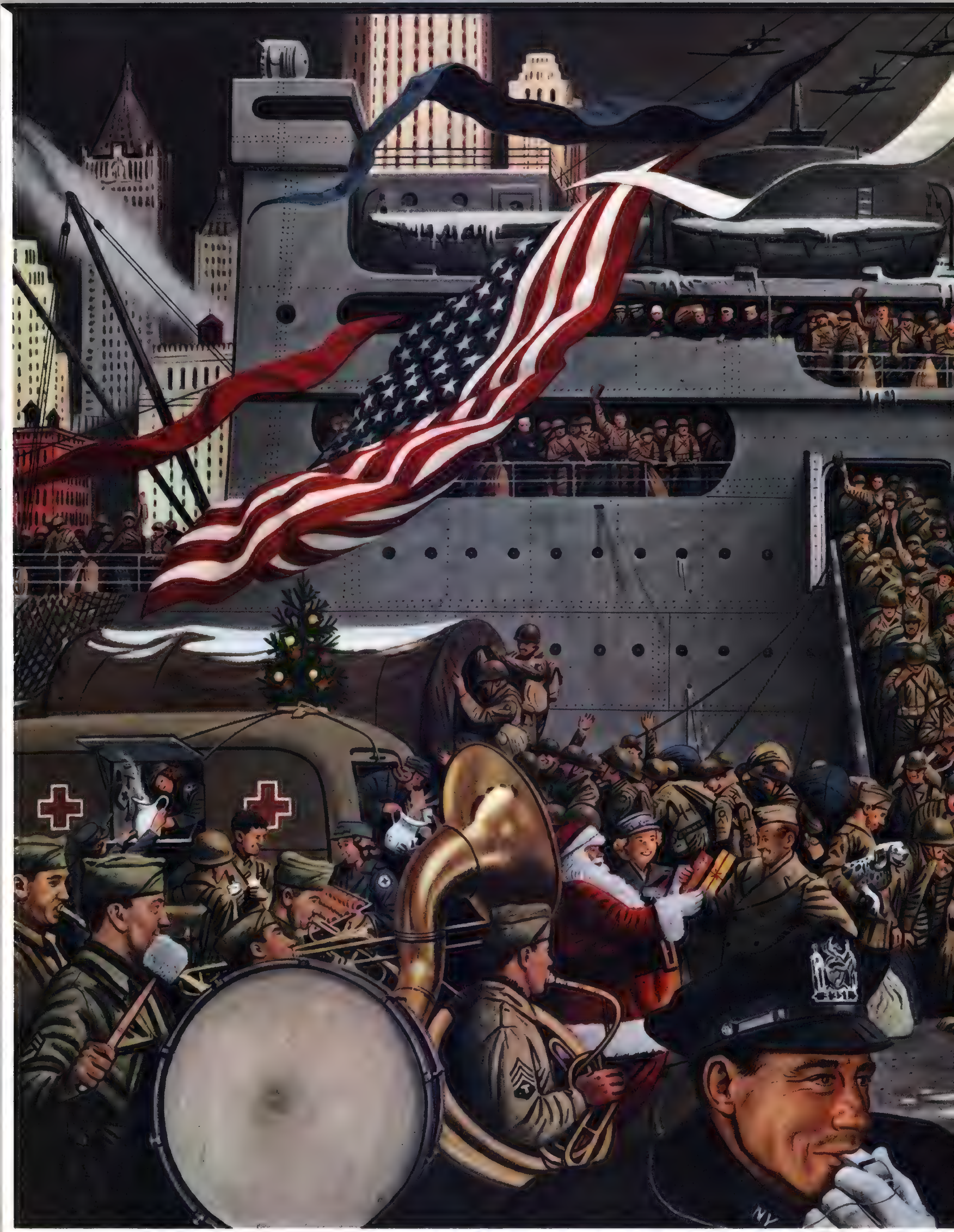
When we sailed from England for D-Day and a French beach, I remember an Army lieutenant telling me just before he went below for his last sleep on board, "Now I lay me down to sleep a day nearer home." That's a funny kind of prayer, I told him and he said, "Yes, but funny or not that's been my prayer ever since I left Philadelphia. And I think if you had an ear like God you could hear the whole damned American Army as it puts itself away for the night in bedrolls or foxholes or Nissen huts or whatever the hell it is and in the tundra or jungle or desert or mountains or wherever, you could hear them all praying the same thing—now I lay me down to sleep a day nearer home."

And I remember, too, in the wardroom of the cruiser *Helena*, just before the ship fought its last battle, an officer who was killed in that battle telling what it had been like for him to go home on furlough. A wardroom of a warship is ordinarily a pretty noisy place with a radio going generally and some card games and fellows arguing shop or politics or something, and other fellows ragging each other and people walking in and out to holler for coffee or holler where is the sugar. But it got quiet gradually as this man talked and as he told how he walked up the front steps of his home in Berkeley, California, and tried the front door and found it open. It was like a held breath there in that wardroom. "I opened the door a little bit," he said, "and took off my cap and sailed it into the living room and stood on the porch waiting for a reaction. There was none. My wife was out back in the kitchen."

The officer paused a moment and looked around as if for a laugh, but nobody laughed. Everybody was listening with an intent look on his face. "Then I tiptoed off the porch and walked tiptoe around the house to the kitchen and busted right into the kitchen and said, 'What's for supper?' My wife was at the table there doing something, I don't remember what, but do you know what she did when she saw me? She fainted. Right on the floor there. And I had to run around and throw water on her before I could even kiss her."

Nobody laughed at the end of the story. Some of the men went right back to their cards and some to their coffee and some said very seriously—and found much agreement among their fellows—that the officer had done a very wrong thing to come home that way. The surprise was too much for anybody. The discussion about the best way to come home lasted a long time, until finally somebody said to knock it off, there wasn't anybody going home off this ship anyway—which, as it turned out some days later, was very nearly true.

But the point is the hunger for home, hunger so great it takes the mind up as with teeth and shakes it and bangs it and rakes it into aching. Nobody at war expects to come home unchanged. The least that can happen to a man at war is that he gets older. But they all expect to come back to a home that is like a girl they love truly. And if, when they do come back, home does not love them truly and is not like a wife to them in sickness and in health, in poverty or whatever, then American men will drink gall again for the second time in this century. And no one can say what will come of that. #



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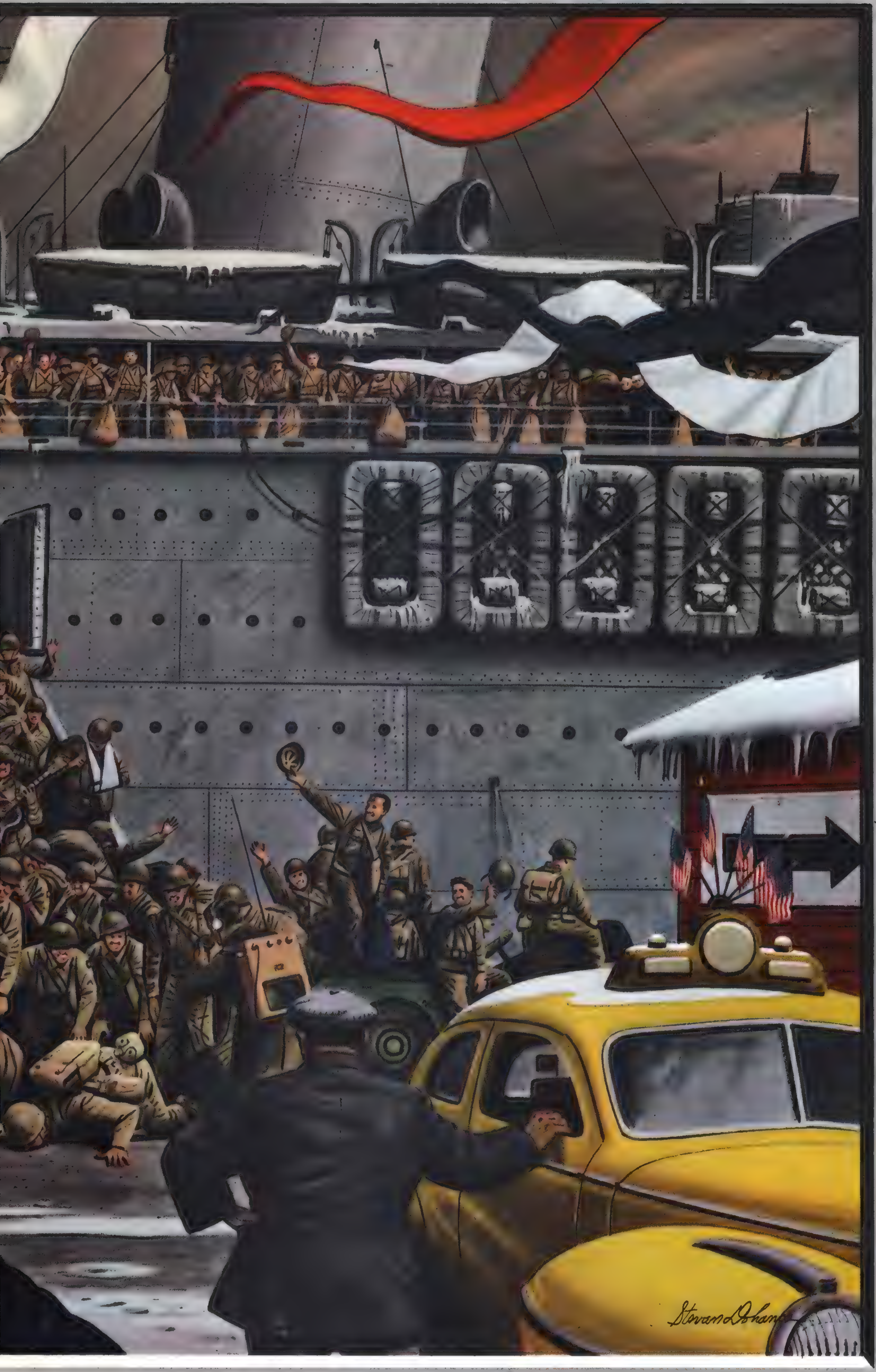
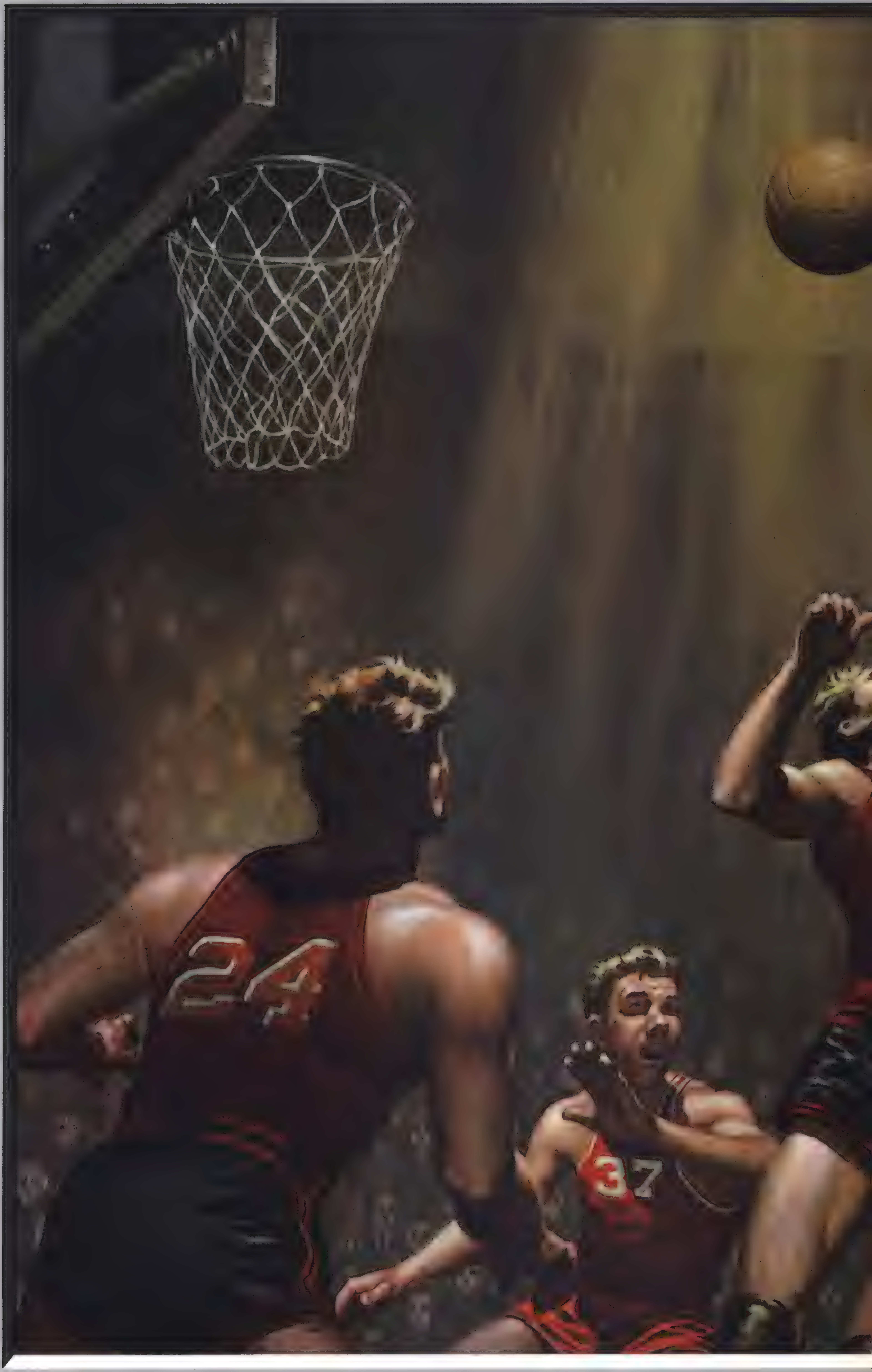


STMASTIME *by Stevan Dohanos*



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LUISETTI SC

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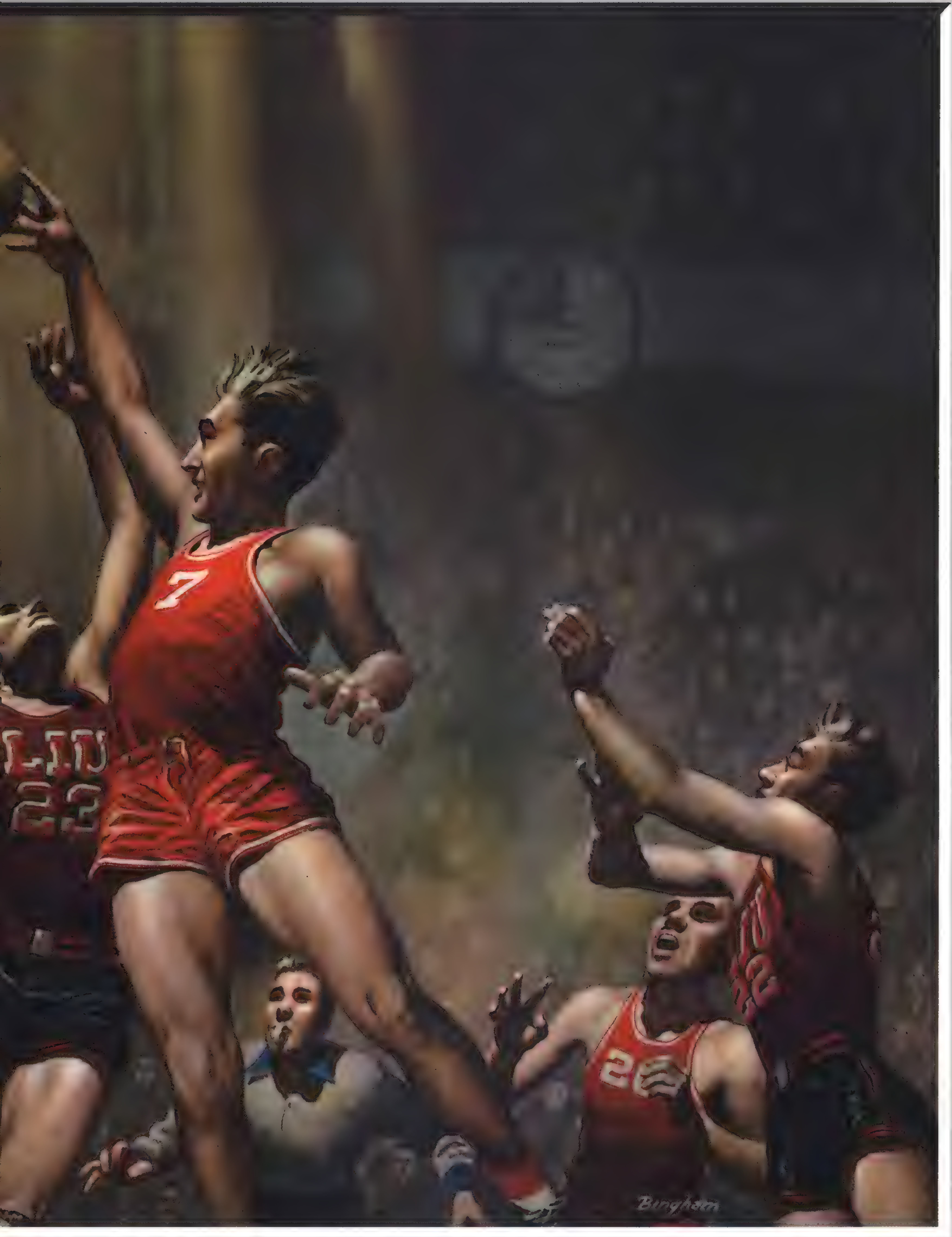

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ORES AGAIN *by James Bingham*

U., Madison Square Garden, December 30, 1936)

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Hank Luisetti: Basketball Wizard

Purdue's basketball coach cites teamwork and easy confidence born of training among attributes of Stanford's immortal forward

by **WARD LAMBERT**

COMMENTARY

Once every generation sport produces individuals whose names will live as long as the world reads sports pages and thrills to the sight of a perfect athlete performing as only he can.

Baseball labored and bred its Babe Ruth, football its Red Grange, golf its Jones, tennis its Tilden, swimming its Weissmuller, boxing its Dempsey—and when they had passed along, those same sports came up with Joe DiMaggio, Sammy Baugh, Byron Nelson, Don Budge, Bill Smith and Joe Louis.

The basketball wizard of this generation was a long, lanky San Francisco Italian named Angelo Luisetti, and called Hank. He was the answer to a coach's dream. He could do almost incomparable things with a basketball, but—and this is important in life as well as basketball—he was a superb team player.

In the heat of one of his peak games at Stanford, while the crowd went wild with his uncanny shooting, he called time out. His teammates had been tossing every shot to him.

"Listen, fellows," he barked, "this isn't basketball. You're 'feeding' me too much. Come on now, let's use our heads and play the game the way it ought to be played!"

Another time, in a game on the Pacific Coast, he missed six shots in a row—shots that brought a gasp from the crowd because they were so heartbreakingly close. Hank rushed over to the bench where his coach, John Bunn, was sitting.

"Take me out, I'm terrible," he begged. Bunn took him out, rested him a few minutes, and sent him back into the fray. Hank scored ten points to help lead his team to victory.

Six-foot-three, big-handed, loping Hank Luisetti did much to break down the sectional barriers of basketball and give the great game the nation-wide scope it deserves. He and his Stanford team helped spread the gospel of the game from Pacific to Atlantic, sometimes blazing new trails and always performing in a way that made the game's fans—and basketball has more fans and more players than any other American sport—remember him and want him, or players like him, to come back.

In the painting opposite, James Bingham has chosen for his setting that night in Madison Square Garden on December 30, 1936, when Hank Luisetti led Stanford to victory over Long Island University in a game which broke a three-year winning streak for L.I.U. He has captured with all the vitality of a motion-picture camera that intense moment when Luisetti easily outleaped his opposing guard and with one of his confident, one-handed shots tossed the ball into the basket to turn the tide in favor of Stanford. Looking at the canvas, you can feel the expectant hush of the crowd during that dramatic moment and hear the excited roar which followed the triumphant play.

Madison Square Garden was packed with nearly 20,000 spectators, a tribute not only to Luisetti and the other fine players on the floor but also to a young former sports writer named Ned Irish who gambled and gave basketball this rich and deserved fame.

Luisetti scored 15 points that night to beat L.I.U. 45-31, and when John Bunn took him out of the game with 30 seconds left to play, the huge place shook with cheers, and any doubts which the basketball fathers had that the game was a big league sport were dissolved.

Could Dr. Naismith, who invented the game of basketball in 1891, possibly have foreseen his group game develop into the highly-skilled five-man team game which was played that night, and which is being duplicated now in huge arenas and great college field houses and school gyms all over the land?

His mind probably would have gone back to the seamy early career of basketball . . . back to games played in storerooms, courts with three posts down the middle, courts that were caged in, courts with three walls, low ceilings which made only close-in shots possible, plaster falling from the ceilings, widely different sectional rules, fist fights and medieval dressing-room facilities.

If you are surprised when I say that more people see basketball and more boys and girls play it than any other game, remember that there are thousands of high school teams alone, playing an average of 20 games a season. Most of the Midwestern states will have at least 400 games a week during the long season before crowds as great as 13,000 people. Frank Menke, the sports historian, has estimated that close to 80,000,000 persons see basketball played each season.

Basketball has become the national game for the American boy. It reaches almost everybody through the grade school and high school teams. Many of us think of the great game of baseball as the national pastime for the boy, but figures tell a different story. There have been factors that have made this come true. As a boy, I played baseball every day during the summer. There were kid teams in each end of every town. Now we have the automobile that takes the boy to rivers, lakes and other places of amusement. Golf gives the boy a chance to caddy and earn money during the summer months. You no longer see a baseball game on every commons, but there is hardly a school in America that does not have its gym for basketball.

The game appeals to spectators because it is played on a floor where everyone can see everything that takes place. The finer points of technique, of offense and defense may not be well understood by the average spectator, but he can see the individual defensive and offensive efforts of the players, good or bad. The game is fast, the continuity of action is sustained. The rapid changes of possession of the ball, and the fluctuations of the score itself, give a constant thrill to the partisan spectator.

Great players like Luisetti have the poise and grace of outstanding ballet dancers. The game is one that requires balance, co-ordination, speedy reactions. It tempts every normal young boy because it does not require great physical strength, but mental stability and courage. The player must be in superb physical shape to have the endurance the game demands. It also demands unselfish co-operation; it provides valuable training, mental and physical.

Luisetti typified all these attributes a thousandfold. His coach said of him, when Luisetti passed on from Stanford, "He was the perfect combination of everything needed for a top athlete. He was unselfish, co-operative, teachable. He had quick reactions, co-ordination, endurance, competitive and team spirit and right living habits." I might add that he could hit that basket.

Chuck Hyatt, the former Pittsburgh star who later coached Luisetti when the player became a member of the Phillips 66 amateur club, had this to say: "I've seen most of them . . . I mean Beckman, Holman, Dehnert, Banks and the others who were gifted for this game. But this kid is the last word. He was born for this game. I've never seen him make a mistake. He's just one of those guys who come along once in a blue moon with just the right combination of speed, reflexes, good hands, good eyes and, above all, class."

We coaches thank the mothers and fathers of the nation, who, after all, start the boys right, and dream of the day when we have five Luisettis on one team.

We have certain coaching techniques, drills and suggestions by which we hope to improve the skill of the boys we get. But we cannot tell a boy *when* to jump or start on a pass. The *when* is that intangible thing the great player has and we coaches try to find. It is born in them early

Luisetti scored 1,596 points during his career at Stanford. He led his team to three championships, averaged 16.3 points per game. Stanford had never won a Pacific Coast Conference title before Luisetti enrolled. He set not only individual records for scoring but ran up new marks in departments that cannot be reduced to cold statistics—departments that might be classed under the general heading of "the team is bigger than the individual." He finished his college career as a champion should, in a blaze of glory, by scoring 26 points. Yet it wasn't the high-water mark of his career. Against a very strong Duquesne team, which had set out to stop him personally, he once scored 50 points.

He was named by the Helm Foundation on the all-time All-American basketball team along with Vic Hansen (Syracuse), Ashworth Thompson (Montana State), Chuck Hyatt, John Schommer (Chicago), George Glamack (North Carolina), "Pat" Page (Chicago), Ed McNichols (Penn), John Wooden (Purdue), Paul Endicott (Kansas) and the other giants of a game that is American in origin, American in speed, spirit and heart. #

Spanish Spoken Here

Sam's wife had long been disturbed by his let-alone policy toward that dear, adventuresome brother in Buenos Aires

by **MAX SHULMAN**

• FICTION •

℞

SAM MASHOULAM, coming home from his barber shop one night with his customers' global opinions on his lips, delivered a short oration to his wife, Nettie, on the duplicity of Argentine politics. Nettie was sure that what Sam said was true, but she cared little for politics. Sam's mention of the Argentine, however, was of interest to her.

"Sam," she said, "thirty years already you didn't write to Meyer your own brother. I'm so ashamed I can't show my face on the street."

"Whatsa matter maybe people on the street are stopping you looking in your face saying whatsa matter your husband the barber thirty years already he didn't write his brother in Argentina?"

Irving, their sixteen-year-old son, took his mother's side. He was entirely in favor of resuming long neglected relations with Uncle Meyer. In Irving's mind, Meyer in the far Argentine was The Rich Uncle. Uncle Meyer had green rolling acres upon which grazed herds of prize beef cattle and fast, nervous ponies. Each night to Uncle Meyer's hacienda came bands of gaily dressed vaqueros to sing and play the sinuous ballads of the pampas. Irving had had a short fling at Spanish in high school, and he knew a thing or two about our neighbors to the south.

Actually there was little likelihood of Uncle Meyer being anything like Irving imagined. In 1912 Meyer and Sam Mashoulam had left the Russian village of their birth and sailed to America to earn their living as barbers, in which trade they had newly completed their apprenticeships. On the crossing they had become friendly with a fellow steerage passenger, a glib Slovene who spoke glowingly of big money and high life in South America. North America, poohed the Slovene, was overrated, enormously overrated. In North America a man must work like a horse and still he starves to death. South America, on the other hand, ah, South America—he did a Balkan version of the rumba to show what he meant. Meyer, a mercurial type, was persuaded.

Ignoring Sam's vehement entreaties, he did not disembark at New York but continued southward with the Slovene. A few months later a letter came to Sam, by this time employed and married to a young immigrant he had caught on the rebound from a second comic of the Yiddish Art Theatre. The letter was from Meyer and confessed sadly that the Slovene had stolen his wicker trunk and left him stranded in Buenos Aires. Send money.

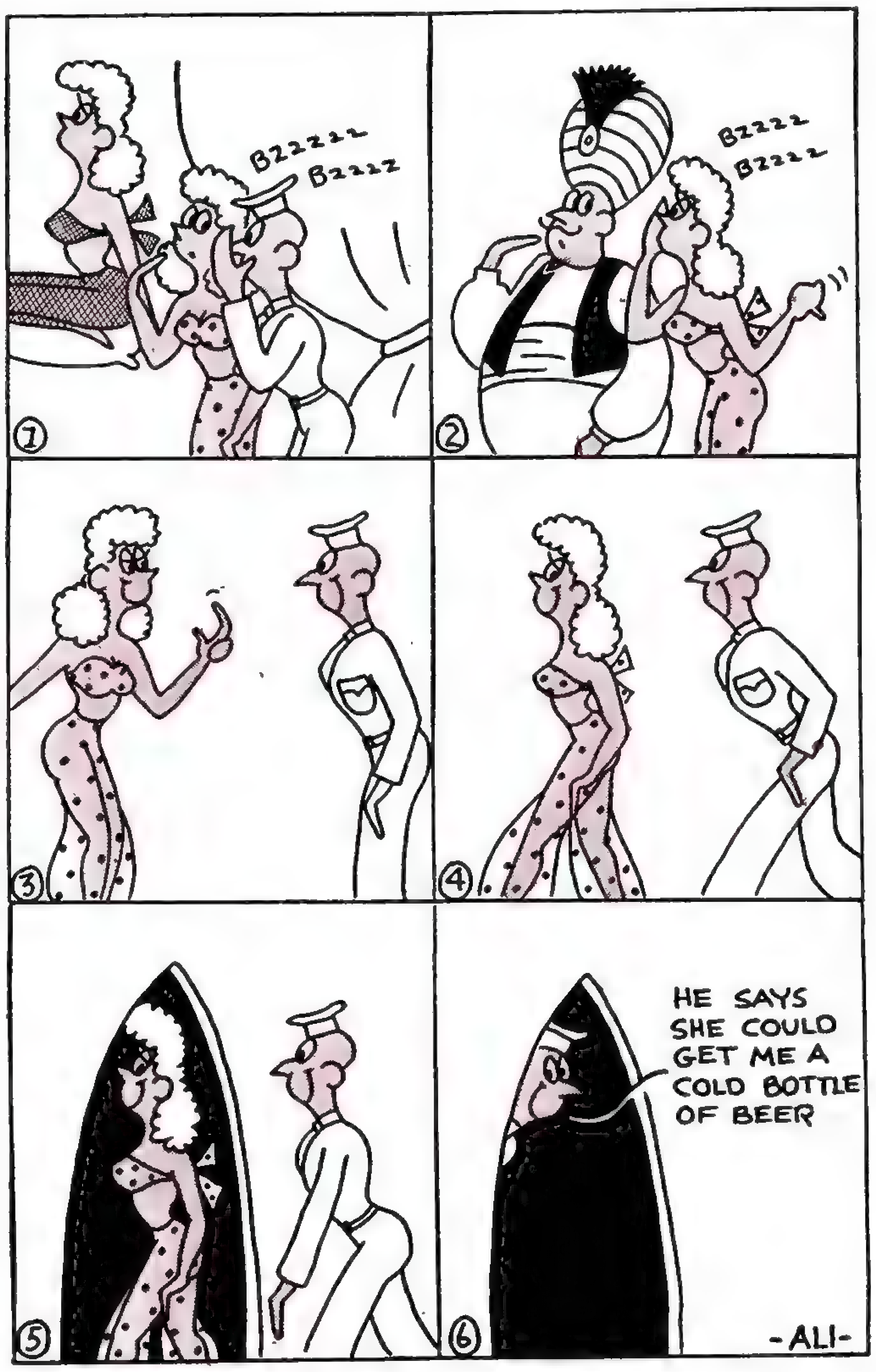
Sam sent. The following year Meyer wrote that he was now working in a high type barber shop and Sam could soon expect repayment. That was the last communication from Meyer.

The years passed. Sam forgave Meyer, as a brother should. In fact, he began to like Meyer better than he ever had when they were together. Meyer's impetuosity took on a gallant aspect in Sam's mind. Dear, brave, foolish Meyer far beyond the seas, he thought, and he spoke very tenderly of him to Nettie and Irving.

Irving was enchanted. Nettie, too, developed an affection for her venturesome brother-in-law, but she took a conventional outlook. "Why," she kept asking Sam, "if you like him so much you don't write him a letter your own flesh and blood, huh?"

Sam, however, had a shrewd notion that Meyer as a memory was likely a more lovable fellow than Meyer as a correspondent. So he steadfastly rejected Nettie's persistent suggestions. After a while the subject became painful, and Sam carefully avoided all mention of Uncle Meyer.

Now this night Sam's dissertation on Argentine politics had reopened the argument. Nettie and imaginative Irving loudly reminded him that blood was thicker than water; they appealed to his sense of propriety; they pointed fingers of scorn at him.


Bzzzzz
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HE SAYS SHE COULD GET ME A COLD BOTTLE OF BEER
⑥
-ALI-

Sam answered that the whole day he cut hair until the eyes and fingers were ready to fall off, his arches Hitler should have, and he comes home at night for a little supper and what does he get? Aggravation. Instead, he charged, of having supper on the table he shouldn't be late to the lodge meeting (tonight, as they well knew, was lodge meeting night) he gets what? Aggravation.

"To the lodge he can go," said Nettie. "For the lodge okay he's got plenty time. But for the brother thirty years already he didn't see in Argentina to write a letter is no time. For the lodge to go play poker lose the money is time. For the brother, no."

"Listen," said Sam, "you think maybe I don't want to write my brother my own flesh and blood in Argentina? Of course I want."

"So why you don't?" asked Nettie.

"Listen," said Sam, "I'm a barber not maybe a letter writer. I can cut hair give shaves massages anything you want it but writing letters it's not my line. Look how many years already I didn't write nobody a letter. A man forgets. Haircuts yes shaves yes massage yes. Letters no. Kill me, I can't do it."

"Why don't you call?" asked Irving.

"Call!" Sam roared. "I'll go in the street and holler yoo-hoo Meyer look it's Sam how are you?"

"On the telephone," Irving said. "You can call the whole world over the telephone."

But Sam brought up the expense of such a project, and even Nettie was forced to agree with him. The argument petered out, and they sat down to dinner.

"I'm late," Sam said quickly as he finished his last spoonful of dessert, and he escaped to the lodge meeting.

At the poker game that followed a token business meeting Sam had fantastic luck. In spite of the twenty-five-cent limit and the fact that half the table played shy all the time and filched what they withdrew from the pot, Sam won eighty dollars.

It took him until four a.m. to do it, which gave Nettie ample time to prepare and polish a tirade to deliver upon his homecoming. She was wound up and ready to let fly when Sam walked in the door.

"Shut up already," said Sam

before she could begin. "What's so terrible? I won forty dollars." Then he got three quiet hours of sleep and went to work.

He came home from the shop that night very tired, too tired to notice the sly glances that passed between his wife and son. He was grateful for the silence and attention to his needs at dinner. After the meal he rose wearily and said, "To bed. I'm dead."

"Wait, Sam," said Nettie mysteriously, "you're expecting a call."

Then they told him that before he had come home they had called the long distance operator and that she was now trying to locate Uncle Meyer in Argentina.

"It only costs ten dollars to try to find him," said Irving.

"Ten dollars!" screamed Sam.

"So didn't you make forty dollars by the poker last night like finding money in the street?" asked Nettie. "It's the same maybe like haircut shave money you work for it?"

"Ten dollars to find him!" wailed Sam. "How much costs to talk to him if they do find him?"

"So another twenty, thirty dollars," said Nettie lightly.

Sam sank into a chair and clasped his head with both hands. He cursed himself for reporting so much of his poker winnings.

The phone rang.

Irving grabbed it. "Hello. Yes. Yes. You did! When? Now? Now? Pa, come here quick! They found Uncle Meyer. He's waiting on the phone."

Sam trembled to the telephone. Nettie and Irving quivered close beside him. "Hello, hello," said Sam.

"Mr. Sam Mashoulam?" asked the operator.

"Yes, yes."

"Hold the wire, please. We are ready with your call to Mr. Meyer Mashoulam in Buenos Aires."

There was a pause while the operator notified the bilingual operator in Miami that Sam was waiting. The Miami operator reported in Spanish to the Buenos Aires operator. There was a little discussion between Miami and Buenos Aires.

The sweat rolled off Sam as he stood waiting. Nettie tugged at his sleeve, whispering, "Whatsa matter, whatsa matter?" Sam shook his head fiercely and tore his sleeve out of her grasp.

"Go ahead," said the operator.

"Hello, hello," Sam yelled. "Meyer? Meyer?"

"Sam!" came a voice from South America.

Then Sam burst into a torrent of Yiddish. "Meyer, my dear brother. Meyer, how are you? Meyer, my dear precious brother!"

In Yiddish Meyer answered, "Sam, my dear brother. Sam, my dear, dear brother. How—"

He was interrupted by a click, and the Buenos Aires operator spoke rapidly to Meyer in Spanish. Meyer answered her excitedly. She spoke to him again, and again he answered her heatedly. She said something firm and curt to him.

"Hello, hello, whatsa matter?" Sam hollered.

"Whatsa matter, whatsa matter?" cried Nettie in Sam's ear.

"She should have a stroke the operator," Sam exclaimed.

"Just a moment, please," said the operator to Sam.

There was some conversation in Spanish between the Buenos Aires operator and the Miami operator. Then the Miami operator said, "Mr. Sam Mashoulam?"

"Yes, yes, yes."

"I'm sorry," she said in a firm voice. "You can't talk Yiddish to Mr. Meyer Mashoulam in Buenos Aires. You must carry on the conversation in Spanish or English."

"What? What?" Sam yelled, bewildered. "I'm talking to my brother Meyer I didn't see him thirty years already."

"You must carry on the conversation in Spanish or English," the operator repeated.

"Please, Irving," said Sam to his son, "you take the telephone. I can't understand."

"Hello," said Irving.

"You must carry on the conversation in Spanish or English," the operator said again.

Irving was interested. "Why?"

"There is a state of emergency in Argentina," the operator explained. "All foreign-phone calls are being monitored. Therefore, they must be in Spanish or English. Since Mr. Meyer Mashoulam says he cannot speak English, Mr. Sam Mashoulam must speak Spanish if he wishes to talk to Mr. Meyer Mashoulam."

"What does she say she should drop dead the operator?" Sam asked his son.

"Just a minute," Irving told the operator. He turned to Sam. "She says you hafta talk Spanish if you want to talk to Uncle Meyer."

"Spanish!" Sam and Nettie screamed.

"She says you hafta talk Spanish otherwise you can't talk to Uncle Meyer."

"She should be able to eat like

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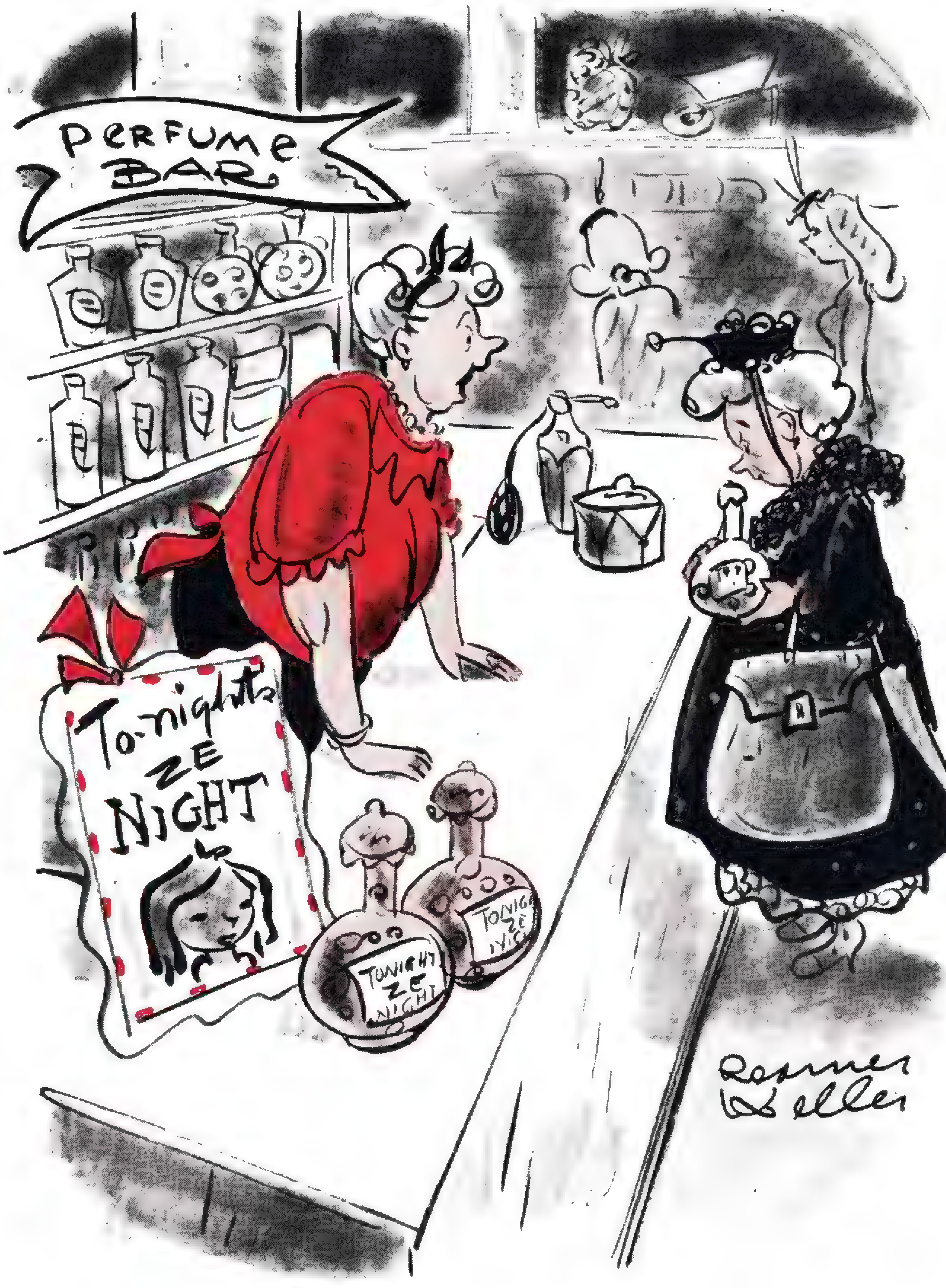


"Are you prepared to pay the consequences?"

A Visitor from America

The *chachars* of Ostrava deeply admired all things American from pipes to motor-cars, especially the gorillas of Capone

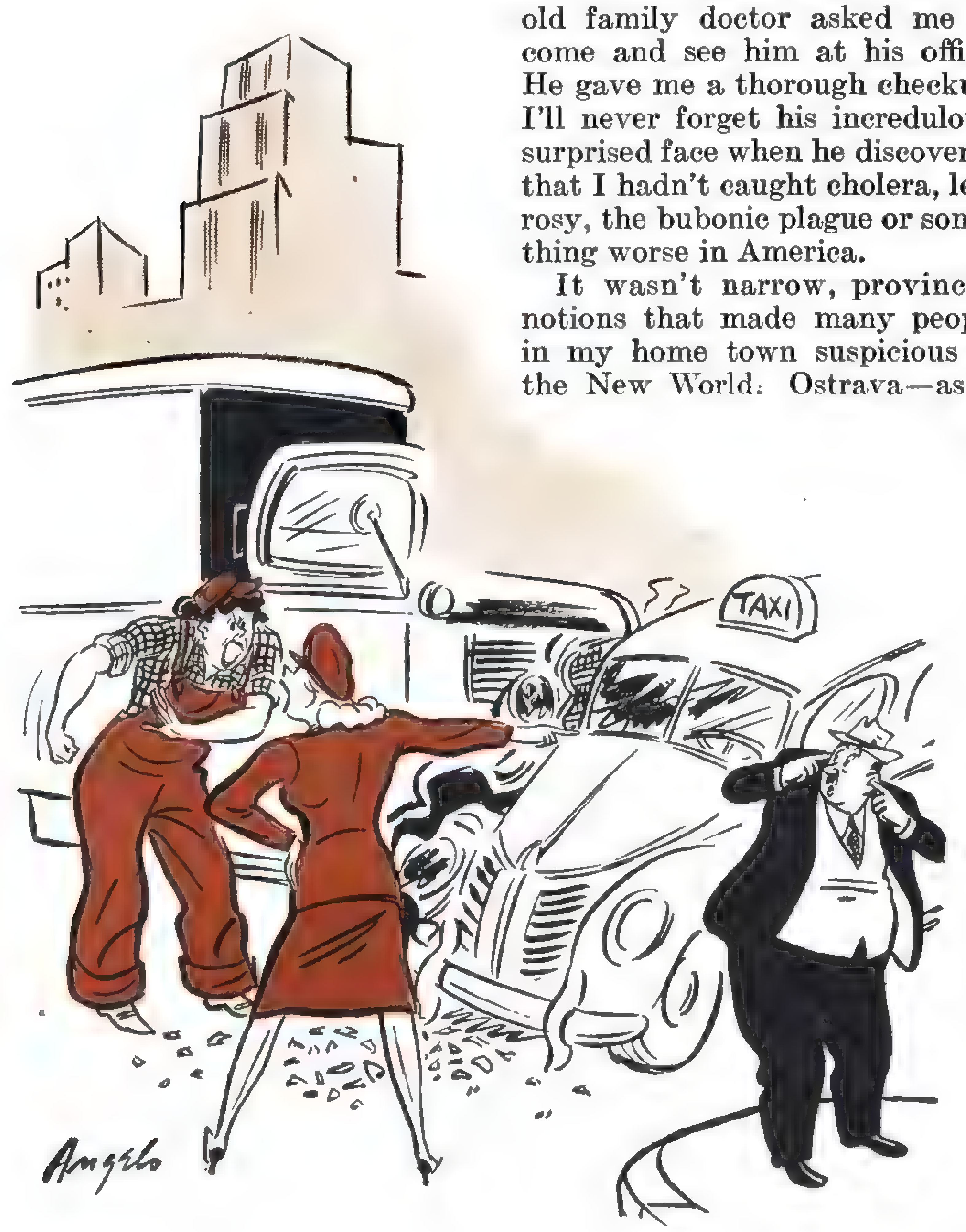
by **JOSEPH WECHSBERG**

• ARTICLE •

R

I HADN'T what one would call a happy welcome when I returned to my home town, Moravská-Ostrava, in the Moravian part of Czechoslovakia, late in 1928 after three consecutive transatlantic crossings as second violinist aboard the French Line steamer *La Bourdonnais*. My mother and my brother were at the Přívoz railroad station when I arrived on the Prague-Warsaw express. My mother kissed me and cried and said she had been worried to death. My brother Max, then at the juvenile-delinquency age of sixteen, cast a sharp glance at my two pieces of luggage, covered with hotel and ship labels and asked me why I hadn't brought any label from Chicago and whether I had met Al Capone. When I said no, he looked disappointed.

My mother had twelve brothers and sisters and usually a great deal of family traffic went on in our house, but after my return there was an ominous quiet. Nobody came to see me. My mother cried a little more and told me that I had become the family's No. 1 disgrace. It was bad enough to interrupt one's law studies at the Prague University and go off to America, that strange country populated exclusively by gangsters, cowboys, film stars, millionaires and G-men; but to go there as a ship's musician, practically on the same social level with pickpockets and night club gigolos, was a crime they couldn't forgive. Gradually I was told of what had happened during my absence. When my mother received word from me that I had left for New York, old friends of the family stopped her on the street and offered their condolences. My former mathematics teacher sadly predicted the end of my short-lived earthly career. "He'll never come back alive from *Amerika!*" the teacher said to my mother. "Nobody does. He'll get a bullet or a tomahawk in his head."



One week after my return our old family doctor asked me to come and see him at his office. He gave me a thorough checkup. I'll never forget his incredulous, surprised face when he discovered that I hadn't caught cholera, leprosy, the bubonic plague or something worse in America.

It wasn't narrow, provincial notions that made many people in my home town suspicious of the New World. Ostrava—as it was called for short—was Czechoslovakia's third largest city and had what all the natives fondly called a fast "American" growth as the country's leading iron, steel and coal-mining center. But the town was thirty hours by rail from the nearest sea coast and the natives had somewhat reluctant feelings toward ocean travel and overseas countries. If someone went to *Amerika*, he had his very definite reasons. Within the past three years only two men from Ostrava had gone there. One, a coal-mining executive, hurriedly departed for Panama City because of what his laywer called "lamentable miscalculations." The case provided the shocked though delighted citizens with a most interesting topic of conversation for weeks. Everybody was sorry when the ex-executive was finally apprehended and jailed in Cristobal, C.Z. The other America-traveler was a waiter at the local night club Boccaccio. He waited on a woman from Detroit who came to Ostrava to visit her poor relations and took them out to the night club. The woman from Detroit, on the mature side of life, returned to the night club the following two nights and on the fourth day eloped with the waiter.

There was a numerically small but noisy segment of the local population who did not entirely disapprove of my musical-nautical career. They were the town's younger generation who had great admiration for, though not exactly a true picture of, America. Their ideas on the United States were derived from not always reliable newspapers which wrote at great length about the "terrific heat waves" or "tremendous crime waves" in America; or from little pulp magazines describing the exploits of one legendary Percy Stuart, "Avenger of the Disinherited," a twentieth-century Robin Hood who produced breath-taking stunts trying to become a member of the exclusive "Eccentric Club." It was smart to use "American" expressions used by Percy Stuart such as "dammit," "well," "by Jove." It was smart to drive around in American cars, no matter how old and dilapidated they were, to wear American cut suits and smoke American pipes. Many of Ostrava's American-conscious young men, including myself, were former *chachars*, the local brand of ruffians. A *chachar* played football on the street instead of going to his violin lesson. He found ways to get into circuses and movie theatres without paying. He spit into gas street-lanterns, thus blacking out whole districts. The *chachars* were ingenious and displayed great ability to cope with the manifold problems of life. Several *ex-chachars* in due course became noted bank presidents, politicians, businessmen, writers. Former *chachars* are now spread all over the globe. I remember one, by the name of Filip, whom I once met deep in the jungles of Sumatra where he drove a jalopy loaded with candies, which he sold to the natives. The candies, a dark-brown, sticky mass, were produced in Filip's garage in Batavia. Now and then the aged car got stuck in a tropical river, and the candies became a wet, tacky cake. Such minor catastrophies didn't upset a former *chachar*. Filip simply pressed the stuff into small jars which carried a label with the Dutch flag and the imprint "*Het Plakt*" (It sticks), and sold the product as "glue for all purposes." Another *chachar* was the manager of a place called the Rainbow Club in Singapore who catered to the diversified tastes of Singapore's multi-racial clientele by having at his place Chinese hostesses on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, Malayan girls on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and Russian emigrée personnel on Sunday nights. When two *chachars* met, they fondly reminisced on their home town, the dust and smoke hovering over Ostrava's hundred-odd coal pits; deadly-pale, thin-faced coal miners; blast furnaces and the smell of coke.

The *chachars* were hanging out at the Palace Café, geographically and socially the heart of the town. There they occupied the gallery running around the large coffee-house. No member of the gallery crowd wanted to be seen, dead or alive, at the Café's middle or "European" section, where the town's substantial citizens met to discuss the general decay of morale and good manners up on the gallery. The guests at this section, lawyers, doctors, executives, bank presidents, professors, mining engineers, spent their vacations at Karlsbad, read the conservative papers and criticized the gallery crowd for introducing such "American" customs as chromium chairs or having a telephone

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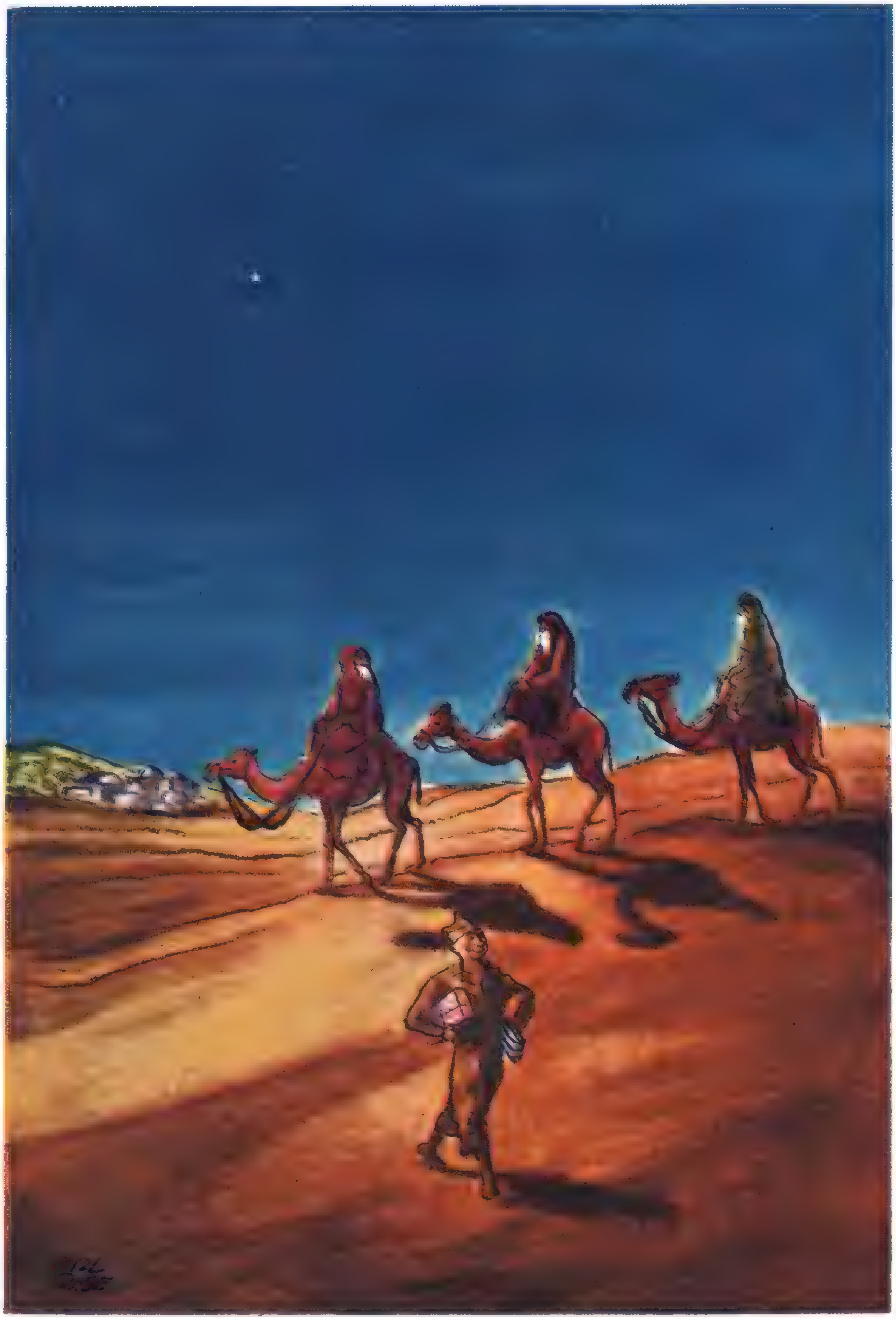
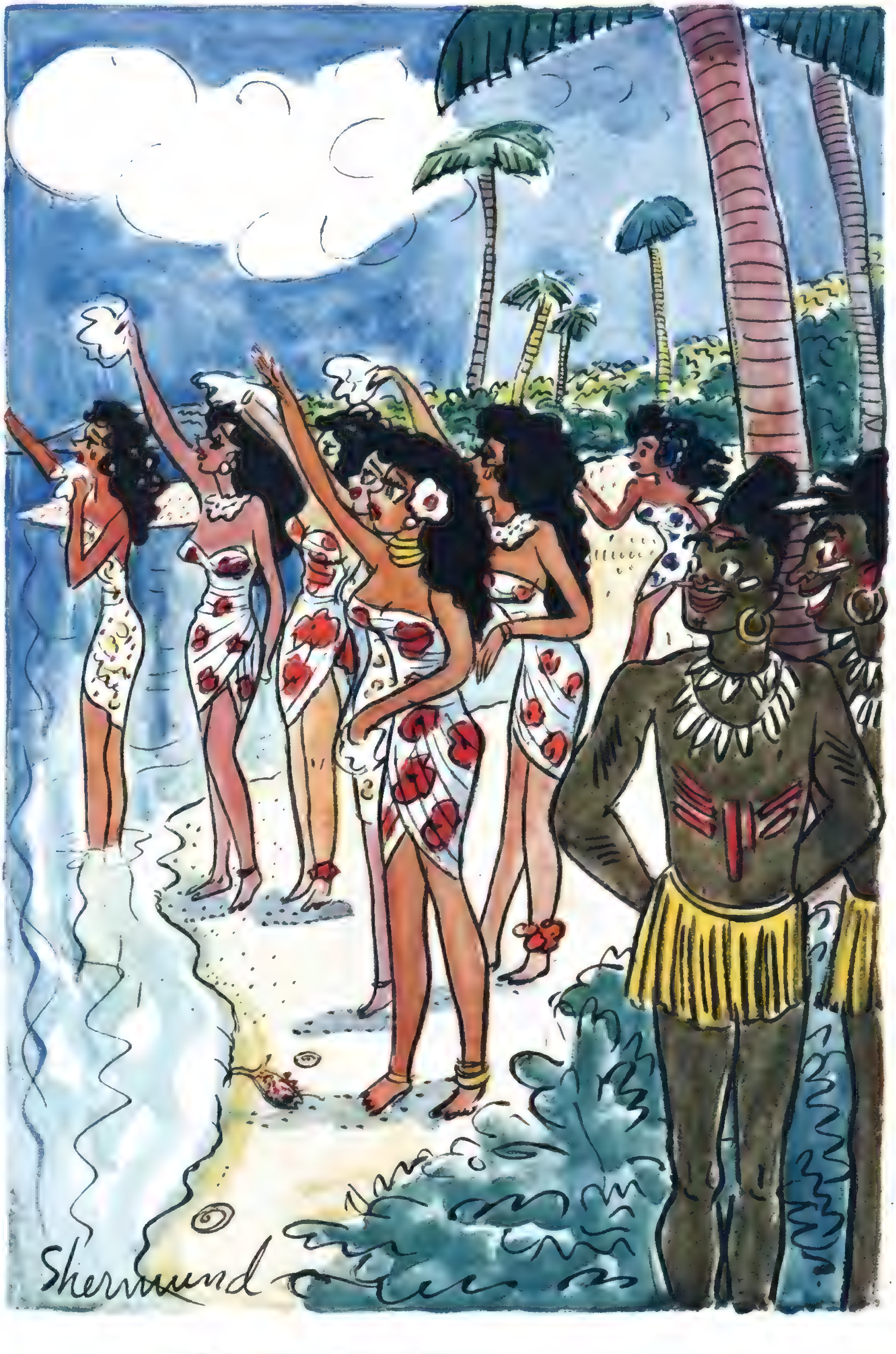
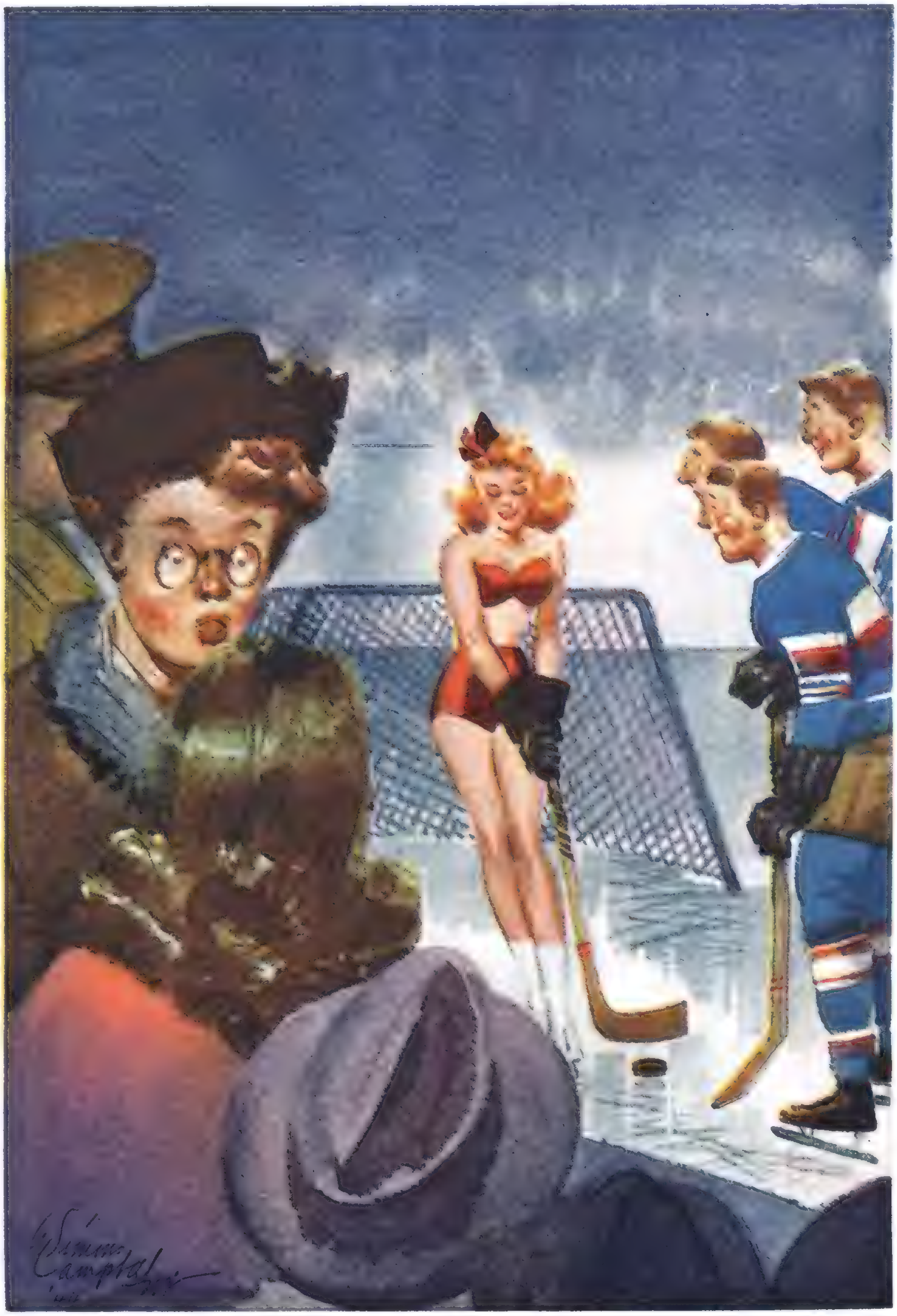


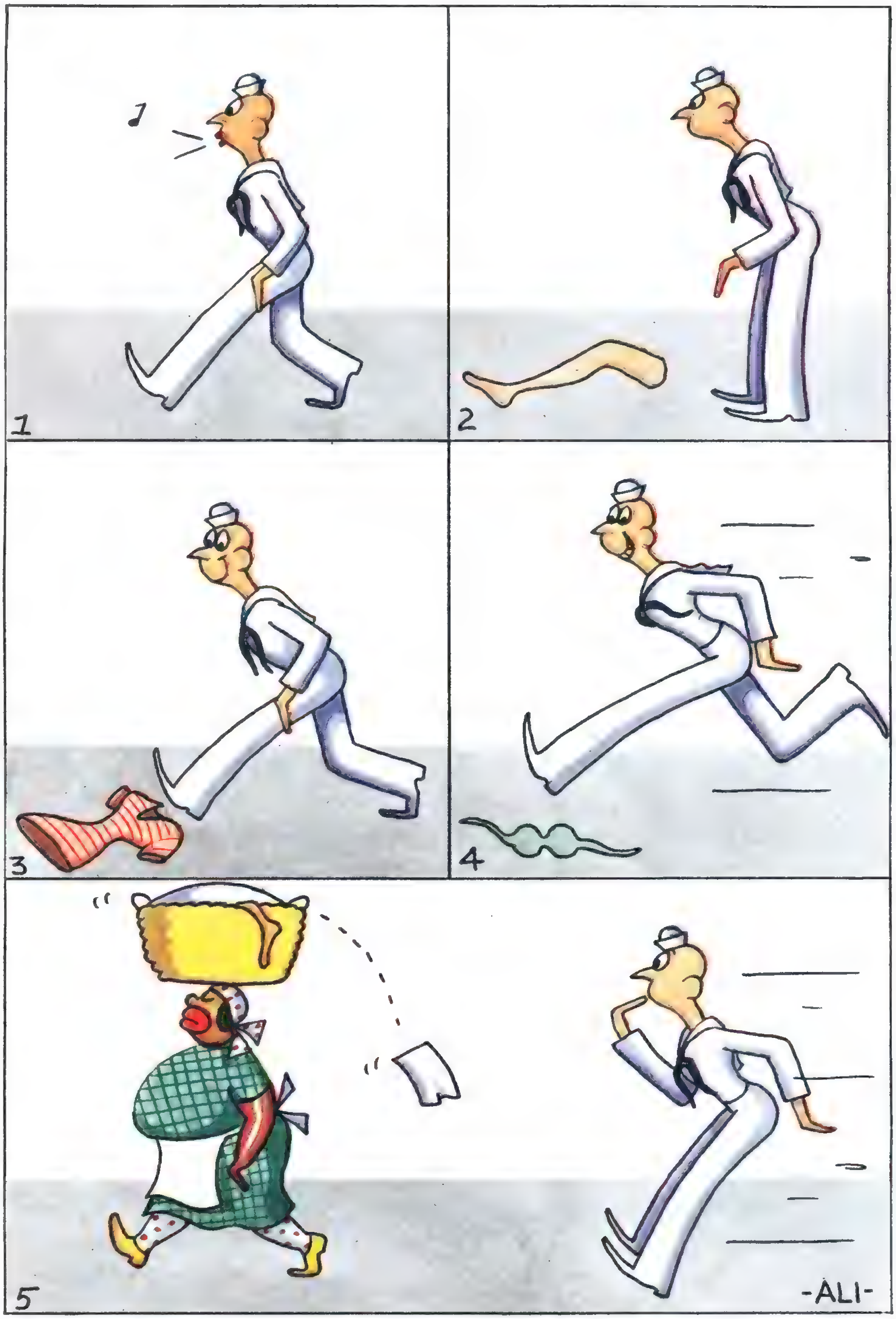
"What do you suppose he meant by 'Merry Christmas'?"



"Boy—there goes the last of those servicemen!"


E. Simms Campbell

"They get the puck right down to the goal and then they seem helpless"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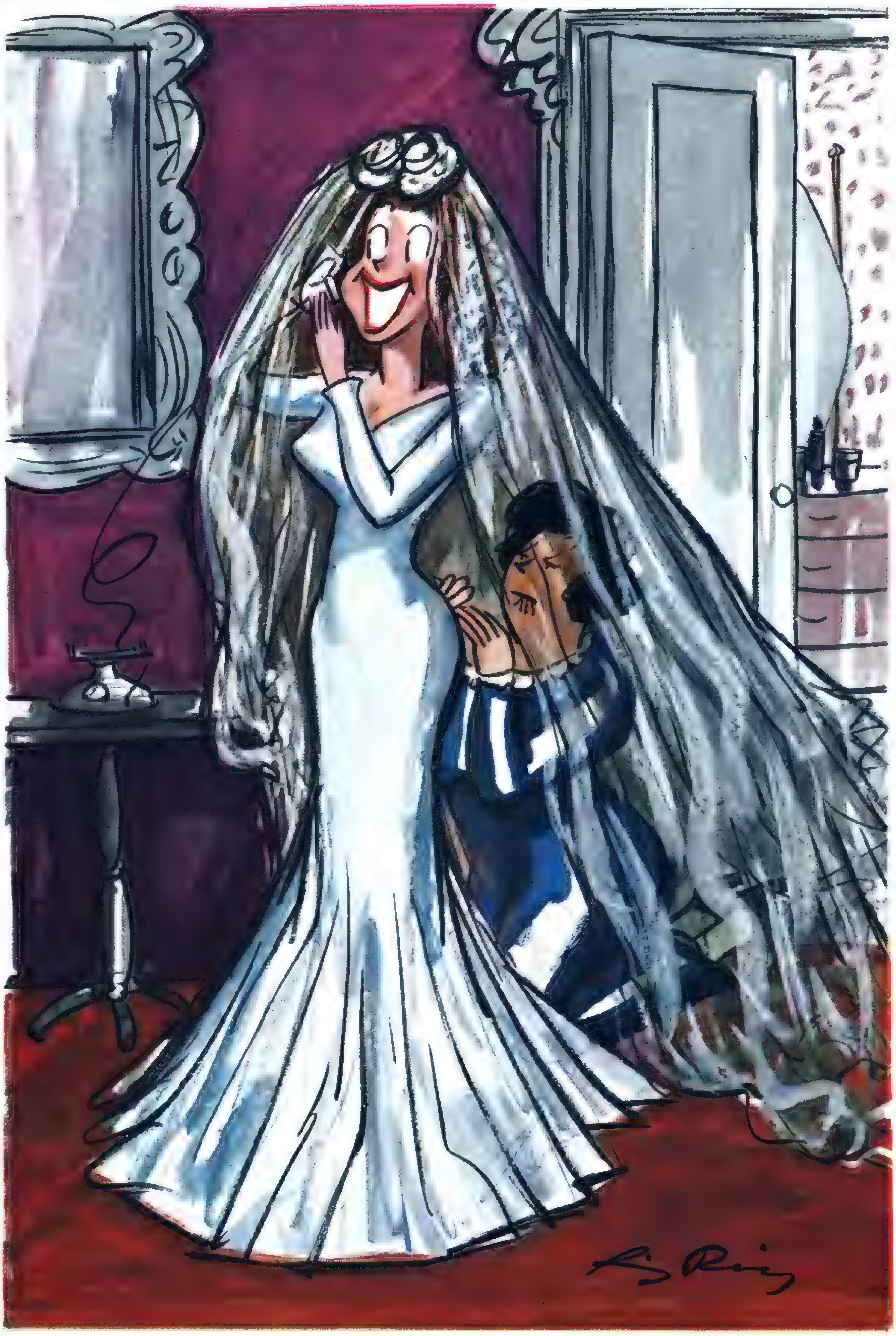
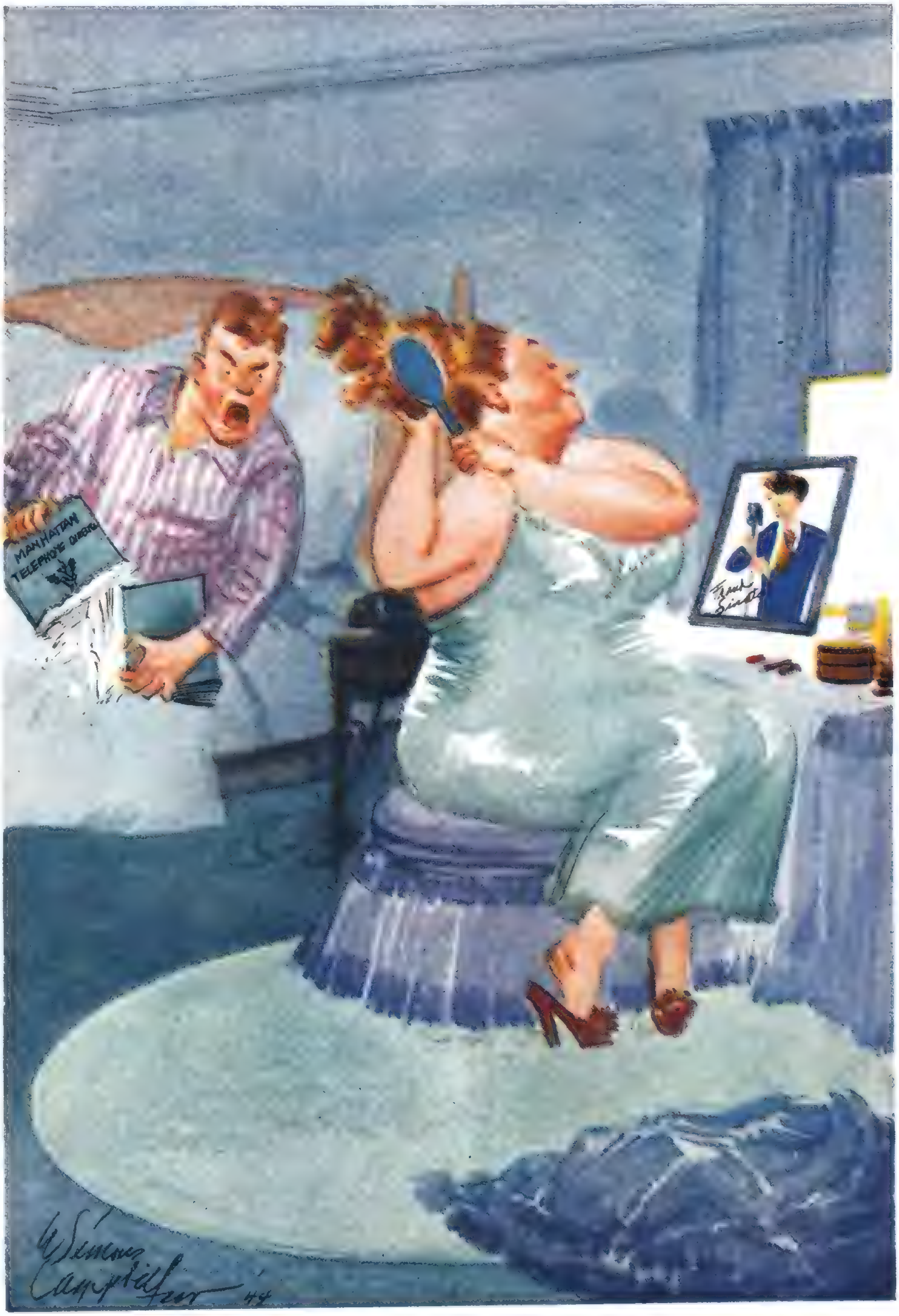
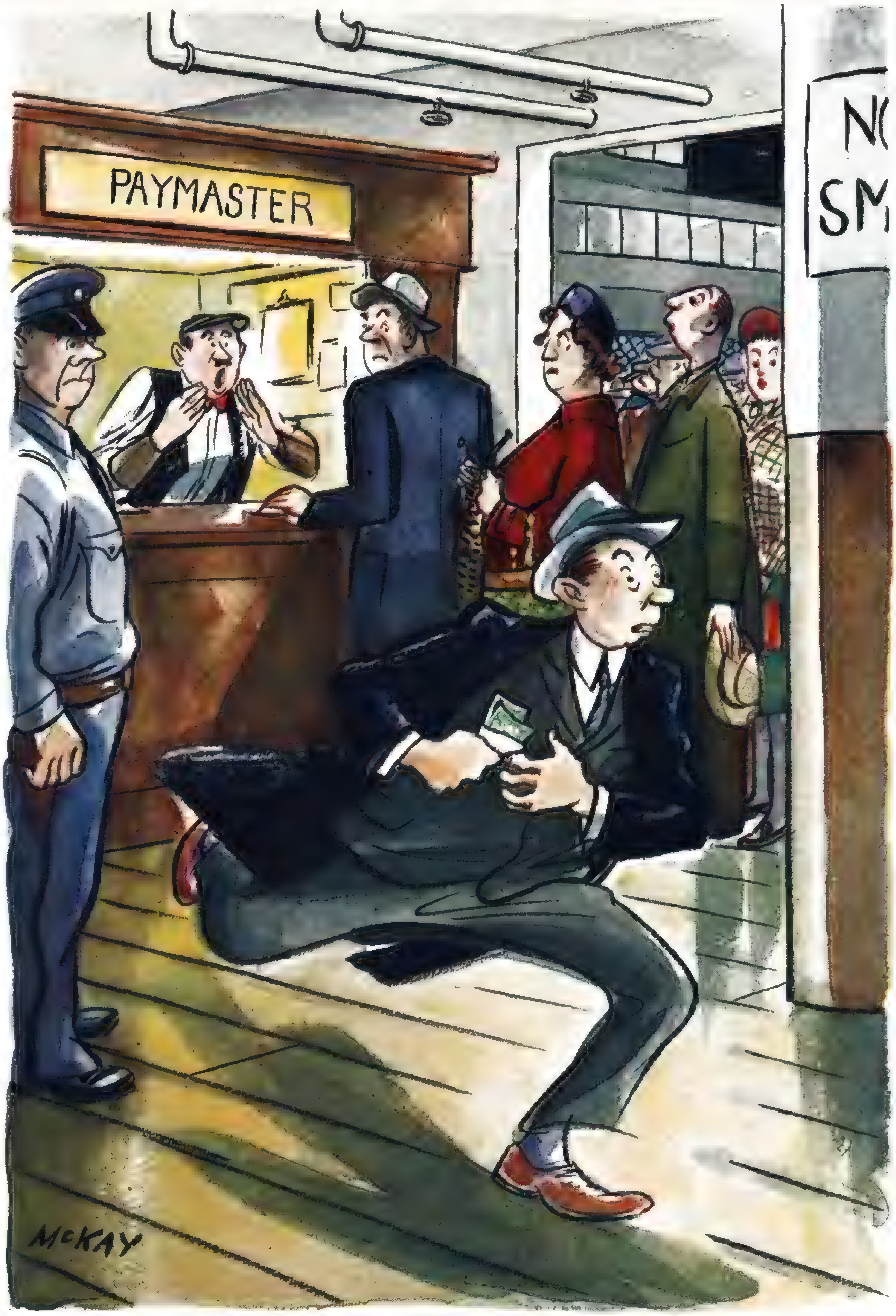


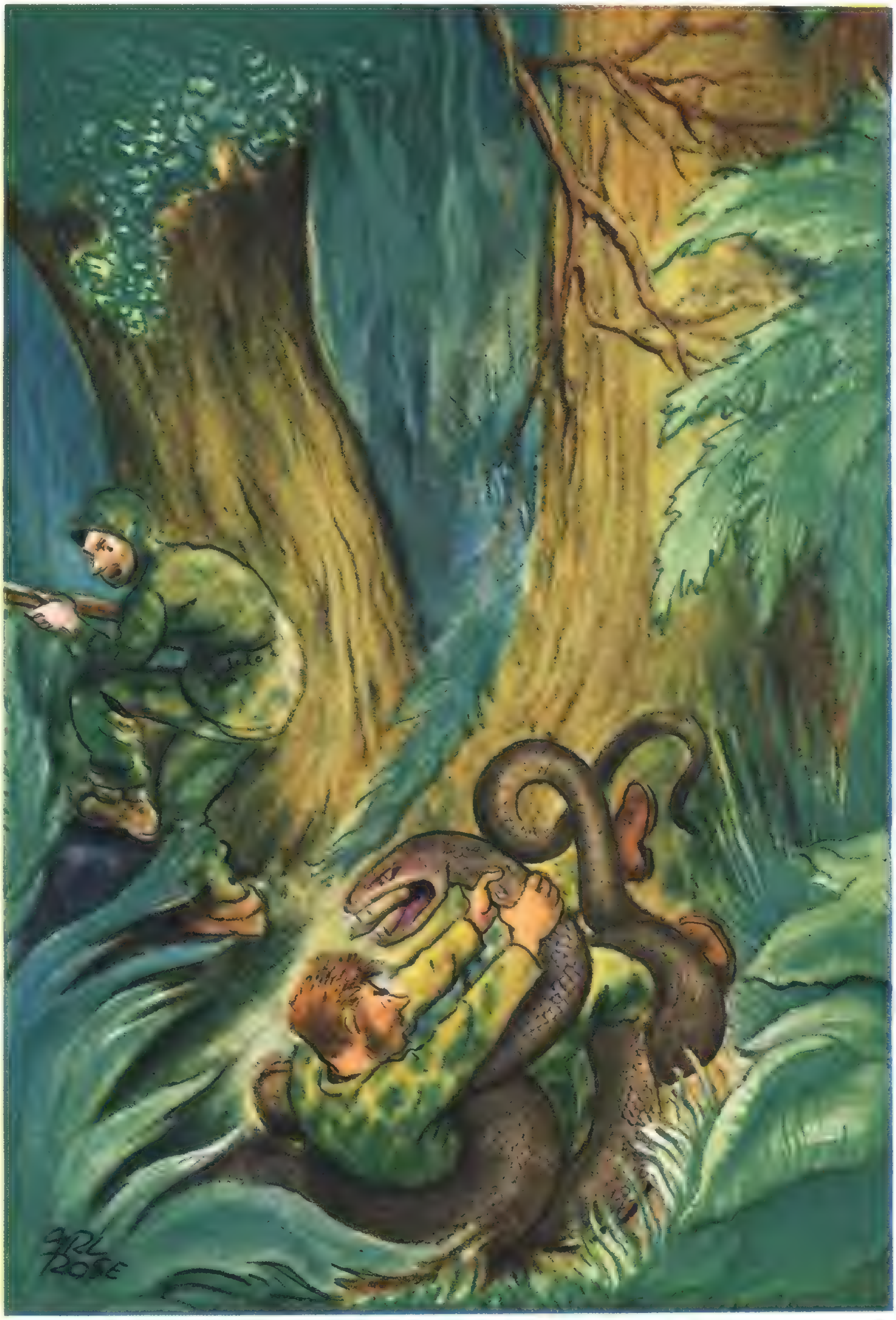
"Well—I did have a date, but—"


MANHATTAN TELEPHONE DIRECTORY
Frank Sinatra

"Can Frank Sinatra do this—ha?"


PAYMASTER
NO
SM
McKAY

"You needn't fear, Samuelson—there aren't any more deductions from your pay!"



"Come on, Fenton, we're supposed to be fighting the Japs"

Greatest Gold Strike in America

In 1910 prospectors, financiers, sharpers and engineers from gold fields all over the world rushed to Porcupine, Ontario

by **CLAY PERRY & JOHN L. E. PELL**

• ARTICLE •

THIRTY-SIX years ago last summer a man from the wilds shuffled into the mining recorder's office in Haileybury, Ontario, Canada. He said he wanted to file on a gold claim in an area known on the map as Tisdale, northwest of Porcupine Lake.

The men in the government office had seen plenty like him, hairy, ragged, dirty and smelling of the muskeg. His copper cheekbones, neck and wrists were swollen from fly and mosquito bites. His leaky footpads squished on the floor. On his shoulder he packed a canvas sack.

"Well, I suppose we'll have to look at what you've got there," said the recorder.

For answer George Bannerman heaved down the sack and dumped on the table half a back load of the most spectacular gold specimens that any of the men in the office had ever seen or dreamed of. Porcupine was discovered.

It is the richest gold mining field that has been found in the western hemisphere. The Klondike, California, Cripple Creek and all others have to take back seats. Only superior gold producer in the world is the South African Rand.

The three biggest and richest gold mines in the Americas are in the Porcupine region. Diamond drillings 1,500 feet below a mile-deep tunnel show the vein as rich as ever. Up to date the Porcupine and Kirkland Lake fields have produced more than half the total 1,750,000,000 dollars' worth of gold mined in Ontario.

Story of the Porcupine has never been told except in official records.

It begins with George Bannerman, a young Scotch-Canadian farmer woodsman hanging about a fur trading post on the edge of civilization in Ontario. A group of Cree Indians, coming to the post to trade, talked vaguely about coal sticking out of the ground near their camp at Night Hawk Lake in the Timiskaming district. Peter McLaren, a Scotch engineer, was willing to gamble a little money on a grubstake.

The region in which the Indians said there was coal is about three hundred miles northwest of Toronto, Canada. It has a peculiar geologic formation. Ridges and domes of hard rock thrust up through the soil of the forests and swamps. In colonial days Sieur d'Iberville, French soldier and explorer, had crossed it seeking a route to Hudson's Bay. D'Iberville picked up some gold-bearing rock, but it was poor stuff. About 100 claims had been staked in the area but none had ever produced any gold worth carrying out. In 1901 Charles Camsell, now Deputy Minister of Mines for Canada, sank two pits and took to the Soo some ore which assayed five dollars and twenty cents to the ton. Geologists conservatively reported to the Dominion government that there were "traces of gold" in the region.

It would be hard to describe a more villainous country. Dense bush, fir and jackpine forests covered it and everywhere were the muskeg swamps, some seemingly bottomless. In summer it was ravaged by forest fires which killed animals and whole villages of Indians.

This was the terrain into which McLaren sent George Bannerman in the Spring of 1909 to look for coal. Bannerman took off from the end of steel of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario railroad. With Indians to guide him he got to a small lake called Porcupine, about forty miles east.

In two months' floundering through the muskeg he found no coal, only a miserable little outcrop of low-grade iron ore. He came back to the lake. He didn't want to go home to McLaren with nothing at all to show. He began to dig and scrape off the tough, root-woven overburden on a bulge of hard rock half a mile from his camp.

And so, one day in July, Bannerman stood on the rock ridge swinging his pick around his head and yelling, "Bull quartz! Free gold in the bull quartz!"

That became the battle cry of the stampede in the great gold rush into the Porcupine in 1910-11. "Free gold in the quartz!" they shouted in camp and on the trail. "Free gold in the bull quartz!"

Before George Bannerman started, another adventurous man was already in the Porcupine region. John S. Wilson, an old-time prospector, had outfitted elaborately in December, 1908, to hunt for minerals—silver and copper preferred. He had taken in his canoes and a crew of five men. When he got word that his hoped-for backers had decided not to go on with it, Wilson wired W. S. Edwards, Chicago gas fixtures manufacturer. Edwards promptly sent a draft.

Wilson had to smash ice on Nellie Lake and wait days for ice to clear from streams, arriving at Porcupine near the end of May. He set his crew to work. Some showings prompted him to go out and record them, June 19.

Wilson came back to glory.

The story is that Gilbert Rheault, a blacksmith member of the crew, climbed up a huge dome in the woods for a look ahead. He slipped and slid on his heels to the bottom, stripping off the moss with his hobnails—and turned around to climb back—up a veritable golden stairway. The gold bulged out in great blobs and gobs all over the great upthrust of quartz.

When Wilson returned he found a sight that would drive a prospector delirious. He sacked samples and rushed out again, toting more than 150 pounds on his back.

His feet were light from clambering up "The Golden Stairway," and that stairway now reposes, intact, an exhibit in the Parliament Building at Toronto. The find became the Wilson's Dome Mine, second richest in Porcupine, third richest in the western world.

And now came Benny Hollinger, another farmer lad like George Bannerman. Benny was from Chalk River. He was grubstaked—fifty dollars' worth—by John McMahon of Haileybury—who sold a half interest in the stake to a nephew, Labine, for fifty-five dollars, thereby making a sure profit of five dollars. Benny and Alex Gillies went in late in June. They found Wilson's camp and were directed to that of Bill Davidson, who had staked what later became the Vipond Mine. Davidson took them to a point near where Camsell had dug his little pits.

Benny and Gillies went up on a slight rise of ground, began stripping it and Benny found a gold-bearing vein forty feet wide and "of unknown length and depth."

It still is of unknown depth and length. The Hollinger Mine, richest in the western world, is more than a mile deep and has over 250 miles of tunnels and adits. Its normal annual production is around 10,000,000 dollars.

George Bannerman's find, the

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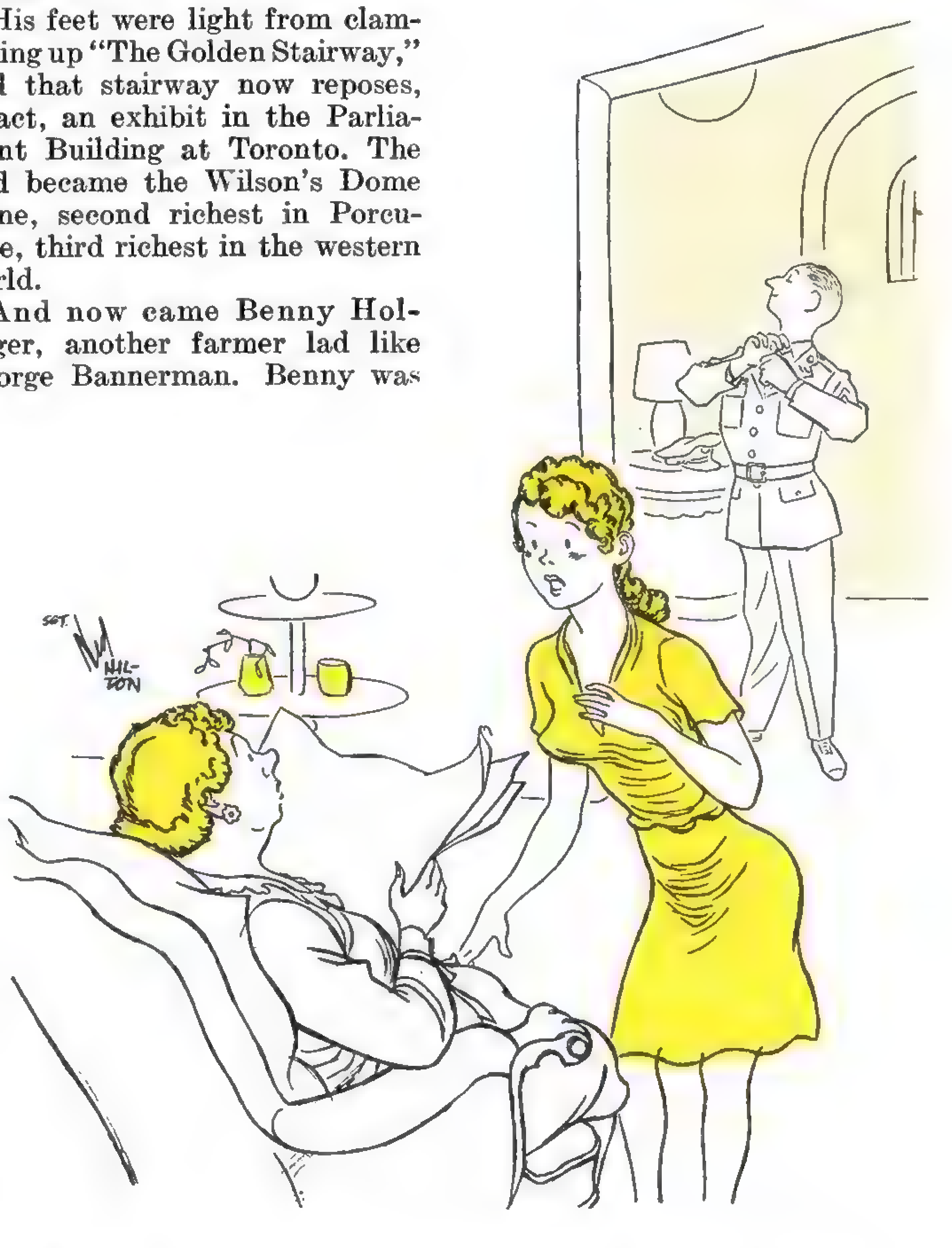

"Mother, may I borrow your wedding dress again?"

The War of the Rheingold

Psychiatrists had neither remedy nor explanation for the plague of criminal insanity that spread chaos in New York

by OTTO EISENSCHIML

• FICTION •

"Anything doing?" asked the police captain as he sauntered over to the desk sergeant, who sat at his desk, idly playing with his pencil.

"No, Captain. What do you expect in the dog days but a couple of mad dogs? Or a man beating his wife? Lord, but it's hot." He wiped the perspiration from his face with the back of his hand.

The telephone rang and the captain picked up the receiver.

"Now a man's gone mad, too," he announced. "Call the squad car. Man running wild in Central Park. Slashed a woman and two kids. A block north of Columbus Circle." He walked slowly back to his private office.

In a minute the phone rang again. The sergeant answered it, and a puzzled frown appeared on his forehead.

"Another guy gone crazy. Broadway and Fifty-sixth," he radioed the squad. "Killed a fruit peddler with a baseball bat and tried to brain the crossing cop."

A few moments later the sergeant stormed into the captain's room. "The whole town seems to have gone nuts," he cried. "Five more cases, two men and three women since you walked in here. They're attacking people with whatever they've got handy. I can't answer the calls as fast as they're coming in."

The captain stirred uneasily. "Get all the squad cars out," he commanded. "Looks as if somebody's selling a new brand of bootleg alcohol." But to judge from the tone of his voice, he was not convinced that this was the real cause of the murder wave.

The early afternoon edition of the *Evening Bugle* was about to go to press. Four times the news editor had ordered the scarehead changed, and he sighed deeply when the deadline was passed and no further changes were possible.

"What do you think's gotten into all these people?" he asked one of the old reporters, who was staring at his shoes, a neglected cigarette dangling from his mouth.

"Boss," said the reporter, "I don't like the looks of this. There's something uncanny about all these killings and attempted killings. Five in one precinct within one hour, six in another, eight here, ten there. I have never heard of anything like it in all my twenty-seven years of newspapering."

The editor glanced at the latest Associated Press report. "Holy Moses," he exploded. "Stop the presses. All hell has broken loose in Philadelphia, too. Seventy people attacked on the streets, twenty-two dead. And listen to this: two of the crazy fellows were policemen in uniform."

Worse news was to come from Washington. The national capital reported a record of over one thousand cases of violent insanity up to the time the wire was filed. Philadelphia and New York had a smaller casualty list, but even they found it impossible to house all the maniacs in their psychopathic wards. Police stations were crowded with raving men, women and children. The hospitals could not handle the number of the injured, and churches were made to serve as temporary morgues. Physicians, psychiatrists and psychoanalysts stood aghast and helpless in the face of the catastrophe. The only theory they advanced was that the heat must have affected the minds of the afflicted. But the heat was no worse than usual at this time of the year. Moreover, Boston, Providence, Trenton, Newark and other nearby cities had failed to register a single killing, although the temperatures there had ranged as high as those of the areas affected.

The next day brought such an intensified outbreak of violence in the three stricken cities that the authorities gave up all attempts to cope with it, especially as policemen, doctors and hospital attendants by the score also fell victim to the strange scourge. By noon thousands of insane people were running amuck. Mobs of madmen attacked peaceful pedestrians or each other. Crews of streetcars, busses and subways not yet bereft of their senses left their posts and fled to the nearest places of safety. Soon all streets were deserted. Stores closed and locked their doors, women and children barricaded themselves in houses quickly turned into fortresses. The radio blared out messages of wanton wholesale slaughter, with no one to stop the killers. And still the madness remained confined to the three big Eastern cities. Travelers who had gone to other places had not carried the disease with them. The experts were too perplexed to offer advice or venture predictions. Behind the doors of their offices or homes they were as panicky as the rest of the population.

JOIN THE NAV
Lariar

"Why, ahem! The Navy is joining me!"

The cabinet, called by the President, met in a solemn mood.

"Gentlemen," the President said, "you have read the papers and listened to the radio broadcasts. The whole country is in a paroxysm of terror. Business in Washington, Philadelphia and New York is paralyzed. The stock market has had such a slump that its governors have voted to close it. The medical department of the Army acknowledges its inability to diagnose or stem the terrible epidemic which has descended upon us. Outside experts likewise have failed us. We have to meet a worse cataclysm than an enemy invasion, because we have no one to surrender to, even if we were inclined to do so. Has any of you gentlemen a suggestion?"

He stopped and patted his forehead with a silken handkerchief. The silence in the big room remained unbroken.

"I have had a call from the German Ambassador," the President continued. "He desires to see me on what he calls a most urgent matter. I have asked him to make his call now, and in this room. I want all of you to hear what he wishes to say. It may have a bearing on our present situation."

He rang a bell, and in a few moments a servant ushered in Baron von Paggerbach. The German Ambassador was a tall man of military posture with a face like a stone mask. He bowed stiffly, but ignored the President's invitation to be seated.

"Mr. President," the ambassador began, "your country has been visited by a calamity greater than the plague of the medieval ages. I am here to offer my help."

"Your help?" the President asked, raising his eyebrows. "What can you do?"

"It occurs to me," the ambassador continued, "that our scientists may know how to stop the disease against which you are now battling in vain."

The President gave the Baron a searching look. "And why, pray, would they want to help us?"

There was an almost imperceptible pause before von Paggerbach answered. "Perhaps they hope that by rendering you a signal service the severe conditions of the Paris Peace Treaty will be modified."

"Impossible. The Paris Peace Treaty was signed by other powers besides ourselves," the President replied.

"I think they, too, can be brought into line," the ambassador said, and an enigmatic smile flitted over his face.

The President rose. "I thank you for your offer, Baron von Paggerbach, and we shall consider it. If you will be good enough to await our decision in the next room . . ."

The German Ambassador clicked his heels, bowed and withdrew. The door had scarcely closed behind him when the Secretary of War was on his feet.

"The scoundrel," he cried, "the inhuman, unspeakable scoundrel! This is blackmail in its lowest form. Do we have to submit to it?"

"What else can we do?" the Secretary of the Treasury asked. "Wait until our entire population has been turned into murdering lunatics? If the Germans have a remedy, let's get it at all costs."

"*If* they have a remedy," sneered the Secretary of the Navy.

"Well, that is one thing we can easily ascertain," the President decided. "I propose to ask the German ambassador for proof before we consider his proposition. Do I hear any objections?"

The cabinet members agreed that the experiment was worth trying. Baron von Paggerbach, called back into the conference room, received the decision without emotion. The proof, he promised, would be forthcoming and would be utterly convincing.

During the next day not a single case of the new insanity was reported from any place in the United States. But cables and radio messages from Europe showed that the mysterious affliction had now started to play havoc in London, Paris and Moscow. English, French and Russian medical men were as helpless as their American confreres. In desperation they tried every known pharmaceutical product; they tried hypnosis, shock cold-water treatment, artificial fever, sedatives, even bloodletting. Nothing seemed to check or even mitigate the violence of the sickness. The scourge swept through Europe like a searing flame, leaving thousands of demented people in its wake, and its end was not in sight.

The President of the United States sat in his study, immersed in somber thoughts. The German ambassador, who had again asked for an audience, was announced and shown in. His stony face bore a sardonic expression, but his attitude was correct and respectful.

"Mr. President," he asked, "have I proved my case?"

The President shook his head. "I am not certain that you have. Our experts doubt the ability of your scientists to control the disease over such a wide distance."

"Mr. President," Baron von Paggerbach said, "it is time to talk what you in America are pleased to call cold turkey. Have you ever read or seen Wagner's *Rheingold?*"

The President lifted his head in surprise. "No, sir," he replied. "But what possible bearing can that have on our subject?"

"A great deal. Of course, you Americans think of culture as an exclusively English trait. Our German *Kultur* is mentioned only with contempt. But if your representatives at the Peace Conference had known our Wagner as well as they knew their Shakespeare, you would not find yourselves in your present position."

"I do not think I follow you."

Baron von Paggerbach seated himself on a velvet-covered chair before he spoke again. "Let me tell you the story of *Das Rheingold*," he said. "I assure you it will be worth your while to listen.

"Alberich, the king of the dwarfs, had accumulated a fortune in golden trinkets, all hewn from the bowels of the earth. Wotan, chief of the gods, visited Alberich for the purpose of robbing him to appease the giants with wealth for building Valhalla. Now it so happened that Alberich's brother had forged some of the gold into a helmet which would transform the wearer into any shape he pleased; a secret weapon, shall we say? His most precious possession, however, was a

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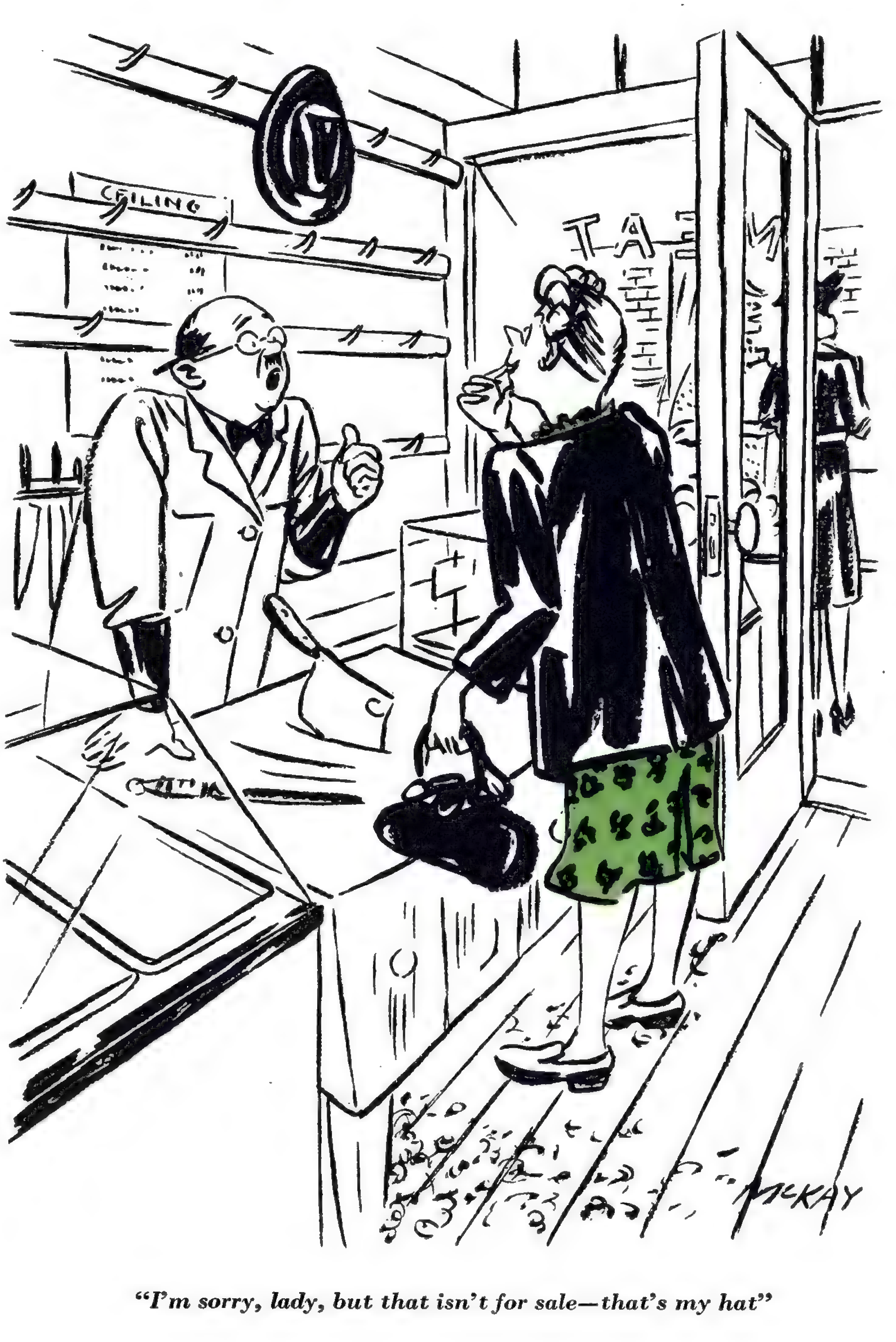

"I'm sorry, lady, but that isn't for sale—that's my hat"

They Shouldn't Come Back

Suggesting reforms in administration of boxing to save those punch-drunk fighters who never know when to quit

by **ABE J. GREENE**

• SPORTS •

"Who, me punchy? Why, that's ridiculous. Me punchy! Kin you imagine that guy? Why, there's nothing wrong with me. The only thing is, once in awhile someone hits me in the back of the neck, and when I turn around there ain't no one there."

Physicians and psychoanalysts have their high-sounding diagnoses of the fellow who's "walking on his heel" but the man in the fight game has the answer. "The guy's punch-drunk."

In the days of the *caestus*, men used to cut up each other before they had enough chance to punch each other slug-nutty. But when they turned to gloves for what the late William O. McGeehan labeled the manly art of modified mayhem, they developed a new type of breakdown.

Some doctors have reduced it to the inexplicit "traumatic encephalitis." Webster defines traumatic as "pertaining to a wound or injury," and encephalitis as "inflammation of the brain." The trainer who works in the boxer's corner knows it simply as punch-drunk. The guy's goofy from too many punches to the head.

Strangely enough, the war has developed a new form of danger from this pathological punch-potion. It's the "old man" who had retired from active boxing and stages a comeback with the golden buck as the enticing lure. The buck and the "he-can't-hurt-us" manager.

Army physicians have worked miracles in the present war in their creation of new therapeutics, skills and artisanship for wounded veterans and for men who have suffered mental disorders from the battle fronts. If the current trend in boxing continues, they'll have a new field to work on.

This is the biggest challenge boxing has had to face since the time, earlier in the century, when two deaths in the boxing ring rang the curtain down on legalized fisticuffing in California for a good many years. Jess Willard, six foot seven, tipping the beam at 235 pounds and coming along fast to become champion ultimately, fought Bull Young, physical monstrosity of over 200 pounds and scarcely five feet of height. Willard poled Young like an ox and he died in the ring. Shortly after, an obscure boxer by the name of Young Huddy died on the West Coast after a ring tussle, and with him and Young went boxing. It was years before the sport was relegalized in the state.

It can happen again, and it may, if boxing doesn't gather itself by the scruff of its own neck, forget its little interstate bickerings and its golden-fleece parsimoniousness and treat itself to a dose of constructive self-chastisement.

It takes a man of strong will and sound sense to turn his back on a million and call it quits. Yet two men, great heavyweight champions, hung up their gloves when the specter of the heel-walking punch-drunk raised its battered head.

From their second memorable scrap in Chicago came the decision of Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney to quit.

Tunney, a model of physical fitness, was boxing with Paul Cavalier, a not too sharp puncher but a very agile boxer. They were mixing it in close when suddenly Cavalier shot a hard right to Tunney's jaw. It landed flush and Tunney was literally knocked out standing up. They finished their session of boxing, and another partner followed. But Tunney admitted he moved throughout after that punch in a complete daze. He remembered nothing until he awoke the next morning, fog-eyed and cloudy-brained, and for three days his mind was completely befogged. That punch decided for Tunney he was through. "The possibility of becoming punch-drunk haunted me for weeks," he wrote. Shortly afterwards he announced his retirement.

Dempsey has often been criticized for not pressing his advantage over Tunney in Chicago after he had dropped Gene for the memorable long count. But the Champ had his reason. He was so thoroughly fought-out himself that he was grateful for the brief respite Tunney's momentary disarrangement afforded him. That cost him the bout and a return of the famous heavyweight bauble. But Jack confessed later that if he had won, there would have been a third Tunney bout, with its intolerable training siege and the possibility of permanent injury to a once-great athlete grown old in the service. He was almost happy he had lost.

The death, in August of this year, of Lem Franklin, a magnificent Negro, was no accident, even though it certainly was no fault of the commission officials under whose aegis Franklin fought his last fight in a ring. It was the result of crass commercialism. Someone should have had enough authority to tell Franklin to hang up his gloves and make the order stick. Everybody knew he was through except himself. But for poor Lem, there was nothing wrong with him—nothing except that once in a while someone slapped him on the back of the neck and when he turned around, the guy wasn't there.

It was no pure accident that Tom Schenck, also a Negro, died in the same state after a simple training joust with a mere middleweight using the sixteen-ounce pillows. The doctor who operated on poor Schenck, who was a decent, good-natured and fairly intelligent fellow, said he found his brain "macerated." You and I would call it scrambled. It wasn't from the flicking work-out punches of Tiger Jack Smith, also essaying a comeback. It was from the punches of long ago. After four or five years of retirement, at the age of thirty-four, when he should have been browsing in the rocking chair confinement to which most boxers are relegated after thirty, he essayed a comeback. In six rounds he was beaten by a nonentity. Old head lesions, probably healed by this time but still latent, were revived. All the lurking killer needed was the final lethal application. Schenck got it—in a harmless training joust. His arms felt numb, his legs wouldn't move, his words came mumble-jumble, he became unconscious, and a few days afterwards he died.

All over the country, men whose names were in the headlines and whose ring exploits lured the crowds in years gone by are mistaking the ringing in their ears for the tintinnabulation of the cash register.

In September of 1940, when this writer was the one-man boxing commission of New Jersey, Henry Cooper, a fair-to-middlin' heavyweight who had been flirting around the topnotchers for some years, boxed Gus Lesnevich, who had come on to win the light heavyweight crown. Cooper was a gamester. And he took it. Every punch to the head—and there were a million of them seemingly—was only a further signal for him to keep boring in. It was pathetic. The hammer dropping on the anvil long enough will crack it. Cooper's brain could have been a shambles after Lesnevich finished with him in five rounds. As commissioner, I ordered him barred

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THE ESQUIRE CANTEEN

Cardini, Top Hat Entertainment

"I'M NOT a magician—I'm a manipulator," says the great Cardini. But fascinated audiences think, if this be not magic then the performing cards, the mysteriously disappearing and appearing lighted cigarettes and ambulant billiard balls have life of their own.

Suave as the satin lining of his opera cloak, Cardini performs his tricks with a finesse that is as spellbinding on the vast prairies of the Radio City Music Hall as in the intimacy of a night club. While many imitate the monocled foppishness of his working clothes, which establish his role of a slightly bewildered but unruffled Englishman, none have equaled the nimbleness of his hands, which are often compared to those of Heifetz. And none have captured the delightful humor he projects in his deft timing and the subtle shift of an eyebrow.

Unlike most prestidigitators, Cardini uses no patter, but in pantomime suggests that he is as amazed as anyone at what he finds himself doing. Only with seemingly natural movements to adjust his monocle or tilt his topper does he divert probings of his hocus-pocus.

National President of the Society of American Magicians, Cardini (Richard Valentine Pitchford) was born in Mumbles, Wales. He learned the rudiments of deceiving dexterity while working as a small boy in a billiard parlor. He might have become a billiards champion if he hadn't enlisted in the King's Shropshire Light Infantry in World War I. He amused himself with card tricks in the trenches of France, wearing his gloves because of the cold. Wounded, he continued his practice in the hospital. He was headed for Australia with the idea of raising sheep when an actors' agent on the boat convinced him there were greener pastures behind the footlights. He came to the U. S. in 1926, played the old Palace seven times, appeared in most famous clubs and theatres here and in England and has given command performances at Buckingham Palace and the White House.

The young lady is Pat Ogden, whose particular brand of magic consists of a remarkably lifelike impersonation of a beautiful girl.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTON BRUEHL

What Makes a Perfect Lover

Debunking the standard types of screen Romeos, Benny promises eager womanhood there's a new type coming and it's Jack

by **JACK BENNY**

• ARTICLE •

Love, like matches, is not to be trusted in the hands of children. It should be kept away from adolescents—even the puppy variety. Love doesn't begin when the whiskers sprout—it comes when they turn grey. Only the seasoned, the mature, are prepared to face its withering blast. Those of us who have recently moved from under the shadow of youth are in a position to speak authoritatively on the subject.

Making women laugh is a noble and worthy enterprise, but making them palpitate is even nobler. I will concede that the women I have affected in this way number less than ten, but bear in mind I have just reached the age for the great experiment. The day is not far distant when the name of Benny will be in the hearts and on the lips of American womanhood.

Even now people are starting to acknowledge my transition from comedian to lover. They ask such questions as, "What does Claudette Colbert really think when you're telling her you'll never see her again, and why the hell would anyone want to tell her that?" . . . or, "How do you feel holding Dottie Lamour in your arms when she's wearing nothing but a sarong, and is it held up by a concealed safety pin or a midget from the Hays Office?" So you can see how interested people are getting in my love scenes.

Incidentally, Warner Brothers are well aware of my metamorphosis and are allowing me to put up signs on the set which read: "Quiet—Mr. Benny making love."

Yes, there's no doubt that the idea of Jack Benny as a lover is catching on like wildfire. Recently a poll was taken among Hollywood's glamor girls, the question being, "Who would you rather be cast away on a desert island with than Jack Benny?" Three days after I mailed the questionnaires the answers started to come in—a few at first and then it tapered off. The tabulation of the returns revealed some interesting facts. Of course, there were bound to be a few votes for stars like Clark Gable and Robert Taylor, but I was a little surprised when names like Lassie and Roddy McDowall crept in—but knowing women as I do, I realize to what ends they will go to hide their real feelings.

While it is true that the role of a great lover is just opening up for me, it comes as no surprise. I knew as a child that destiny had reserved a place for me alongside Casanova, Romeo and Don Juan. My first brush with love came in Waukegan at the age of thirteen. It happened in school one day when my childhood sweetheart, Gloria Baglequist, looked into my eyes and, taking me by the hand, said: "Keep your paws outa my lunch box." Then she gave my wrist a parting wrench.

On the surface this might have seemed harsh, a reprimand, but I saw the real meaning behind it; the true light in which she held me. There wasn't another boy in school whose wrist little Gloria could wrench. Therefore, she was glad I had reached into her lunch box, glad she took my hand and glad she could wrench my wrist. I had made her glad and she loved me for it.

We were sweethearts for several years after that, always together. But finally we broke up. We had an argument about a movie. She wanted to go to one.

Since that early beginning, love has been one of the compelling influences in my life. I have observed it, studied it and practiced it. I have found that there are three general categories of screen lovers. First, the youthful, impulsive type. In the presence of the woman he loves, this type acts like a bloodhound that has just picked up the scent. He strains at an imaginary leash, which finally seems to break. He dashes over, crushes the girl in his arms and smothers her with kisses. He pants a little and mumbles a lot; saying things about waiting for him no matter how long it takes and that he'll come back to her though hell should bar the way, and all that. Then he rides away on his horse, or in his airplane, depending on whether it's an A or B picture.

Second, there's the roughhouse type. The hero who inspires love in the heart of the leading lady by means of a severe clouting. He sits at the dinner table, listening to her conversation. He finally becomes annoyed with her syrupy talk, springs from his chair and administers a series of backhands, embellished with a little choking. Then he squashes his hat on his head and stamps out of the house. The young lady is left behind, bruised, sobbing and amorous.

This theory of belting a woman around no doubt has its points, but it would be just my luck to get one that wanted to fight back.

The third type is probably the most familiar to moviegoers at the present time. This is the cool, unconcerned, almost cruel lover. This type usually gives the girl a big dose of "letting alone." When he finally does show up, he listens—with much fluttering of eyelashes—while she pours out her grief, loneliness and love.

At the end of her emotional storm he calmly mixes a drink or lights a cigarette, with a remark like, "Splendid Scotch you have here," or, "Have you read any interesting books lately?" Whereupon the girl throws herself on the divan, sobbing hysterically, while the "great lover" casually thumbs through the latest edition of *Elks* Magazine.

So to be this type all you need is a drink, a cigarette and a copy of *Elks* Magazine.

These are the standard types today, but there's a new age coming. Like the helicopter will replace the automobile, like the rocket ship will outmode the airplane, thus will Benny make bums out of today's callow Romeos. Of course, there is one sad note—I have a few friends in the industry who will suffer—Cary Grant, Fred MacMurray, Charles Boyer. *But*—such is the price of progress.

In spite of my natural gift, I have devoted years of research to what makes the perfect lover. Paradoxically, it parallels the advertising claims of Ex-lax: "Not too harsh, not too mild, just right." Benny the lover is not an extremist, but to all those who have preceded him, he has added a new leaf to love's notebook. My theory can be aptly expressed in two words—"PASSIONATE INDIFFERENCE."

Passionate indifference is the subtle art of appearing unconcerned, while inside there is burning love and passion. This deep, consuming feeling is transmitted to the women through your eyes. Pawing and mauling is thus eliminated. When eyes are the controlling influence, no one is better qualified to command than I. Because, as everyone knows, mine are Mediterranean blue. In lovemaking, eyes are the most versatile weapon, because they know no restricted areas.

It is a source of great satisfaction to me when I consider the unbounded joy and feverish emotion I am destined to bring to

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◀ AMERICAN BEAUTIES, WESTERN STYLE

The face and fortune of Maxine Fife

If adversity makes character then blonde Maxine Fife must have a mint of it. Back in 1929, Papa was an engineer; he was rich and he had a charming wife and a beautiful blue-eyed, blonde daughter, aged three. Then, presto, he wasn't rich. While still in grade school Maxine determined to be an actress. Mama had been a music student and she and Papa Fife believed their little gal had what it takes and so they encouraged her. A "Funds for the Actress in the Family" bank was established on the mantlepiece. Everyone contributed to it, including, of course, Maxine, who clerked after school in drugstores and behind five-and-dime counters, to bank the wherewithall to pay for the coveted dramatic lessons. Then Maxine decided it would be sensible to get a job where, because of her all-consuming interest in the cinema, she could see a lot of movies and get paid for it. So she took up ushering. Along came her first break . . . customer Zeppo Marx who followed right in the footsteps of his famous brother, the one who makes a career of following blondes. Agent Zeppo followed Maxine down the aisle, but not to a seat . . . to the nearest telephone booth where he called her mother and father and asked them to bring Maxine to his office next day to confer. Result, Mr. Marx, the agent, signed Miss Fife, the aspiring young actress, who, in turn, was signed by Paramount. *Caribbean Cruise, Our Hearts Were Young and Gay* and *Hail the Conquering Hero* all have a bit of Miss Fife in them. And there is every indication future pictures will have a bit more. She says it has all been worth it. But she is not too sure she will want her daughter to think in terms of a celluloid career. "The business of being an actress," says the Hollywood-born blonde, "makes a woman pretty self-centered. And a woman who thinks too much about herself doesn't think enough about her husband." Not that Maxine is married or even engaged, but she was always the gal to think about the future!

Vital Statistics: *Height:* 5′ 5½″; *Weight:* 117 lbs; *Bust:* 35″; *Waist:* 25½″; *Hips:* 35½″.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HURRELL

A Home with the Latest Gadgets

Dreamed up by those idealistic lads in the merchandising department, Honeymoon Cottage was something to amaze a soldier

by **BRENDAN GILL**

• FICTION •

The young soldier had nearly reached the escalators before he caught sight of the model house which filled one corner of the home furnishings department. A post resting on bright green artificial grass held two signs, one of them reading, "Honeymoon Cottage," and the other, "Mr. and Mrs. You." A girl waited at the front door of the house with a basket containing paper flowers and booklets. Evidently she had been chosen to stand there because, with her blonde hair, blue eyes and carefully made-up mouth, it was easy for customers to imagine her as a bride. She was wearing a white sharkskin dress and espadrilles, and her legs were warmly bare and brown. The soldier stopped to stare at her, pretending to study the house. After a moment, the girl held out a booklet and said, "Why don't you come in and look around?"

The soldier said, "I just wanted to buy some razor blades." He raised his eyes to see how the front wall of the house joined the ceiling of the store. "It looks like a regular house. Brick walls, screen door and everything."

"Haven't you ever seen one before?"

"There's no place to put one where I come from. Not so you could walk right in."

"You're from Carolina, aren't you?"

The soldier nodded. "Every time I open my mouth, people say, 'Oh, sure, Carolina'."

"From up around Asheville, Weaverville?"

The soldier nodded again. "But not many folks guess that. How—"

The girl went on abruptly, "The company built this place so people could see what their furniture would look like in a real house. To show what kinds of carpets and draperies they should use, things like that. There's even a terrace on the other side, with a goldfish pool and a stone fireplace."

"And real goldfish?"

"Well—china goldfish."

The soldier grinned. "That's pretty smart."

"Want me to take you around?"

"I only came in to buy some razor blades. They don't carry the kind I like at the PX. I'm not exactly in the market for a house." Making an effort, he looked straight into her light blue eyes. "I guess I shouldn't use up your time."

The girl ruffled her blonde hair. "That's all right. I have to close up soon, anyhow."

She held open the screen door. When she and the soldier were inside, the girl said, "This is our front hall." Her voice was businesslike. "The carpet is a special weave. It costs three dollars and forty-nine cents a yard."

"That's a lot of money."

The girl had not expected to be interrupted. She went on hurriedly, "The wallpaper is copied from an old French pattern. It's suitable for halls, dining rooms and dens. The chairs are reproduction Hitchcocks. They cost twenty-seven dollars apiece."

The soldier raised his eyebrows. "That's a lot of money, too."

The girl led the way into the living room. A velvet cord blocked their way, but the girl unsnapped it. She was about to comment on the glazed chintz slip covers when the soldier noticed the fireplace. An electric device threw red flames against two genuine birch logs. The flames flickered and cast out long tongues of light over the imitation marble hearth. "That's one of the neatest tricks I ever saw," the soldier said. "Thought for a minute it was real. The logs are real, I know that. But the flames had me fooled."

The girl said sharply, "The desk is Chippendale. Solid Honduras mahogany. The draperies are made of what we call a nubby beige. It sells for two dollars and fifty cents a yard."

The soldier leaned against the fireplace. He said, "I guess I'll get me one of these here electric fires the first thing when I come back. I could hook it up to a battery, same as my radio. What I'm thinking is, wouldn't it be nice to lie in front of, on one of those summer nights when you're too hot or lazy to build a real fire? Just like a picture. Never saw anything to touch it."

The girl said, "You've a house of your own?"

"Not right now." The soldier hesitated. "But I got me a house all planned. I'm going to build it up on the side of a big hill I know about, facing south to some fields and a branch, where I can look out and as far as a man can see it'll all be mine."

"You mean you've had the blueprints made?"

"Hell, no, I don't need any blueprints. A couple of my brothers and I are going to build the place when I come back. All on one floor, sort of stretching out and hugging the hillside. Put a living room and kitchen in the middle and string out bedrooms on both sides. Kids at one end, my wife and me at the other. That way, I figure my wife and I can get some peace and quiet."

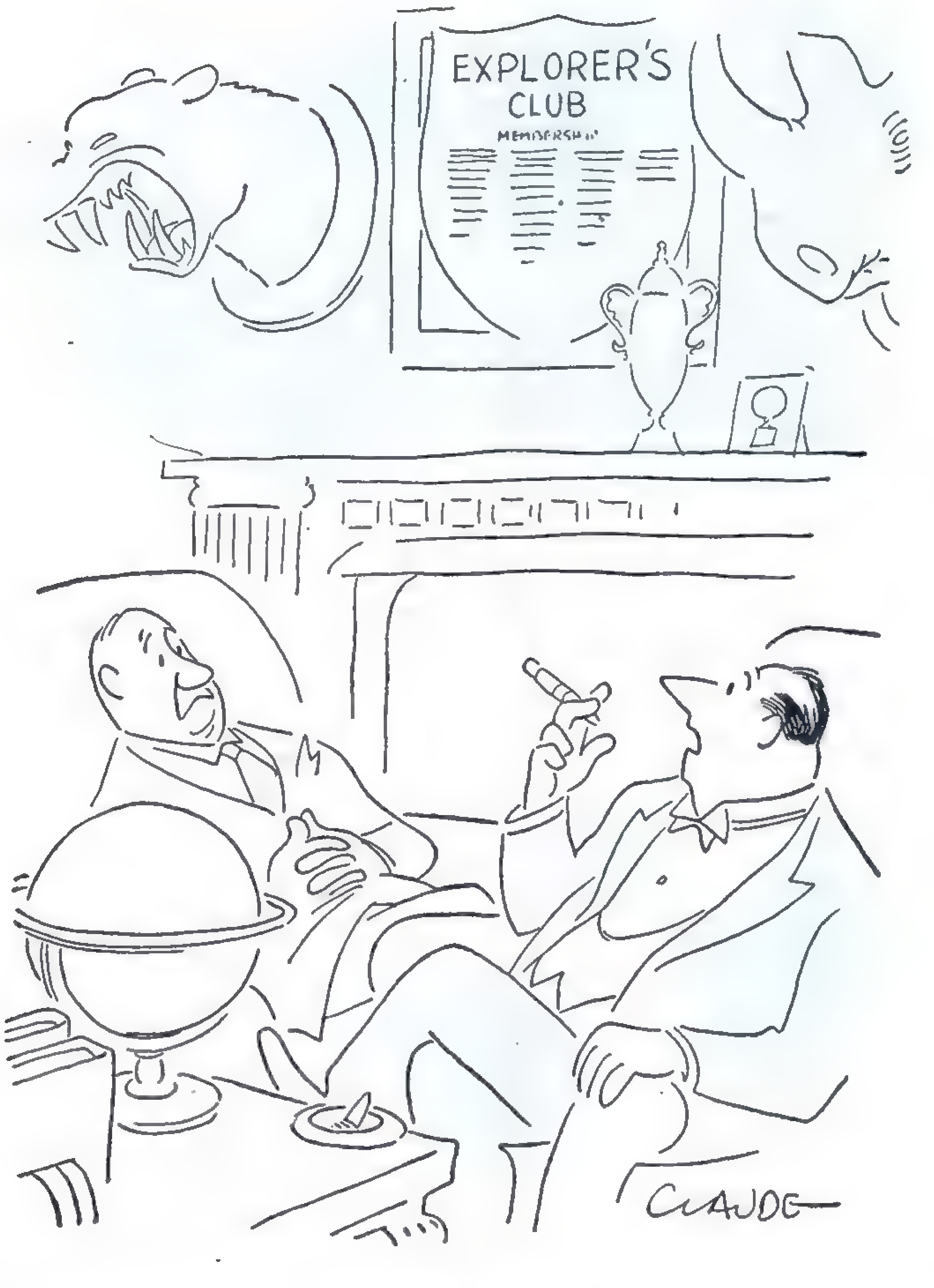
The girl said, "It's getting late. Do you want to see the dining room and kitchen?" She led the way into a dining room flooded with artificial sunlight. "This is Heppelwhite," she said, then added, "It's a man's name. English. The table and six chairs cost three hundred and fifty dollars."

"Just about what I figure to pay for my whole house," the soldier said.

"It won't be a very big house, then, will it?"

"Big enough," the soldier said. "You should see the shack me and my brothers live in now. Four of us and a couple of wives and kids. Except morning and night, we get on fine. I guess the reason is we're not around much. We got a couple of pretty big farms down there, pretty big anyhow, for that part of Carolina. You ever hear of Barnardsboro?" he asked, with an air of expecting her to say, "No," but of hoping against hope that she might say, "Yes."

The girl did not answer. She turned impatiently toward a swinging door. "This is our model kitchen," she said. "All the latest equipment. Of course, none of it is for sale until after the war, but you can see what a really up-to-date kitchen should be. Eight cubic feet of space in the refrigerator, monel metal sink, electric range, built-in telephone. Fluo-



"Perhaps rocket ships will open up new horizons"

rescent lights and electric fans."

The soldier shook his head. He sat down uncomfortably on a small, shining metallic stool. "Wouldn't do for us," he said. "We don't have pole electricity, just batteries. We don't have a phone, either. Bournes down the road a piece have a phone, and when people want us they phone the Bournes and old man Bourne lets out a yell. Electric fans?" he said. "Why, we chain the food to the table to keep it from blowing out through the door. That wind in the Smokies," he said, "I've seen it drive a lemon meringue pie through a two-foot plank."

The girl studied the soldier's face. He had been smiling shyly at his account of the Great Smokies wind, but as she looked at him his smile faded. She cocked her head to one side, her straight blonde hair folded against her shoulder. "Tell me about your wife," she said.

The question surprised the soldier. He said, "Two of my brothers are married, but not me. I never said I was married. What folks claim, they claim that as long as I can get somebody else's woman to fry me my grits I'll stay single." The soldier glanced desperately around the kitchen for a change of subject. Seeing a pedal at the refrigerator's base, he pressed it, and the wide enameled door swung open. "Why, there's food in there," he said. "Meat and peppers and potatoes."

The girl reached into the refrigerator and lifted a steak onto the tiled counter. "It's rubber," she said.

"That's pretty smart. I suppose that's to make things look real, in case anybody like me starts poking around. A rubber steak. Well, I never saw one before. It looks good enough to eat."

The girl walked to the kitchen door. She said, "It's nearly six. I got to close the place. You don't want to be locked in here for the night, do you?"

The soldier got to his feet. He passed his cap awkwardly back and forth in his hands. "I guess I wouldn't mind," he said. "It's just like a regular home here, with all the furniture and the food and that electric fire." He drew in his breath. "And you."

The girl said, "You like this place?"

The soldier swallowed uncertainly. "Why, sure I do. And so do you. You couldn't help liking it."

"I hate it," the girl said. She walked into the dining room and snapped off the artificial sunlight. One by one she turned off the lights in the living room, and the flames from the electric fire died on the cheap hearth. She locked the front door, then walked ahead of the soldier onto the bright green grass. "I hate everything about it. It's phony from top to bottom, from the china goldfish to the rubber steak. It's no good. It doesn't mean anything." She touched the soldier's hands with her brown fingers. "You mustn't like it," she said. "For my sake as much as for yours, you mustn't like it."

The soldier said, "I guess I don't know what you're talking about. Why do you work here if you don't like it?"

"Because I've been trying to pretend that I liked it, that I was what the company wanted me to be. But when I heard your voice, when you started talking about Carolina—" The girl lifted her eyes to his. "Barnardsboro," she said. "No, I never heard of Barnardsboro, but you never heard of Hawkinston, did you? And they're both Carolina." She smiled up at the soldier. "They're both red clay and little, unpainted houses up on brick stilts and tobacco growing in the fields beyond and—and a train somewhere down the valley, heading north. I took that train because I thought I wanted to, but you got aboard because you had to; and we don't belong here. We don't either of us belong here."

The soldier held her hands hard. "Listen," he said. "My gang's checking out tomorrow. I don't know where to, or for how long, but are you going to be here when I come back?"

The girl shook her head.

"You going to be in Carolina?"

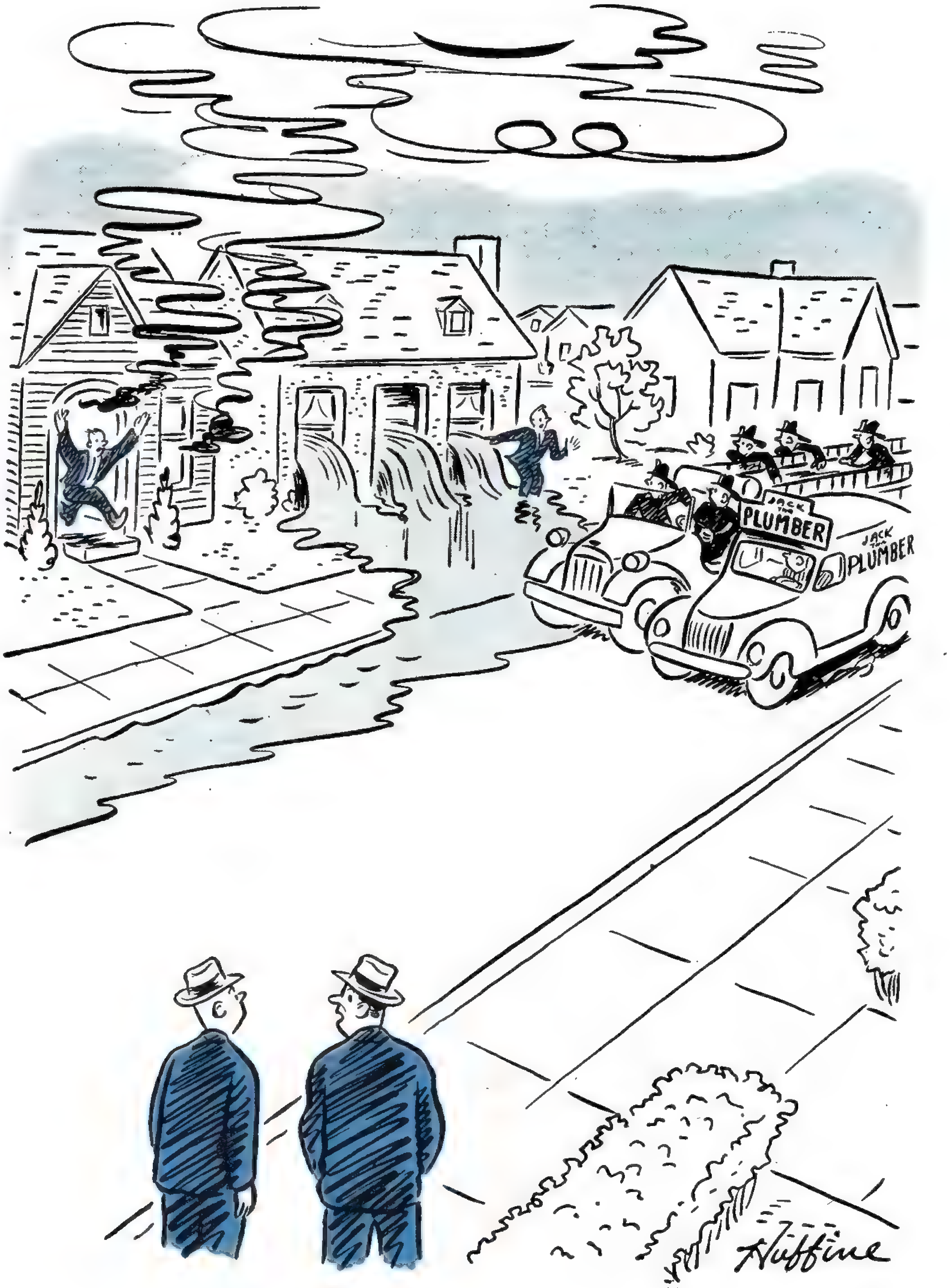
The girl nodded.

The soldier reached up and pulled the signs from the post to which they were nailed. He placed one thin, painted board in the girl's hands. "Honeymoon Cottage," he said. "You keep that, hear? You keep that with you till I see you next. That's for over the front door."

"The kitchen door, you mean."

"It'll be the same door," the soldier said. He took the second sign and tucked it under his arm. "Mr. and Mrs. You," he said. "I'm going to stick this in my kit. Some day I'll hand it to you and it'll say—it'll say, 'Mr. and Mrs. Us'."

They walked together toward the escalators, a lean, redheaded soldier and a girl with blonde hair. Neither of them looked back at the lifeless, unlighted house.



"Ironical, isn't it?"

Flyers with Hickory Wings

Ski jumping is a thrilling but highly hazardous sport, calling for perfect timing, brilliant execution and luck

by FRANK ELKINS

• SPORTS •

How far can a jumper travel through the air and how fast is it possible to travel on skis? Sigmund Ruud, this country's champion several years ago and a veteran of international competition, has calculated that with a speed of ninety miles an hour on smooth surfaces, a jump of 425 feet can be made without much risk for the flyer. His younger and more famous brother, Birger, twice world champion and twice Olympic ruler, is said to assume a lean of the body far below the horizon . . . making his head lower than his feet on his 300-foot leaps. That's pushing the body forward!

More interesting information on this point of speed comes from a survey made twenty years ago by a nationally known magazine. This publication timed a ski jumper on a flight of 140 feet . . . this is considerably shorter than the hills of today will permit . . . and it reported that this rider averaged 62.48 miles an hour, measured from the edge of the take-off to the landing spot.

"Who's the guy that said, 'You can't take it with you'?"

Several years ago, however, in Germany (sic), skiers were clocked speeding down a very steep ice-coated hill. They were said to have attained a speed of 100 miles an hour over the 100-yard strip. Leo Gasperl of Kitzbuehel, Austria, in 1934, on a specially prepared track, "The Flying Kilometer" in Switzerland, negotiated almost 136 kilometers per hour, about eighty-five and a quarter miles, for what is officially recognized as the greatest speed attained on skis for a distance. The world's longest flight is 107 meters, approximately 351 feet, which Joseph Bradl, world champion from Austria, cleared in 1939 at Plancia, Jugoslavia. Just visualize a human being soaring through the air fifty-one feet farther than the length of a football gridiron!

Despite the peril attached to ski jumping, serious injuries and fatalities are rarities, for unskilled skiers do not attempt hazardous flights and the experts have mastered the art of balanced landings. In the history of the sport in this country—it's over seventy years old—there have been only three fatal injuries, a remarkable record when considering that 12,000 men of draft age were killed in auto accidents in the United States every year before our entrance into the second world war.

The most common accidents are sprained ankles and knees, although the better bindings and better boots have taken away a great deal of this. Slight concussions, getting the wind knocked out, are not unusual accidents, but ski jumping is not a "cream puff" sport. It calls for more nerve than any sport we can think of—flying, polo, bobsledding and motor car racing not excepted. It is a lone wolf game. You climb to the roof of the world and catapult yourself down a precipitous runway into an aching, dazzling void of sun-reflected whiteness all by yourself. You have no teammates with whom to share your qualms. Misery loves company, as any novice bob-sledder knows.

The jumper, courageous though he may be, always hopes that his judgment at the take-off will not be too soon or too late. His landing at all times is hazardous, for there are many things to be contended with during his flight in mid-air and upon landing.

There may be bad weather to cause uncertainty, there may be the difficulty of picking up increased speed on the inrun, which could result in disaster; and there may be some troublesome conditions on the transition or landing slope. Many times, too, expert skiers have been hurtling through the cold air at a 70-mile-an-hour clip and suddenly felt the binding of one of their ski clamps break. Then what?

They are at the mercy of the powers that be! Only brilliant skill in executing a landing on one ski and making a safe spill can save them.

That was the case of bespectacled Harold Johansen of the Telemark Ski Club. He brought some 10,000 persons to their feet during a competition at Tromso, Norway, several years ago. After breaking away from the scaffold, Harold suddenly discovered that one of his bindings had been left behind with a ski. There were only two things for him to do at the take-off: leap, or suffer the dire consequence of slipping head forward down the steep incline.

He jumped, hoping against hope, and was successful in making a good enough landing on the one ski. Good enough, that is, to avoid what loomed as certain death or serious injury.

Ski jumps have been held in driving rainstorms and pelting hail at Winsted, Connecticut, Rosendale, New York, and Laconia-Gilford, New Hampshire; in snow blizzards and raging gales at Yosemite, California, Salisbury Mills, New York, and Lake Placid and on synthetic snow outdoors at Norfolk, Connecticut, White Plains and indoors at both the Madison Square and Boston Gardens.

There have been many incredible exhibitions of courage. This observer recalls one that will never be forgotten by those witnessing the event at the time.

The late Chris Hoidalen, said to be one of the gamest jumpers ever to push off from a scaffold, misjudged his take-off and spilled badly at a competition in Salisbury, Connecticut, in 1934. After landing with a terrific thud, he failed to stir at the bottom of the massive hill. He was rushed immediately to Canaan Hospital. Two hours later, the red-haired dare-devil was seen returning to the slide swathed from head to foot in bandages.

The crowd was dumbfounded and stunned beyond realization when the injured Hoidalen fought his way back to the knoll . . . just beneath the take-off platform. With the assurance and steadiness of the expert that he was, Chris came riding down the hill with a perfect run. He collapsed at the bottom and was returned to the hospital from which he had fled.

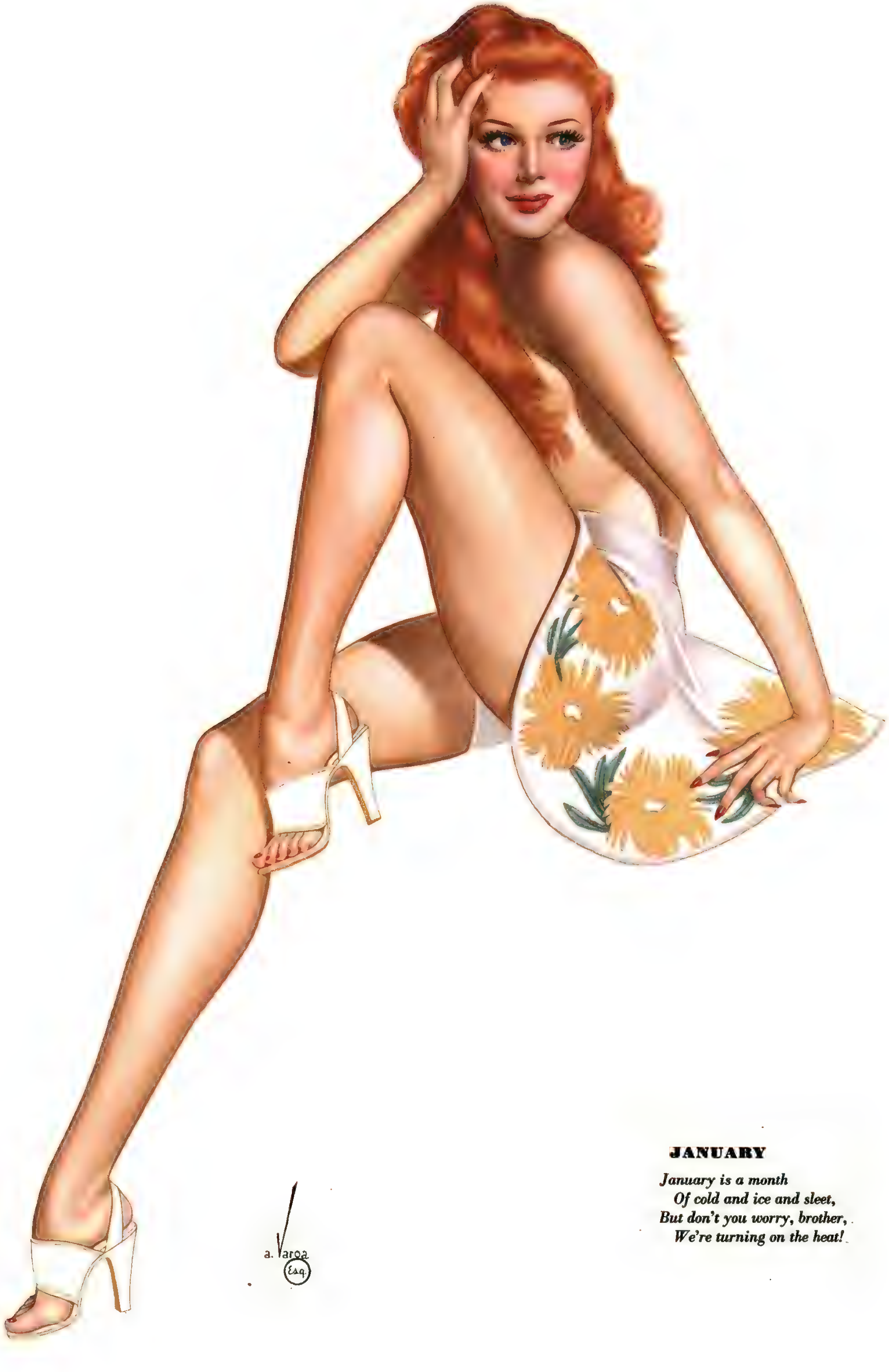
It was a bad omen, however, for several weeks later red-haired Chris was seriously hurt in another tournament. After six weeks of struggling against overwhelming odds, he lost the battle to death.

On the other hand, there was the case of the bespectacled sixteen-year-old boy who provided the township of Rosendale with many uneasy moments. A group of Telemark, South Carolina, members were busily engaged tramping down their jumping hill after a snowstorm, readying it for a tournament. All were gathered on the landing hill.

Suddenly a mite of a figure started riding down the precipitous incline, readying himself for a jump. "Look out, look out!" I yelled to the ski trampers. "Somebody is coming down!" He sure was . . . with the abandon and recklessness of a drunken driver. Not knowing where to turn and too scared to move, the skiers held their posts and bent close to the ground with a prayer on their lips for protection.

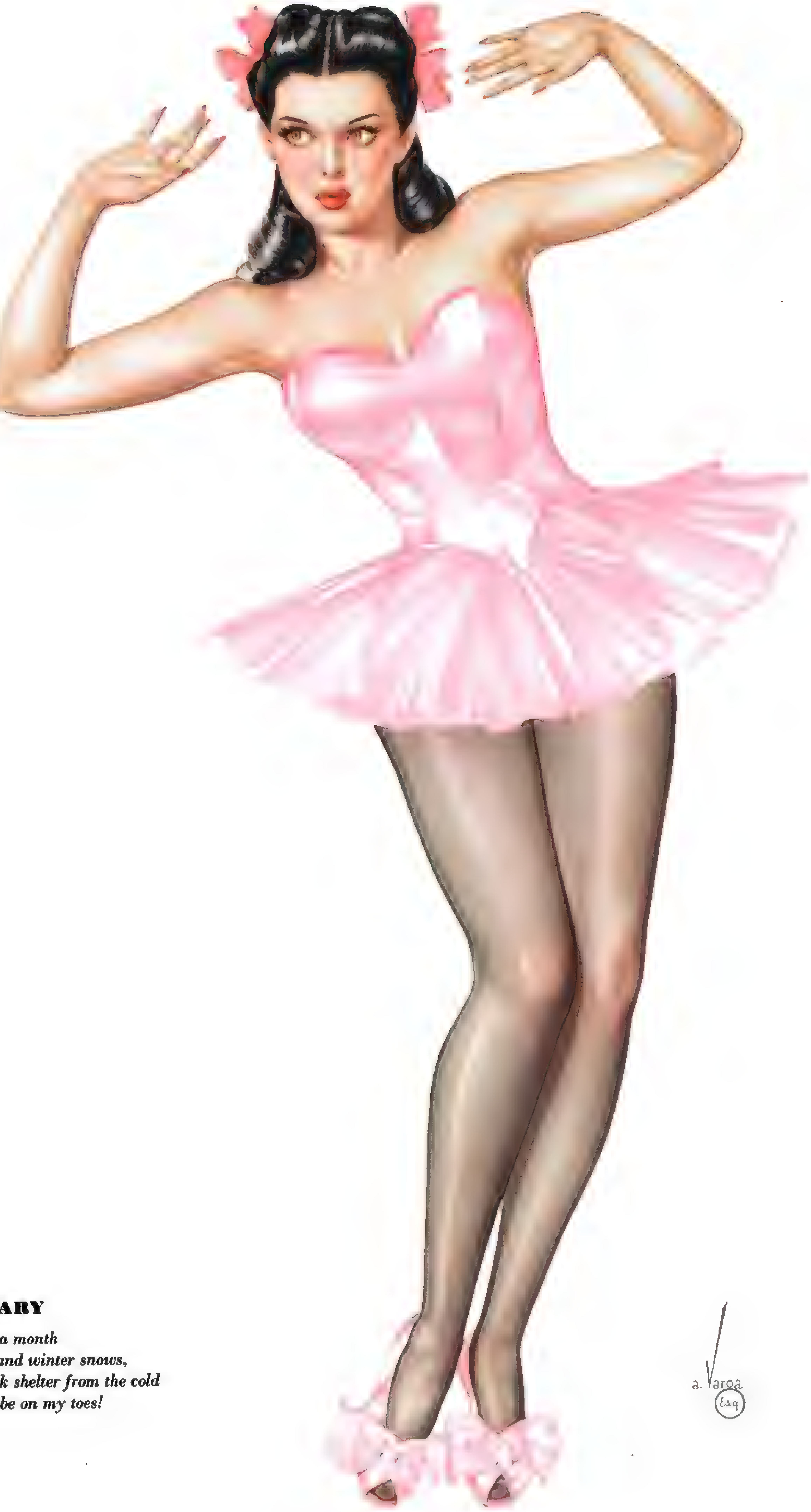
The bewildered figure slid right off the jumping platform. And only through the grace of God

Continued on page 188



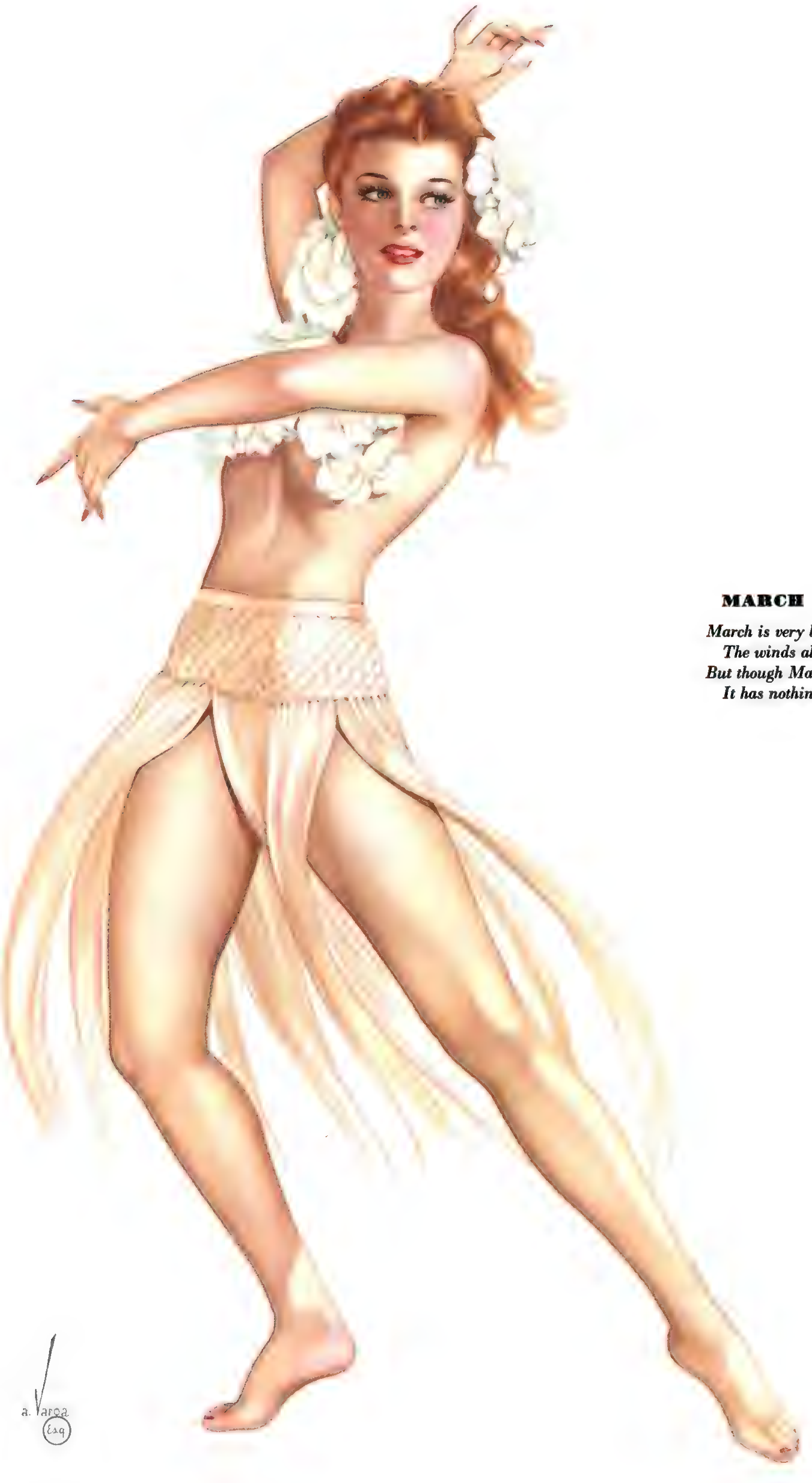
JANUARY

January is a month
Of cold and ice and sleet,
But don't you worry, brother,
We're turning on the heat!



FEBRUARY

February is a month
Of winds and winter snows,
If wolves seek shelter from the cold
Why, I'll be on my toes!

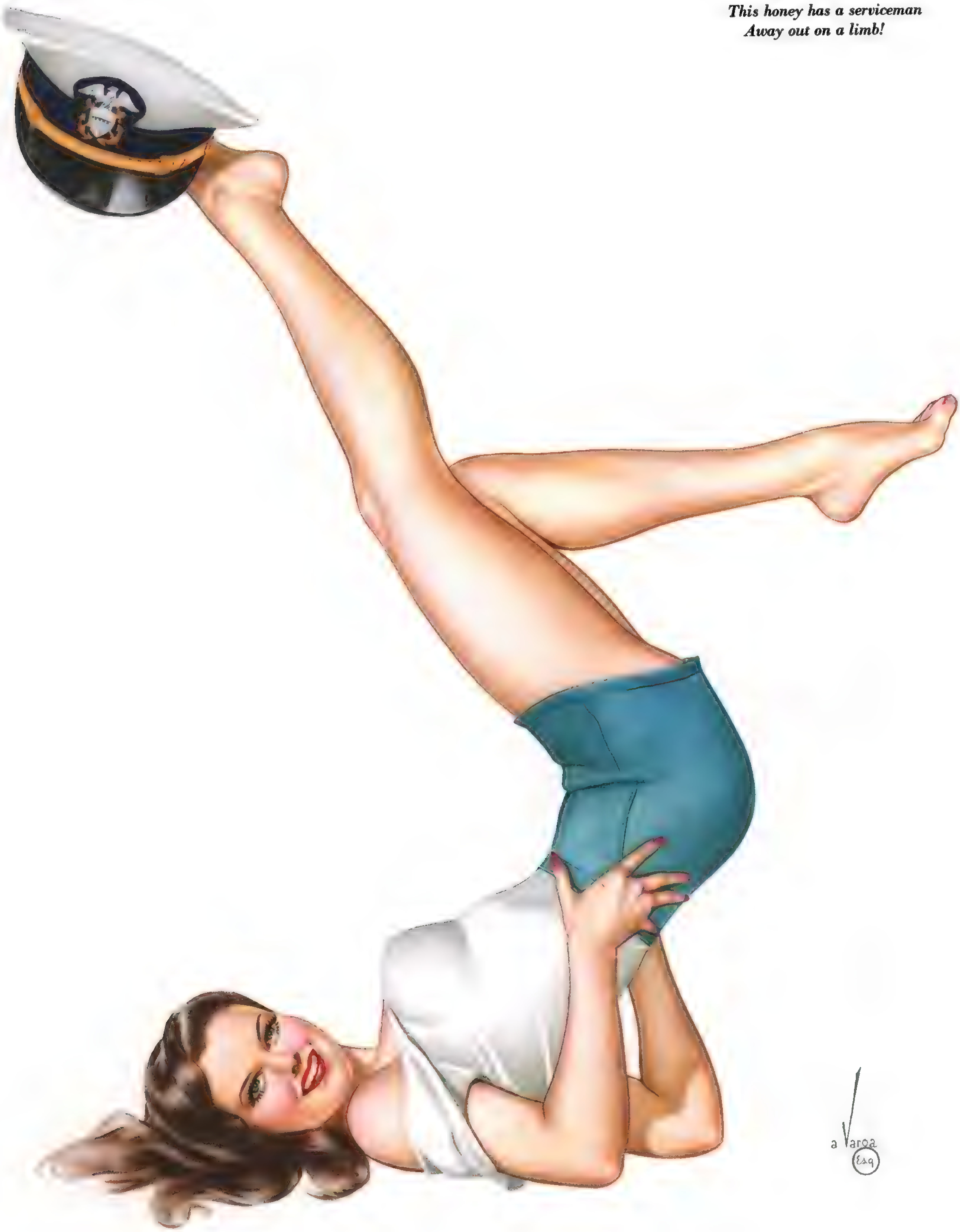


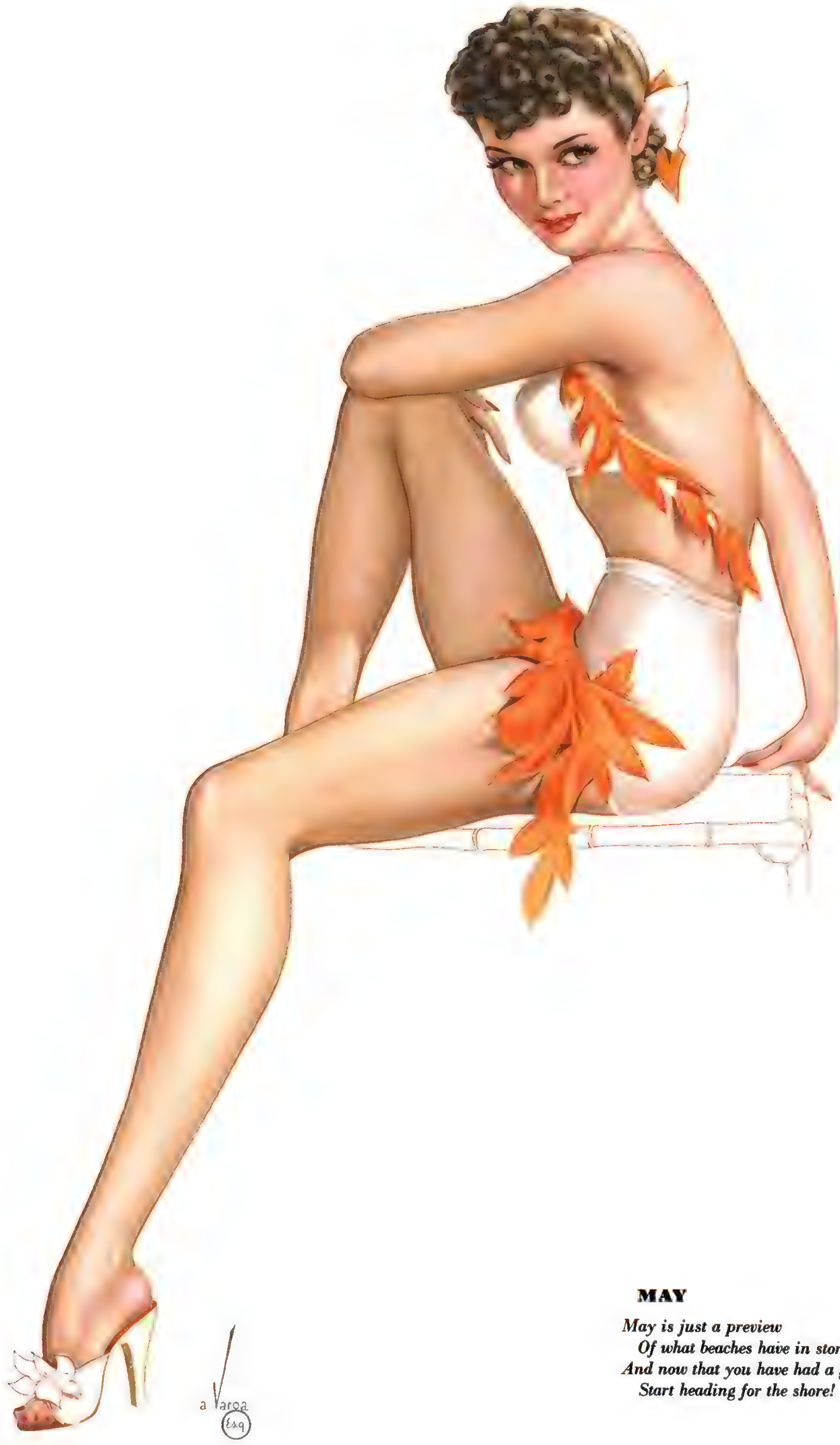
MARCH

March is very breezy
The winds all howl and swirl
But though March is very breezy
It has nothing on this girl!

APRIL

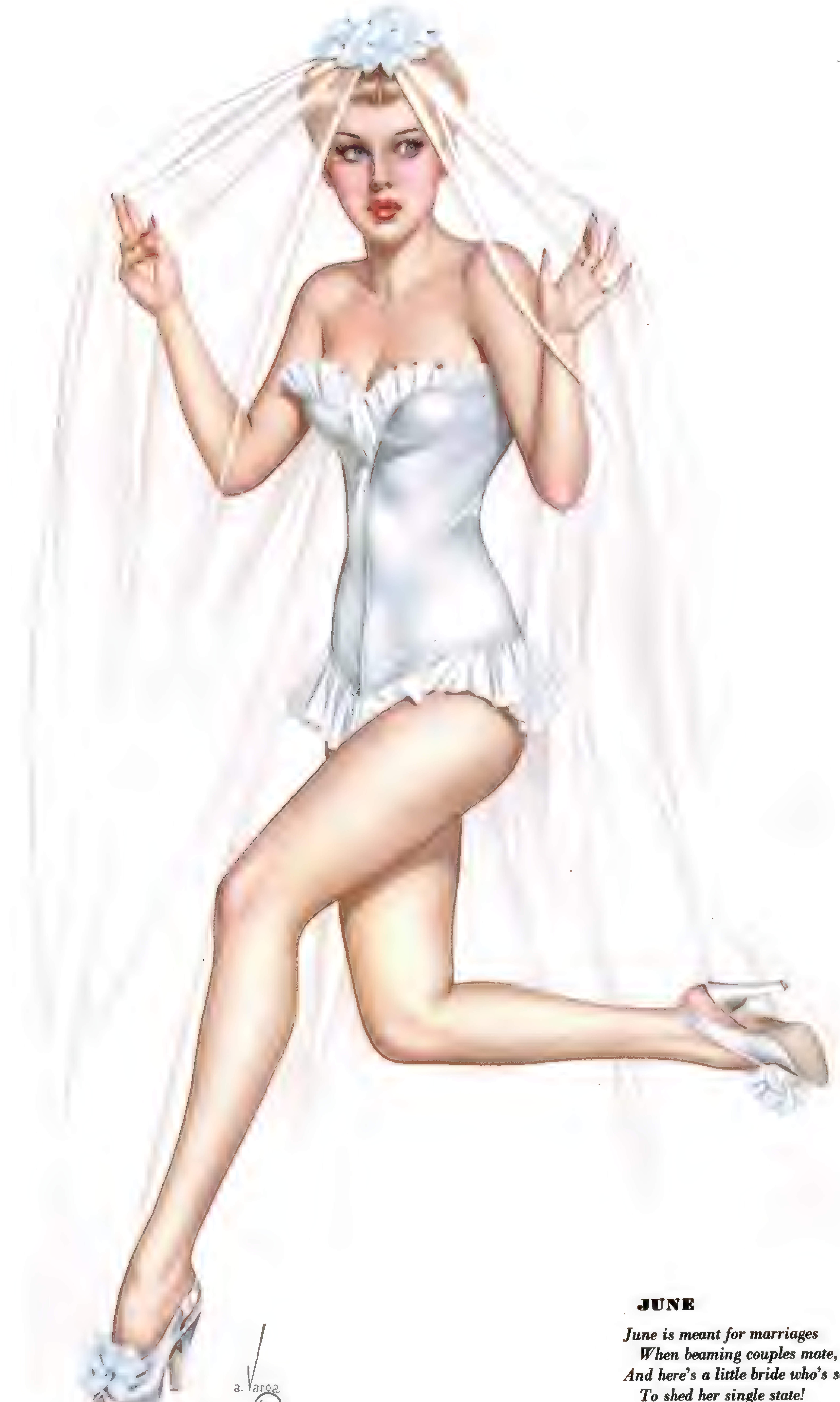
April is romantic,
And each her must have a him
This honey has a serviceman
Away out on a limb!





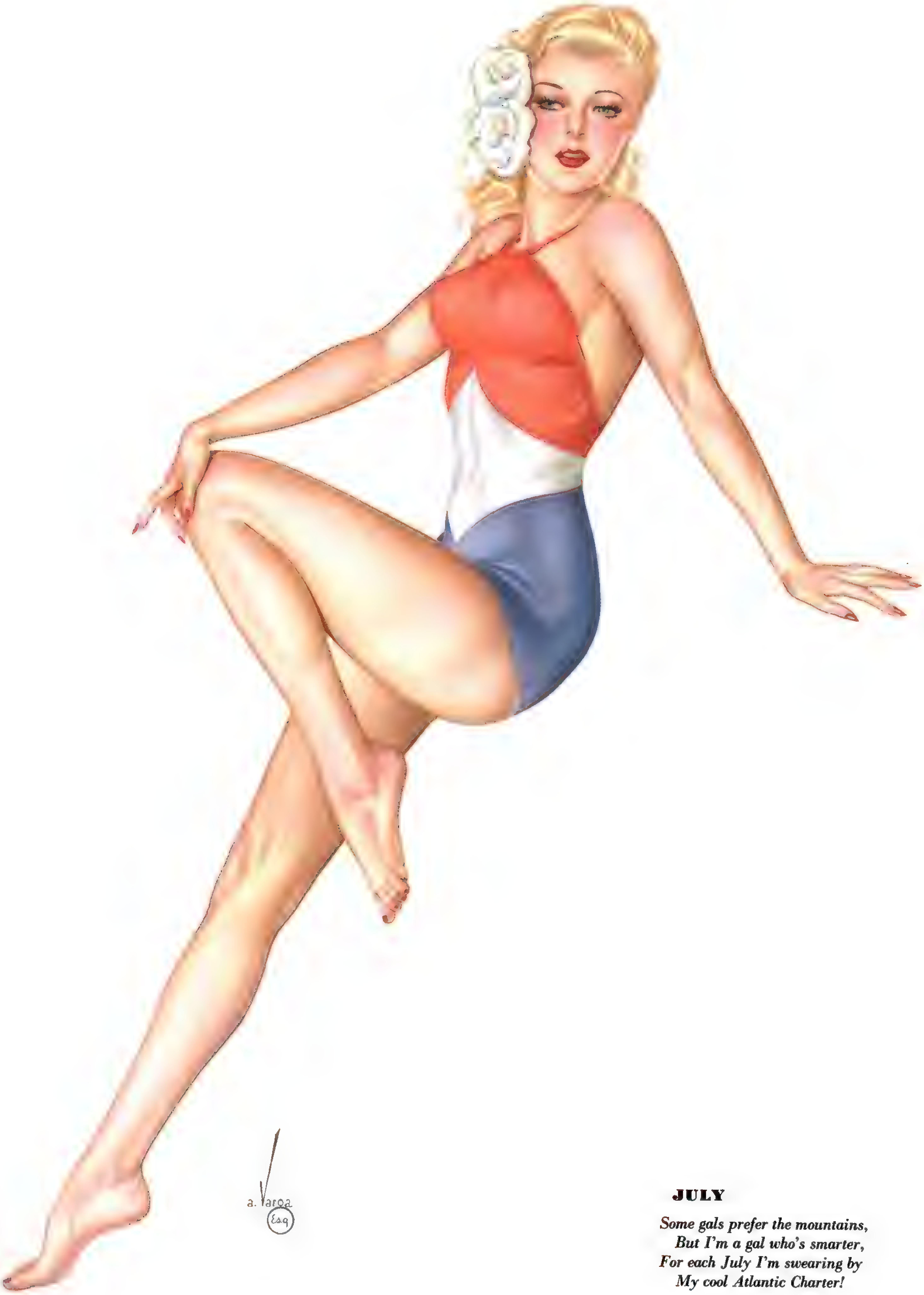
MAY

May is just a preview
Of what beaches have in store,
And now that you have had a glimpse
Start heading for the shore!



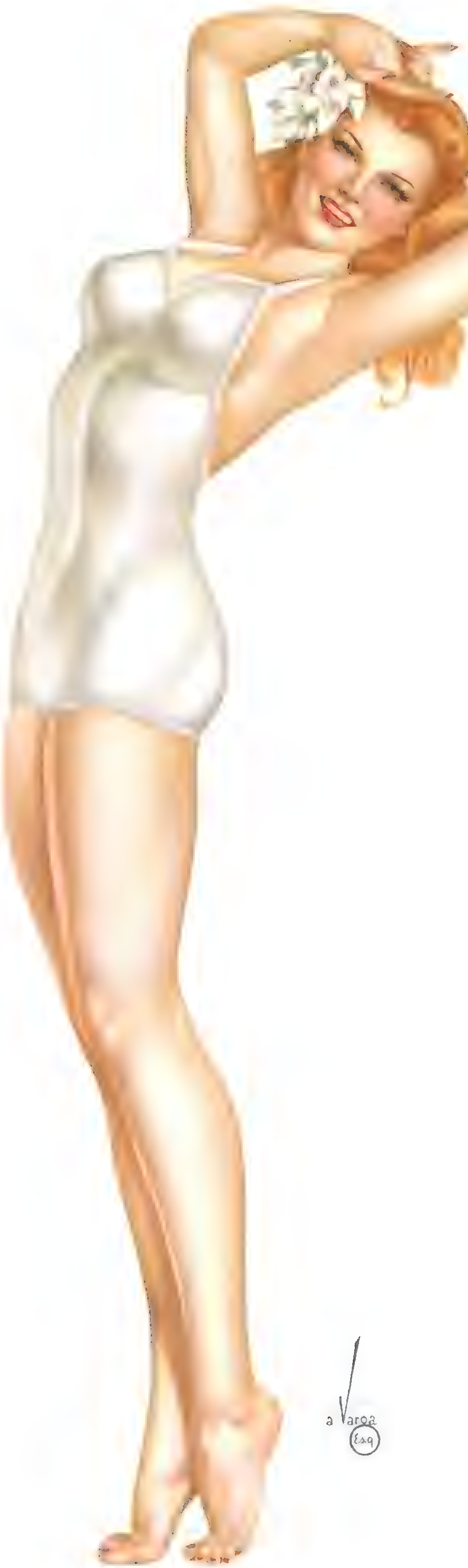
JUNE

June is meant for marriages
When beaming couples mate,
And here's a little bride who's set
To shed her single state!



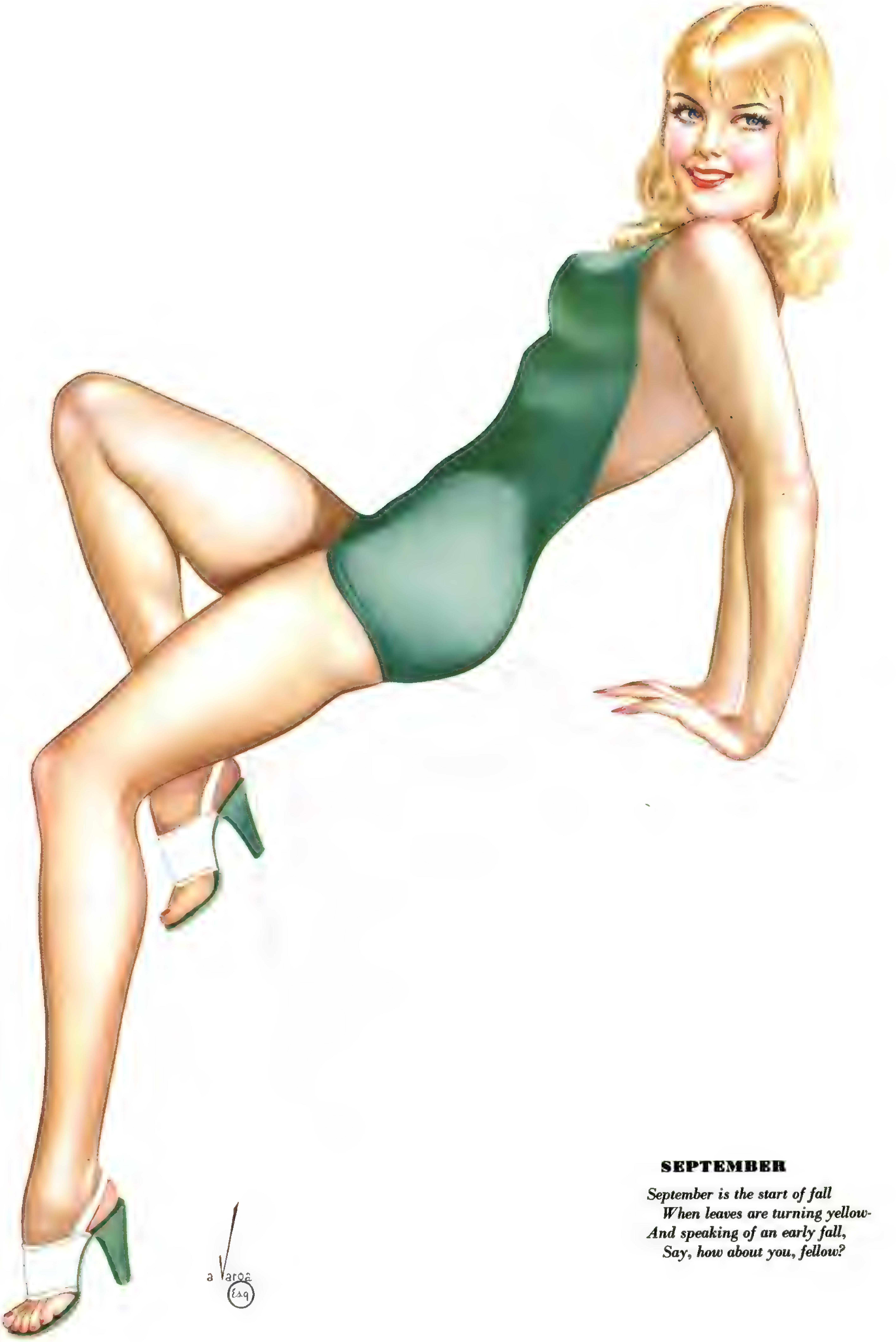
JULY

Some gals prefer the mountains,
But I'm a gal who's smarter,
For each July I'm swearing by
My cool Atlantic Charter!



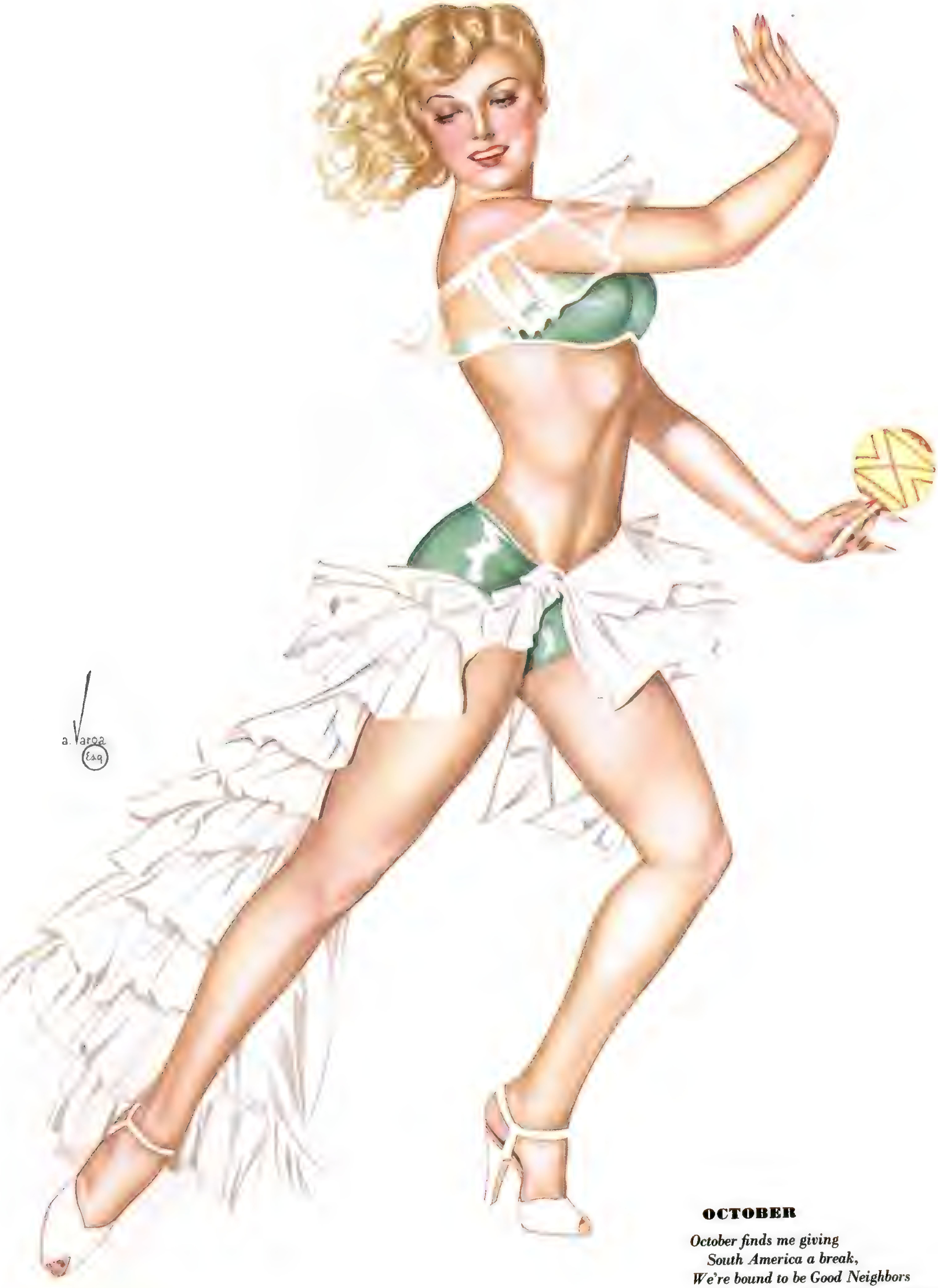
AUGUST

Each August Varga poses me
Arrayed like this . . . and so . . .
We asked if we should vary things—
(A million males cried: "No!")



SEPTEMBER

September is the start of fall
When leaves are turning yellow-
And speaking of an early fall,
Say, how about you, fellow?

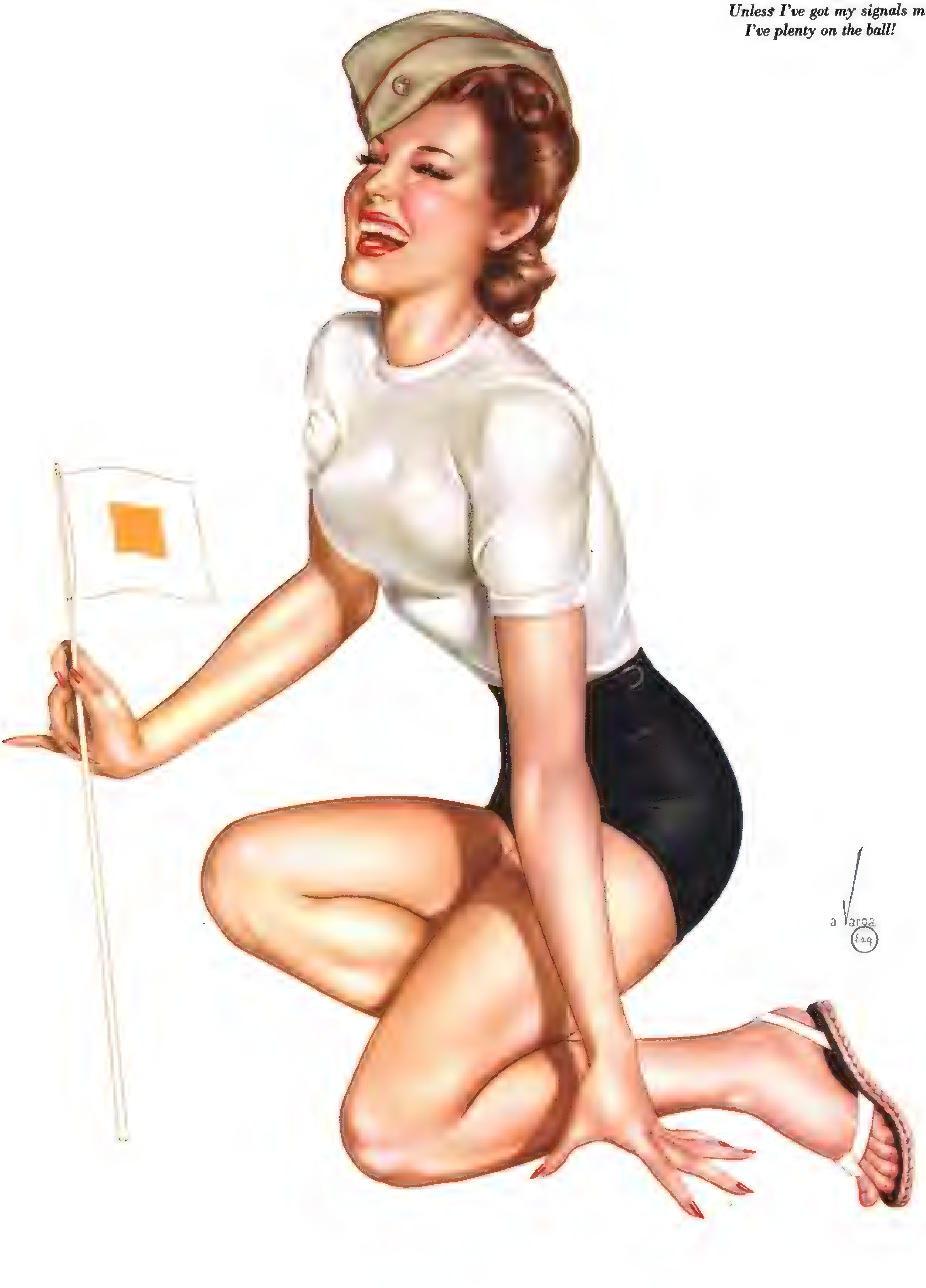


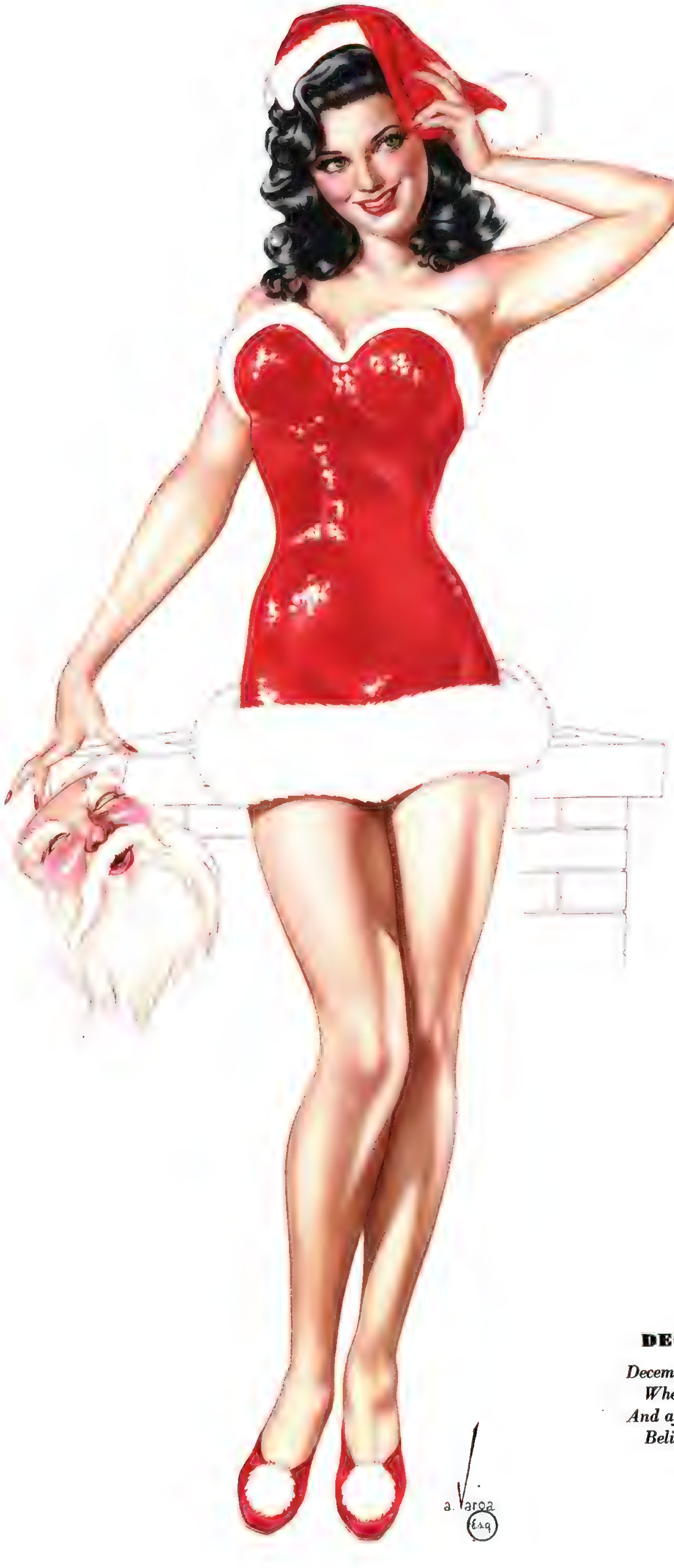
OCTOBER

October finds me giving
South America a break,
We're bound to be Good Neighbors
If we just clasp hands . . . and shake!

NOVEMBER

I've reason to be thankful
As November pays a call,
Unless I've got my signals mixed
I've plenty on the ball!





DECEMBER

December is a lovely month
When cynics stop and pause
And after they have looked at me,
Believe in Santy Claus!

Black Sheep No. Four: Ethelda

Beautiful, self-centered and talented, she might have been labeled a career girl if she hadn't muffed her chances

by THEODORE DREISER

SEMI-FICTION

When she was eight years old her answer to "What would you wish if you could make it come true?" was: "A room of my own!" She had bedded and boarded with her grandmother for all of her life, her working mother bunking nightly on the living room sofa. Being necessarily left to fend for herself during the day while her mother was at work was no hardship for her. She could easily overcome her grandmother's insistence that she wear rubbers if the day promised rain, could easily linger on the streets after school—because, of course, mother wouldn't be home until around six o'clock.

Her mother was ambitious for her beautiful daughter, her determined goal being a stage career for the child. And why not? She was beautiful, bright, talented. Everyone said so. She was always welcome in other children's homes, though she chose only those children whose mothers made the best cookies, those who had a piano on which she could drum, those who had expensive toys to play with.

Yes, the child had talent, though in dancing school she was always "out of step," the teacher said. "Do it my way," he said. "Stop putting in those steps of your own." She tried at times, but her imagination always drove her to improvisations that didn't quite fit in with the routine of the other little clods who so obediently followed the count. Yes, she was clever, he said, and graceful, but too original! Almost reluctantly he gave her a solo dance in the annual entertainment of the dancing school, after she promised to follow the routine. But, on the night of the show, her kicks were higher, her abandon so captivating that her poor little co-dancers drew the eyes of only their doting parents, and she was the hit of the show.

Did she want to go on the stage? If asked that, she would have replied, "Why not, what else is there for me to do?" It seemed interesting to dance and sing, so she drifted along in that direction. She could sing, after a fashion. A neighboring music teacher was delighted by the child's facility and gladly gave her vocal lessons without pay.

Of course, her little dance costumes often cost more than her mother could afford, but there was a reputedly wealthy family around the corner. The "old maid" daughter was only too glad to become a patron for this talented child.

She was sixteen and in her first year of high school when a musical comedy came to the city's leading theatre. The director announced he would interview promising aspirants for a new show in the making. She was a lovely creature then: tall, lithe, with silky ash-blonde hair and large amber-colored eyes. She danced and sang for the director, and he told her mother she could come to New York at once if she wished. They had said she was eighteen.

There were friends in New York with whom she could live. They would keep an eye on her, take care of her. So she went. The director kept his word and she danced a specialty in his new show. One critic took note of her youthful appeal and predicted a brilliant future for the girl.

Getting away was wonderful, but she would have preferred to be really alone. It was irksome to have to account to these friends for her whereabouts whenever she was late coming home. And there were so many opportunities for fun, so many invitations—to dine, go to a night club after the show, join a party. The comedian star of the show was after her continually, and a man like that could do a lot for one.

And he did—even without her favors. She was such a good kid and had the stuff, he said. His influence and introductions took her to another show when her own closed, and finally she rose to understudying the star. She worked hard at her dancing and singing during this period. She persuaded her mother to let her have her own apartment. She was twenty now and knew her way around. Life was good. The show would go to the coast, she to be the star.

She came back from California, and her mother met her for a joyful reunion, only to find her dreams dashed and shattered. The child was going to leave the stage and marry. True, a nice boy, but what of her glorious career? She had passed up an offer to be starred in a colossal musical show in New York. She was tired of the stage, had destroyed all her photos and press clippings, wanted nothing more to do with that life. She had never been stage-struck, really, she explained, not in the true sense; it had been merely a job, and now she was through. The boy's parents preferred she forget the theatre; they hadn't been too pleased to have their son marry an actress.

There were five years, off and on, of family-ridden marital life. The boy, it appeared, had never left his mother's apron strings, and even if he had, there was something about having to take account of another person's desires, having to endure the presence of another person almost continuously, even though he was a very nice person, that was too much to bear. So she left him.

There was nothing else to do but to go back to the theatre. She must begin again, of course, in the chorus. In the intervening six years she had lost her limberness, her agility, somewhat, in fact, almost her desire to dance. But she was still beautiful, and there were many men anxious to buy her favors. She was willing to sell, for the reason that one day when she had enough money she could really do as she pleased, live alone without the stultifying sense of having to earn a living.

There were eight or nine years of stage work, interrupted by interludes when some man was attractive enough for her to give him some of her time, some man who would set her up in a comfortable apartment and see her only when she wished. Her taste was always inherently right, and now she could indulge that taste: furs, jewels, a beautiful apartment. But always eventually there entered into her relationships that overwhelming resentment against someone else owning a part of her life. The poor man would call at the apartment one day to find her gone, vanished as if the earth had swallowed her.

Maybe she would write him from Florida, thanking him for everything but explaining she was through, just got tired of it all. In Florida she would enjoy herself for a while, then . . . her bank account growing smaller and smaller . . . and another man, (a wealthy one, of course) usually married and misunderstood, would prevail on her to let him pay her way in life.

One gentleman proposed a trip abroad soon after they met. That was exciting at first, new places

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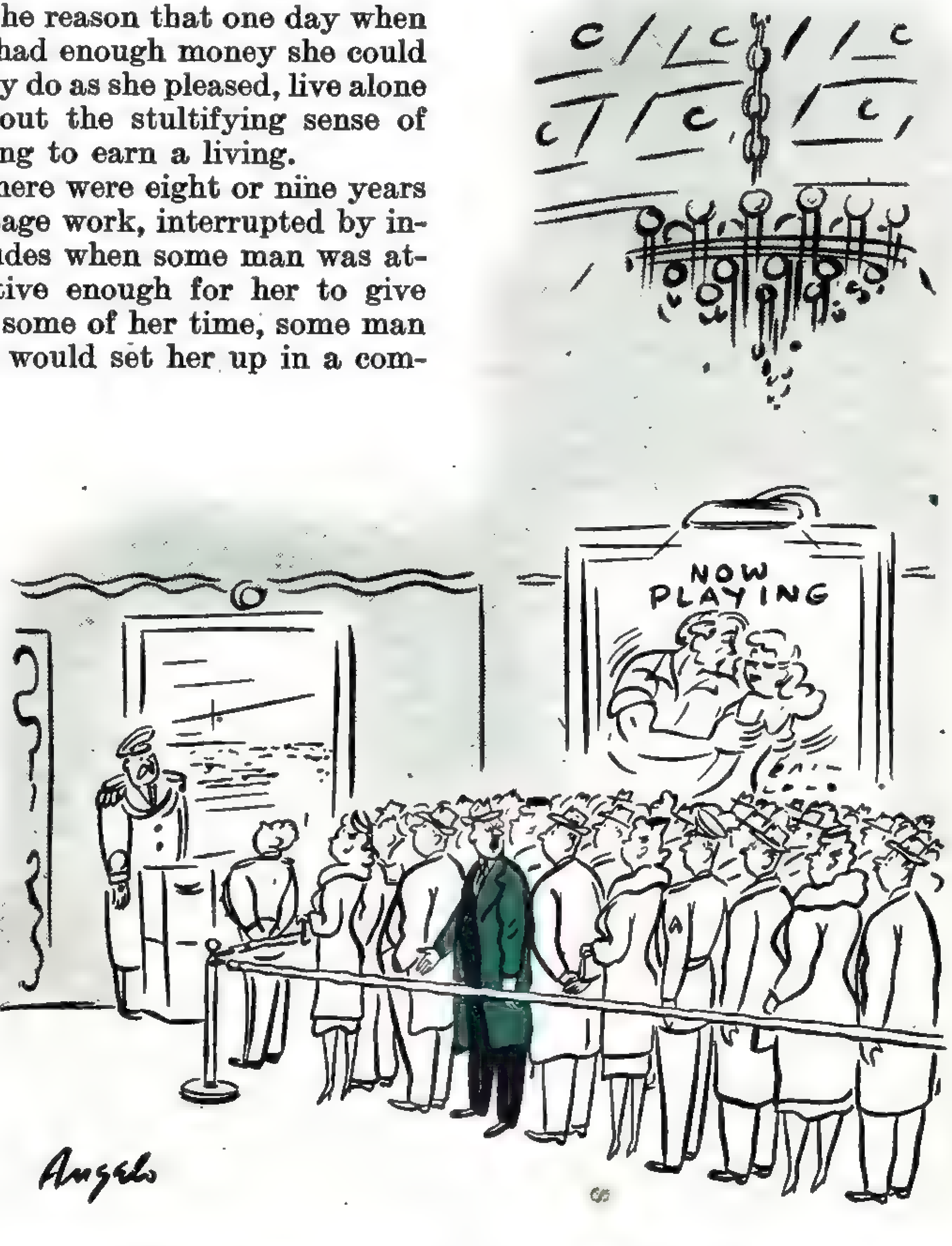


"One thing the American people will never stand for is regimentation"

The Rhythm Section

A dialogue on the feeling vs. technique controversy, with some candid opinions on why most musicians make bad husbands

by PAUL EDUARD MILLER & LEONARD FEATHER

▪ JAZZ ▪

I was listening to a lecture on the New Orleans origins of jazz, during the course of which that much-discussed and much-argued subject of improvisation came in for its share of analysis by the lecturer. Since I had occasion to engage in a controversy with the speechmaker, something like the following dialogue ensued:

What, I inquired of the lecturer (to whom I will refer as Mr. A.) do you mean by improvisation? Obviously you are not applying the *Grove's Dictionary* meaning of the term.

Mr. A., who ignored the reference to Grove's, replied: *Improvisation is playing the way the musician feels, with freedom and without the restraint of written notes—an art which European music has lost and which was revived in America by the Negroes who played jazz.*

True, the best jazz soloists do play with feeling, but improvisation in the true sense means that each time they play they also *create* a new melody or variation on a melody or rhythm. What most of the soloists actually do, I have observed, is to create a new interpretation of the melody or rhythm, and instrumentalists *do* repeat choruses today with the same phrasing and embellishments as they did yesterday—for the average listener the choruses *do* sound the same. Another musician will create another interpretation in accordance with his own depth of feeling for the music. I say interpretation for lack of a more expressive word to delineate the expression of emotion.

Mr. A: But the greatest soloists who play real jazz never play a chorus twice the same way. That's why improvisation, by which I mean feeling, is important—it makes jazz alive. Musicians today overemphasize technical facility. That's why the old jazz of the twenties is better than what we hear today.

But I agree with you about feeling being important, and I insist on it, too. All I am trying to say is that feeling penetrates to the inner core of the listener with greater force and impetus when the feeling is channelized by an accompanying technical ability for giving breadth *and* depth to the emotion. Great jazz, like all great art, reaches its zenith when feeling and technique are combined in the talents of one performer. There's an indisputable fact!

Mr. A: That isn't true. The jazz soloists today push their techniques to the limit but they don't get the feeling.

Do you mean that a soloist who is an expert technician and knows his harmony cannot play with feeling?

Mr. A: All I can say is that they don't. To hear jazz with a real feeling and the true flavor of improvisation we have to go back to the twenties, or listen to some current group which interprets jazz the old way. To use an example in literature, there are a lot of writers who are cleverer with technique than Dreiser, but, nevertheless, Dreiser rises above them all because he catches something of life, of real emotional content, in his novels. In jazz, Teschemacher and Pee Wee Russell surpass Goodman and Shaw in feeling, and no matter how devastating Benny's and Artie's techniques may be, still Tesch and Pee Wee manage to blow out notes that somehow get at the core of the listener, while Benny and Artie only touch the surface.

Excellent! and very true. But you have twisted your argument to the disadvantage of the very greatest jazz instrumentalists. You mention Dreiser as a literary analogy. The name of D. H. Lawrence immediately occurs to me as a novelist who has as much or more feeling of life than Dreiser, and yet Lawrence's literary techniques are superior; certainly his stories are not inferior in artistic quality because his technique approximates his message in quality. Similarly, in jazz, Sidney Bechet, Bunny Berigan, Louis Armstrong and Earl Hines perhaps are not quite as overpowering technically as Goodman, James or Tatum; yet the former are equal or better in feeling to the very boys who give out plenty—men such as Teschemacher, Pee Wee, Bunk Johnson, Max Kaminsky, Joe Sullivan and Stacy, to name but a few. This is not to say that the last group named are unworthy of attention and high praise; indeed, they are; anyone who cannot hear the warmth and deep emotional content of their playing has failed to grasp the first and greatest essential of jazz and of all music—I mean emotion, feeling, heart, expressiveness or whatever you wish to call it. But the very greatest jazzmen gain lucidity of depth and breadth for their emotional expression by regarding technique and harmonic knowledge as an asset, but an asset so well learned they are not even conscious of using it. The Giants of Jazz possess ample technique and knowledge, almost as much as the greatest technicians; but the Giants of Jazz also play with an inner drive and feeling which strikes at the very bottom of the listener's heart—and more effectively, since such players are not limited by what they do not know. The Hines and Armstrong of the twenties, the Berigan of the thirties, the Bechet of today—these Giants proved over and over again that they blended feeling and technique in a potent mixture, jazz which is lyric, profound, driving.

Mr. A: But most of the jazz which has feeling is the kind that was played in the twenties, and only those groups which pattern their playing after King Oliver, the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, the Chicago Rhythm Kings and the Armstrong Hot Five are the ones which get the same feeling today. All this technical stuff has killed feeling.

Are you saying that jazz is static, not dynamic? Surely there can be improvement over a period of twenty years, and if there isn't, then the future of jazz as an art form is precariously balanced. I say that when an artist like Sidney Bechet employs the harmonic and rhythmic backing that his immense talents rightly call for, then we get greater jazz than the jazz of the twenties, jazz full of emotion like the twenties, but more powerful than the emotion of the twenties because the music as a whole, as a complete unit or concept, is given greater body, greater drive, greater depth and breadth, greater climaxes and shadings, greater tenderness and greater guts. Let a man like Max Miller on the piano and another like Ken Smith on the drums, let just these two musicians get behind Bechet and the results will be more stupendous than any jazz you've ever heard in your life, either in person or on records.

Addenda: I offer this dialogue in the hope that it will stimulate thinking about a very important element in jazz which too long has been bandied about, willy-nilly, without regard to precise word-meanings. It behooves hip jazz fans to stop fighting among themselves and to admit that jazz is dynamic and moves forward relentlessly. May I now refer you to my *Clef* box? —P. E. M.

ON THE EDGE OF THE CLEF

This month I am devoting my *Clef* ruminations to an amplification of some of my personal afterthoughts on the above dialogue. If you have read the dialogue you will have gathered that Mr. A., a recognized authority on jazz, holds adamant ideas about the way it ought to be played. He calls feeling improvisation and refuses to admit that technical knowledge of both music and instrument has some relation to feeling. On the other hand, if you have read a magazine article called *Is Jazz Music?* by Winthrop Sargeant, together with various other scattered remarks about jazz by other critics of serious music writing on jazz, you will have ascertained that the feeling which the best jazz induces is something to sneer at and that the technical aspects of jazz are what make it "interesting"—but this is grudgingly admitted.

It is my belief that the supporters of both these theories are wrong. Just as there is a point at which sheer technique becomes useless, so there is a point at which sheer intuitive feeling becomes helpless. Up to now, all the great jazz virtuosi have depended upon their intuitive knowledge to generate the feeling in their performances. That is to say, their natural instinctive talents for music have been so profound that they intuitively grasped, quickly and easily, a creative and interpretive expression which normally takes considerable study and practice. The time has now arrived when we must go beyond that. The next step, if jazz is to advance its artistic stature, calls for a deeper expression of the feeling so wonderfully expressed, up to now, by the great instinctive-intuitive performers of jazz. This requires a harmonic grasp of musical materials and techniques, and it must be learned. All the intuitive feeling in the world will not supply it: the player knows it, or he does not know it, and if he does not he cannot hope lucidly and completely to express what is hidden in the depths of his heart.

As Otto Cesana, a jazz composer whom you will be hearing about one of these days, is so fond of saying: "Music is emotion; if it isn't emotion it isn't music." But he believes further, as do I, that the fullest, deepest, broadest, most complete emotion in music is possible only if the performer and the writer know how effectively to use the *combination* of the emotion that is in them and the knowledge they have acquired from outside themselves.

—Paul Eduard Miller

Jazz Symposium

Do musicians make good husbands?

Charlie Barnet, saxophonist and bandleader:

Me, I guess I'm just not the marrying type. I love to live too much. And I'd say that musicians in general are not the most rational of people, nor the most steady.

Two of my wives were singers, and the other two were in show business, too. But it didn't make much difference. All four of my marriages were more or less impetuous, and all four of them were more or less disastrous. I'd been around for several years before my first marriage, at 21, but I still wasn't able to settle down. I was in a permanent panic all the time during those marriages; never had a chance to take it easy and establish a home.

It's bad for the husband and wife to be together in working hours; the danger of arguments is always there, and it's twice as bad when the miles are long and tempers are short, when you're both living out of a trunk.

If you've lived a lot, and musicians do live pretty fast, it's hard to tie yourself down to matrimony. I'd say that married couples with children have a better chance, but on the whole the answer to your question is strictly negative.

Mrs. Charles Barnet (Harriet Clark), fourth wife of Charlie Barnet and former vocalist with his orchestra:

From my own observations I'd say that generally speaking they don't. There are four main reasons:

(1) Abnormal lives and hours.

(2) Too much glamor; makes them conceited and hard to live with.

(3) Too much interference and very little private life.

(4) They're exceptionally moody. When they're in a good mood they're wonderful, but when the bad mood comes on, beware!

I'd like to add, though, that a musician away from music can be a different person altogether. When I was first married and we were away from it all, everything was marvelous. Then he got back to work and that was that.

Mrs. George Wettling, wife of the noted drummer at NBC, New York:

Well, that depends on what you mean by the word good. Now my husband never strikes a happy medium; he's either very, very good or very, very bad. At times he can be very domesticated. I work as a model and when I get home he's usually there. He likes to read and write a lot and he plays records by the hour. His favorite is Stravinsky, which is rather distracting at times. He's a very good husband until things get too routine, and then—look out! Anyway, they say a good man is hard to find, and I'm glad I've got him.

Tony Pastor, tenor saxophonist, vocalist and bandleader:

Sure they do, under two conditions. The husband must be successful and the wife must dig the music. Now my wife comes from a very hip family; when I first met her she had a whole flock of Ellington records. We've been married fifteen years and have two children. But all that travel and the jive talk and the hanging around bars makes it tough for the wives. The best thing to do is leave the wife at home when the band is on the road. Not only because familiarity breeds contempt, but because barroom life together is a sure way to ruin everything. Say, are you going to print this?

Mrs. Nat Jaffe (Shirley Lloyd), singer and wife of the well-known pianist:

No, they don't, as a rule. It's particularly hard when there are children in the home; they want to sleep when the father wants to practice, or they want to make a noise while he wants peace and quiet. Musicians are high-strung and nervous, unpredictable and impulsive. They need a very malleable wife who'll understand that they can't be expected to come home from work, go straight to bed, have meals on time or do things by routine every day.

They're also very generous; money means nothing to them. They're poor dancers, because they spend so much time on the other end, playing for the dancers. After you get them to dance awhile they prefer to sit down and listen. Of course, musicians make the best wives for musicians. A woman who really loves music, and can share the interest in the endless discussions of it, has a better chance than one who has to pretend to understand, only to be found out in the end and be considered dumb.

Of course, my husband is an exception. He loves home life, has no bad habits, is a fine father and *always* master of the house.

Benny Morton, trombonist and bandleader at Café Society Downtown, New York:

It depends very much on the wives. They must understand the difference in hours and the social part of a musician's professional life, which often includes mixing with the customers. That may lead to undue suspicions and a lot of unnecessary questions. If the wife is tolerant, a decent man won't take advantage of her tolerance. She must try to adjust herself to his world instead of trying to keep up with the standards of the rest of society, or of friends and in-laws.

Musicians are at a disadvantage in several ways. The entertainment that others are enjoying during our working hours is not for us to enjoy, and when we go out afterwards we have to make our own entertainment. And, being public figures, we get a disproportionate amount of publicity out of separations and divorces.

Personally, I ought to be thankful. I married very young; it's lasted seventeen years, happily, and I have a girl of 16 and a boy of 11. I spent the first twelve of those years on the road most of the time. For the past five years I've been in town permanently, trying to be a good husband in person.

Mrs. Woody Herman, wife of the clarinetist, vocalist and leader:

Yes, they do—or anyway, this one does. We've been married eight years. I was in show business, too, and I guess that's something that helps a lot toward a mutual understanding.

Personally, I don't think there are any more unhappy marriages in the music business than out of it. I've seen some very funny marriages in perfectly normal small towns, too, you know.

No, I'm not too musical. Woody knew that I wasn't a great hot jazz fan, but he never tried to influence my opinions and he always lets me listen to Eddy Duchin!

Mrs. Milton Holland (Liza Stewart), singer and wife of the drummer with Jimmy Hilliard's CBS orchestra:

Because I'm in the same profession, I couldn't possibly be married to anyone outside the field. Other men would be jealous of my work, would object to the erratic hours I keep. Milt is not only tolerant, but has helped me better to understand music and to perfect my own vocal style. If a good husband is an interesting husband, then musicians certainly make good husbands. They are widely traveled, and their familiarity with "life" as it is really lived gives them great tolerance. If they are moody it's probably because their jobs are so nerve-wracking. But if they express themselves through music they *like* to play, they're no more temperamental than the average man.

Jean Starr, trumpeter with Benny Carter's orchestra:

They make very bad husbands, as a rule. Most women don't understand musicians, and since I have yet to meet a musician who isn't moody and extremely and rapidly changeable, I'd say that part of the "badness" of musician-husbands—in the conventional sense of the word—is due to the fact that a great many women just don't want a husband of that kind. So they point to musicians as examples of "horrible" behavior. And they're right, of course. A musician-husband does all sorts of things that are frowned upon by people who like to feel that their lives are more "normal." Even though musicians often won't admit this, the girls they marry had better recognize it as a fact. This doesn't mean the girl must have a musician's temperament, but she must understand it and be tolerant of it.

Louis Prima, trumpeter, vocalist and bandleader:

Do they? No....

Do I? No....

Hey, leave me out of this!

—L.F.

JAZZ IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

In compiling a Best Jazz Records list for 1944, I find an alarming proportion of the major achievements can be credited to the minor companies, whose discs are relatively unobtainable. Reissues are excluded; also, since you can't, alas, buy one side of a record, the selections are made in the light of their combined merit as couplings:

Cozy Cole's All-Stars (with Hawkins, Hines): *Just One More Chance, Blue Moon.* Keynote.

King Cole Trio: *Straighten Up and Fly Right; I Can't See For Looking.* Capitol.

Duke Ellington Orch: *Main Stem, Johnny Come Lately.* Victor.

Leonard Feather's All-Stars (thanks not to me, but to Hawkins, Tatum, Cootie, et al): *Mop Mop, My Ideal; Esquire Bounce, Esquire Blues.* Commodore.

Johnny Guarnieri's All-Stars: *Exercise in Swing, Basie English; These Foolish Things, Salute to Fats.* Savoy.

Edmond Hall (three different groups under his name): *Night Shift Blues, Royal Garden Blues; Blue Interval, Seein' Red.* Blue Note. *Uptown Café Blues, Downtown Café Boogie.* Commodore.

Coleman Hawkins (various combinations): *Sweet Lorraine, The Man I Love; Stumpy, How Deep Is the Ocean.* Signature. *Rainbow Mist, Woodyn You.* Apollo.

Eddie Heywood Orchestra: *I Cover the Waterfront, Begin the Beguine.* Commodore.

Johnny Hodges Orch: *Going Out the Back Way, Passion Flower.* Bluebird.

Charlie Shavers Quintet: *Rosetta, Mountain Air.* Keynote.

Art Tatum Trio: *Flying Home, Sunny Side of the Street.* Comet.

Fats Waller Memorial Album (four piano solos by Earl Hines, four by Nat Jaffe). Signature.

Dinah Washington & Lionel Hampton Sextet: *Evil Gal Blues, I Know How to Do It; Salty Papa Blues, Homeward Bound.* (My own session, but Dinah was a great singer long before that!)

Cootie Williams Sextet: *Echoes of Harlem* (album of eight numbers). Hit.

Mary Lou Williams: *Lullaby of the Leaves; St. Louis Blues.* Asch.

Please *don't* write asking me where you can get 'em. Write direct to Apollo, 102 West 125th Street, New York City 27; Asch, 117 West 46th Street, New York City 19; Blue Note, 767 Lexington Avenue, New York City 21; Comet, 1408 West 9th Street, Cleveland 13; Commodore, 136 East 42nd Street, New York City 17; Hit, 7 West 46th Street, New York City 19; Keynote, 522 Fifth Avenue, New York City 18; Savoy, 58 Market, Newark, New Jersey; Signature, 601 West 26th Street, New York City 1.

Almost all the above records feature small, specially assembled recording groups. The big bands also made some fine jazz in 1944, but either they didn't make any records (Basie, Goodman, Herbie Fields, Les Brown, etc.) or they haven't yet had their best ones released (Woody Herman, Georgie Auld, Charlie Barnet, Jimmie Lunceford). Meanwhile, there's always radio.—LEONARD FEATHER.

The Genius of Samuel Morse

His brilliant electrical inventions, especially that of the Telegraph, tend to obscure his ability as a painter

by KURT STEEL

• ARTICLE •

The United States declared war on England in 1812, two days after Parliament had taken conciliatory steps that might well have averted war. A twenty-one-year-old American painter who had recently arrived in London was deeply impressed by this. He wrote to his family in Boston lamenting that it was impossible to communicate news "in an instant" across the Atlantic. For centuries men had had this dream of messages swift as thought, but it remained for the young American, Samuel Finley Breese Morse, to do something practical about the dream.

That Morse was primarily an artist—and a very fine artist—has been obscured by his more spectacular achievements. The same fate, incidentally, befell another American artist, a contemporary of Morse's, who was the first to demonstrate panorama painting in Paris but who is remembered today rather as the inventor of the steamboat, Robert Fulton.

Morse himself considered invention merely as a means of livelihood. He regarded painting as his career, and with reason. He was internationally famous at twenty-four. One of his pictures had placed among the first nine out of two thousand exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1813, and Benjamin West, American-born president of the Academy, asserted that if Morse had stayed for the exhibit of 1815 he would surely have carried off first prize. In 1932, sixty years after his death, the staid and conservative Metropolitan Museum in New York City honored his memory with a one-man exhibit of his work.

When Morse was born in 1791, his father, Pastor Jedidiah Morse, friend of Washington and Adams, had already published his *The American Geography* which was to make the family name famous and provide money to send Samuel Morse and his two brothers to college. When Samuel was seventeen, the two interests which were to govern his life appeared simultaneously. He wrote home from Yale that he enjoyed all his studies, "especially Mr. Day's lectures, who is now lecturing on *Electricity*," and he announced he was spending all his spare time painting miniatures of his friends on ivory at five dollars apiece.

From then on the study of electricity was his chief hobby, and he constantly sought out scientists who were experimenting with the new "fluid."

At first his parents were opposed to his making a career of painting, but when at nineteen his work won the praise of no less a critic than Gilbert Stuart they sensibly gave in and let him go to England for several years of study. For a time after his return to America in 1815, Morse made a good living painting portraits, his finest being that of his friend Lafayette which now hangs in the New York city hall. One winter in Charleston, South Carolina, he is reported to have had orders for as many as one hundred and fifty portraits, ranging from fifty to four hundred dollars each. But when he was barely thirty this rich market collapsed under an economic depression, and Morse turned to invention to bolster his bank account.

He and his brother Sidney built an eight-man pump for fire engines which won the praise of Eli Whitney—but nothing else. Next he invented a machine for carving in marble "perfect copies of any model," but found that a similar patent had already been issued. Discouraged by these two failures, he let ten years pass, and he was in his forties when a chance conversation on shipboard turned him to telegraphy.

In October, 1832, Morse was returning from a second visit to Europe aboard the *Sully*, a slow, dumpy craft in whose dingy salon Emma Willard had written her *Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep* a few months earlier. One night conversation turned to electricity and the other passengers were amused when Morse wondered aloud "why intelligence might not be instantaneously transmitted by electricity to any distance."

The idea born in that instant possessed him like a fever for the rest of the trip, and all that he had learned in the study of his hobby now suddenly bore fruit. When he landed in New York his artist's notebook contained sketches of an instrument and circuit whose basic principles have not changed to this day, and whose simplicity always excites the admiration of technical men.

Morse still considered himself primarily an artist. A few months earlier the newly founded New York University had appointed him Professor of Sculpture and Painting—the first professorship in the fine arts established in America. He worked nights on a model of his Telegraph (he always used the capital T) but he spent his days in a studio finishing a great canvas begun in France.

This was an ambitious picture showing the interior of the Paris Louvre with thirty-seven masterpieces by Murillo, Van Dyck, Corregio and others on the walls. With typical American energy, civic spirit and promotional zeal, Morse planned to improve the taste of his countrymen by exhibiting it in all the principal cities. But audiences were so slim that before long, on the edge of bankruptcy, Morse was compelled to sell the picture.

Another disappointment a year or two later shook his faith in his art even more painfully. Four panels in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington remained to be filled and Morse applied for the privilege of doing one, but because of a feud with John Quincy Adams his name was passed over. Discouraged, he gave up painting and turned all his intense energy to the development of his Telegraph.

By now he was living in his studio in New York University, too poor even to pay the rent of a bedroom, cooking his own meals to save money toward his experiments. He had to make every single part he used, batteries, magnets, even the insulated wire for his circuits. For the receiving instrument he used a picture frame, with parts of an old clock to draw a ribbon of paper under a pendulum to which a pencil point was attached. The pencil point clicked back and forth making a wavy line which could be read as dots and dashes.

Only two steps remained to complete the Telegraph as we know it, and Morse himself had the genius to add both. In 1836 he hit on the idea of the relay—using the transmitted signal in one circuit to open and close contacts in a second fresh circuit, thus giving every dot-dash message seven league boots to stride, circuit by circuit, across continents and around the world. The final step was the Morse code, in the perfecting of which Morse was assisted by his first partner, Alfred Vail.

On January 24, 1838, in his studio in the University, Morse gave the first demonstration of messages in Morse code and began getting ready to show his

Continued on page 140

AMERICAN BEAUTIES, EASTERN STYLE ➧

The face and fortune of Lizabeth Scott

The impact of Miss Scott in person is no less arresting than her impelling appearance through Jon Abbot's paper sculpture. Her penetrating vitality makes you sure that here is a more than promising junior entry in the Bankhead-Garbo-Dietrich glamor league. Besides a startling combination of golden hair and skin, periwinkle blue eyes with black lashes and a figure that is dynamic in line and litheness, she has a dusky voice that endows even commonplace words with a strange significance. She says she was born with the voice and that solicitous neighbors used to ask her mother what was wrong with her little girl's throat.

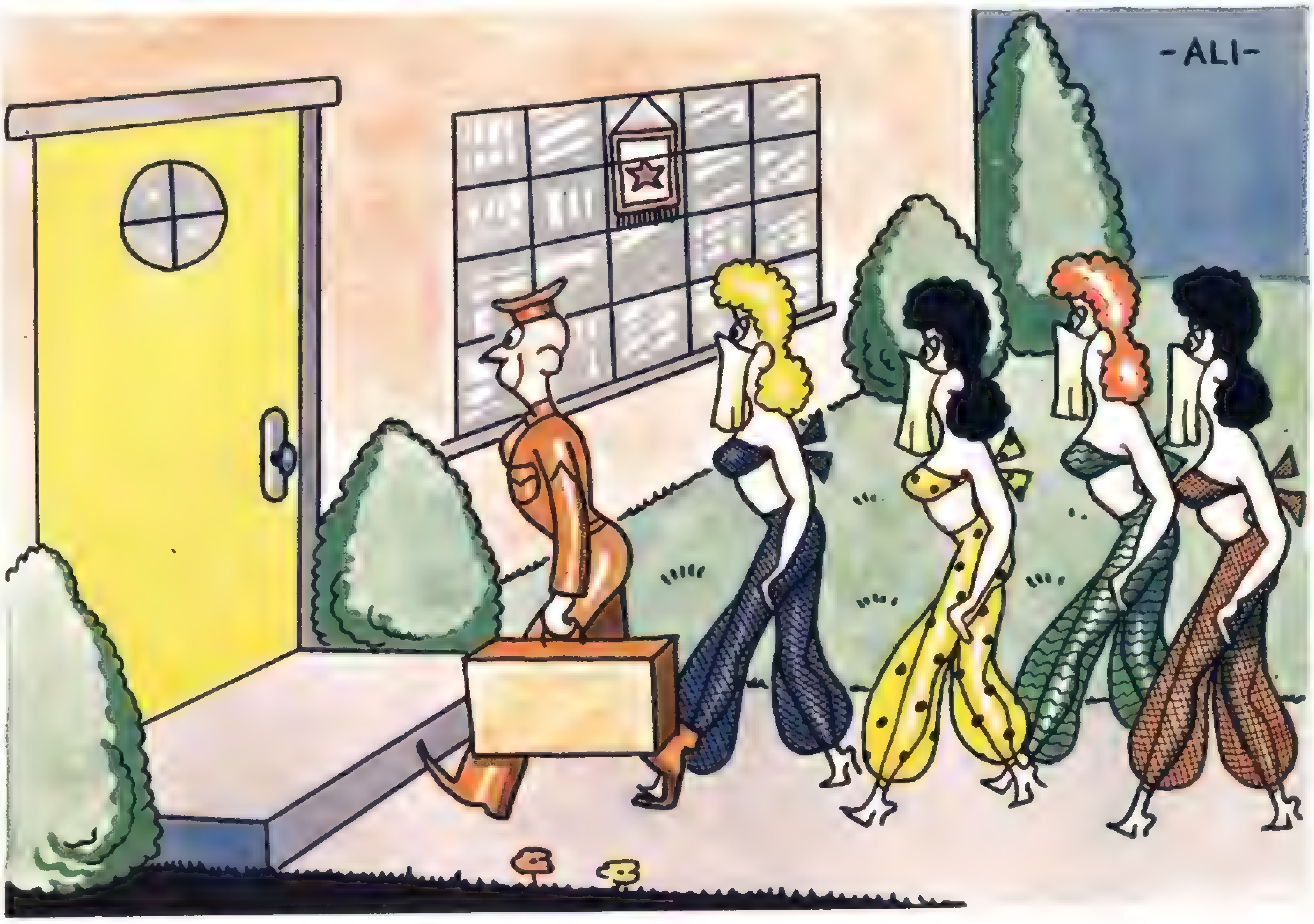
Born twenty-one years ago in Scranton, Pennsylvania, Lizabeth grew up with the usual pattern of ballet lessons and amateur theatricals at Marywood Seminary. After her first taste of the professional stage in summer stock—when she played to the hilt the role of a maid answering the telephone in the first act—she pleaded for dramatic school in New York and got her way. More stock and a tour with *Hellzapoppin'* through the forty-eight brought her to her biggest thrill to date when she played Sabina in *Skin of Our Teeth* in Boston for a week, getting rave notices. In New York she understudied Tallulah Bankhead in the part.

She's mad about blue, is torn between the music of Delius and low-down boogie woogie, has bartenders on the Stork Club-El Morocco beat trained to her favorite concoction of orange juice and grape juice. Her idea of a celebration is a French pastry binge.

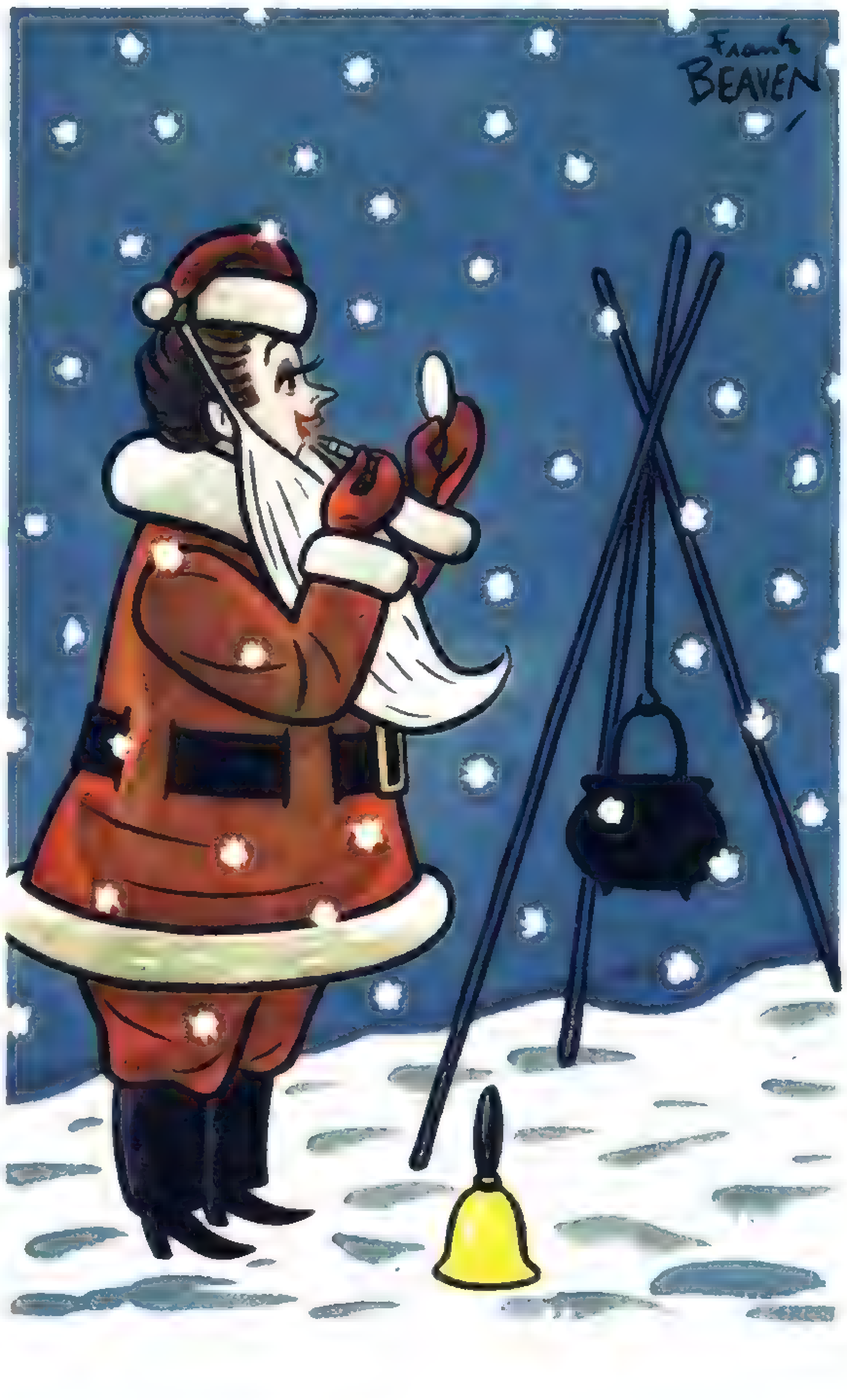
Miss Scott on Men: "I admit I'm sometimes moody—what woman isn't?—and I like a man who can snap me out of it. Although there's a fine line between being sensitive to a mood and catering to a whim, more men should make the effort to adapt themselves to a woman's emotions instead of always expecting the woman to do the adapting."

Vital Statistics: *Model Agency:* Walter Thornton; *Height:* 5′ 6″; *Weight:* 115 lbs.; *Bust:* 34″; *Waist:* 24″; *Hips:* 34″; *Type:* You order orchids for her rather than violets.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JON ABBOT



"Gee—I'll bet the folks will be surprised to see me!"



CHAIR WARMER STEALS THE SPOT

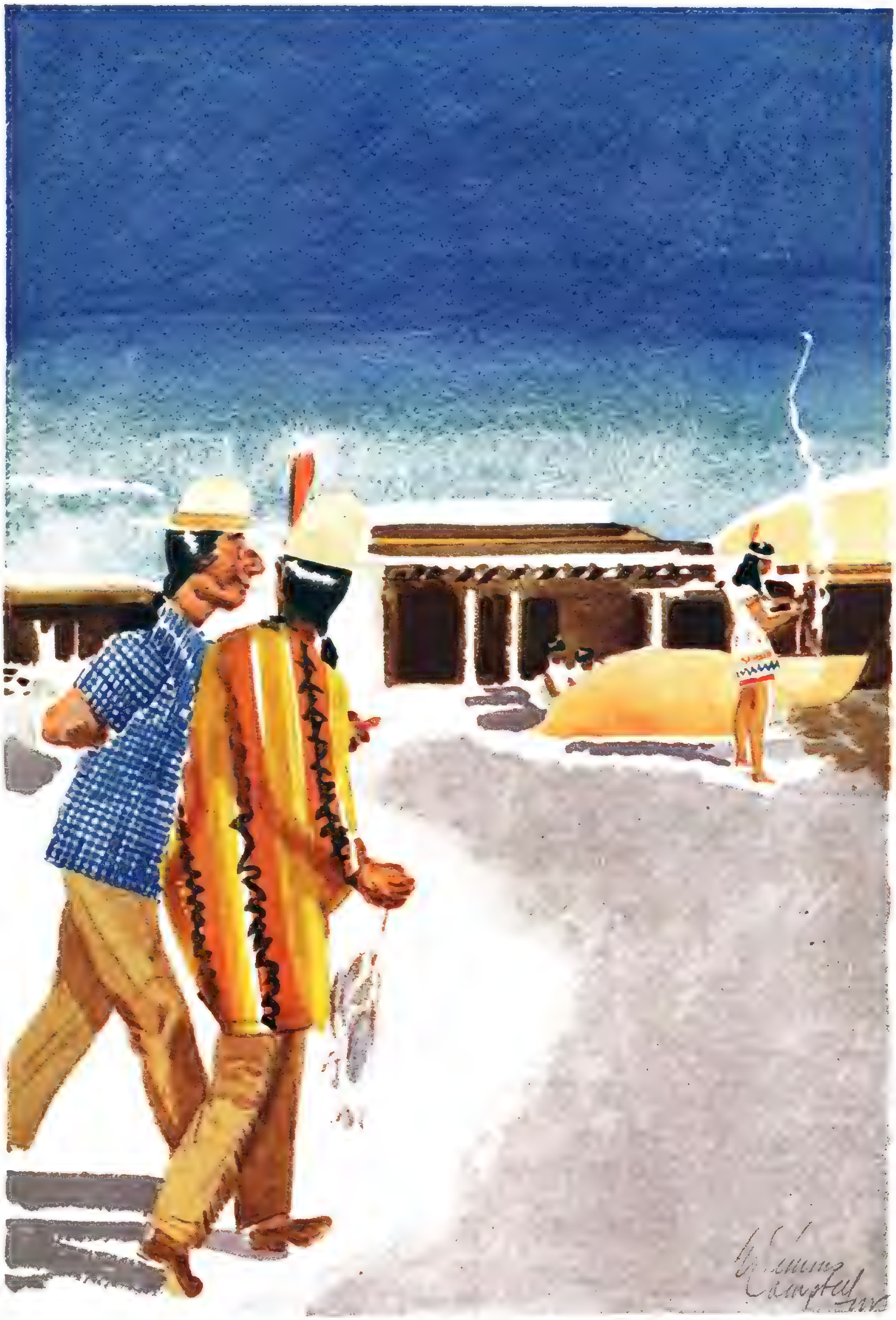
Janis Paige, one of the nebulae of Hollywood

It began seventeen years ago, when Harry Richmond's record of *Blue Heaven* came into her household. Janis, aged four, played and sang it until her mother promoted its "mysterious" disappearance. Nothing loath, Janis announced she was going to be a singer. In Stadium High School, Tacoma, Washington, she studied dramatics as well as voice under Coach Clayton Johnson. Thanks to his training she got her lovely lyric soprano voice in such fine shape that there was no doubt in anyone's mind as to what her career should be. The family budget couldn't stand the strain of a New York musical education, but it could be stretched to swing California. Her mother had such faith in Janis' future as a singer that she sold their worldly goods and, with a younger daughter, pioneered to the orange blossom state. "Mother," says Janis, "put all her eggs in my voice and I couldn't let her down." When Janis had studied seven months under Ida Koverman, one day someone scheduled to sing at the world-famous Hollywood Canteen was ill. Through a quirk of fate, the type that always looks phony on the screen, Janis got a chance to pinch-hit. M-G-M got there first with the dotted line, and at seven o'clock that evening Janis was signed. Then nothing happened except a weekly pay check for doing nothing. This worried the little girl from Tacoma who has a large slice of conscience. Besides, she wanted to be a light opera star, not a movie actress. Then, a year and a month later, she signed with Warner Brothers, was given a part in that studio's *Hollywood Canteen*, scene of her original discovery. She was so good that the part was fattened and nourished right into the second lead. The bigwigs who know star stuff when they see it nodded their heads in approval.

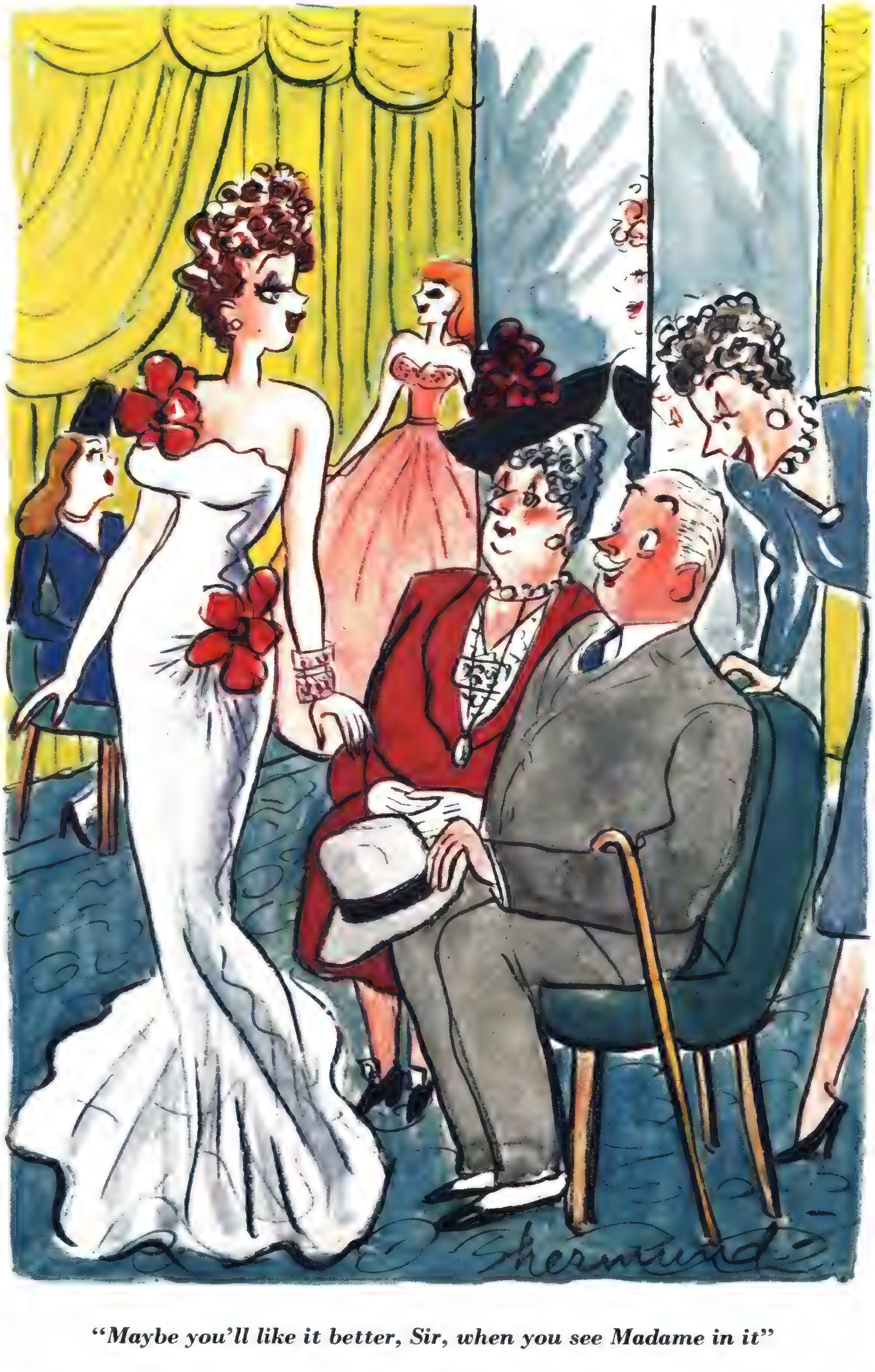
As for Janis, still a little flushed by her flight up the celluloid success ladder, "Who am I," asks she, "to quibble with fate, or luck (or talent)? It just amounts to a change of ambition in mid-screen." Mademoiselle Paige, real name Donna Mae Jaden, doesn't smoke or drink . . . liquor, tea or coffee. She rides and she reads and she loves the theatre and opera and recently has learned to love the movies. She's romantic and if the hunt for the right man means a nick in her heart—well, she will take that chance.

Vital Statistics: *Height:* 5'5"; *Weight:* 120 lbs.; *Bust:* 36"; *Waist:* 25"; *Hips:* 36"; *Age:* 21; *Eyes:* green; *Hair:* red brown.

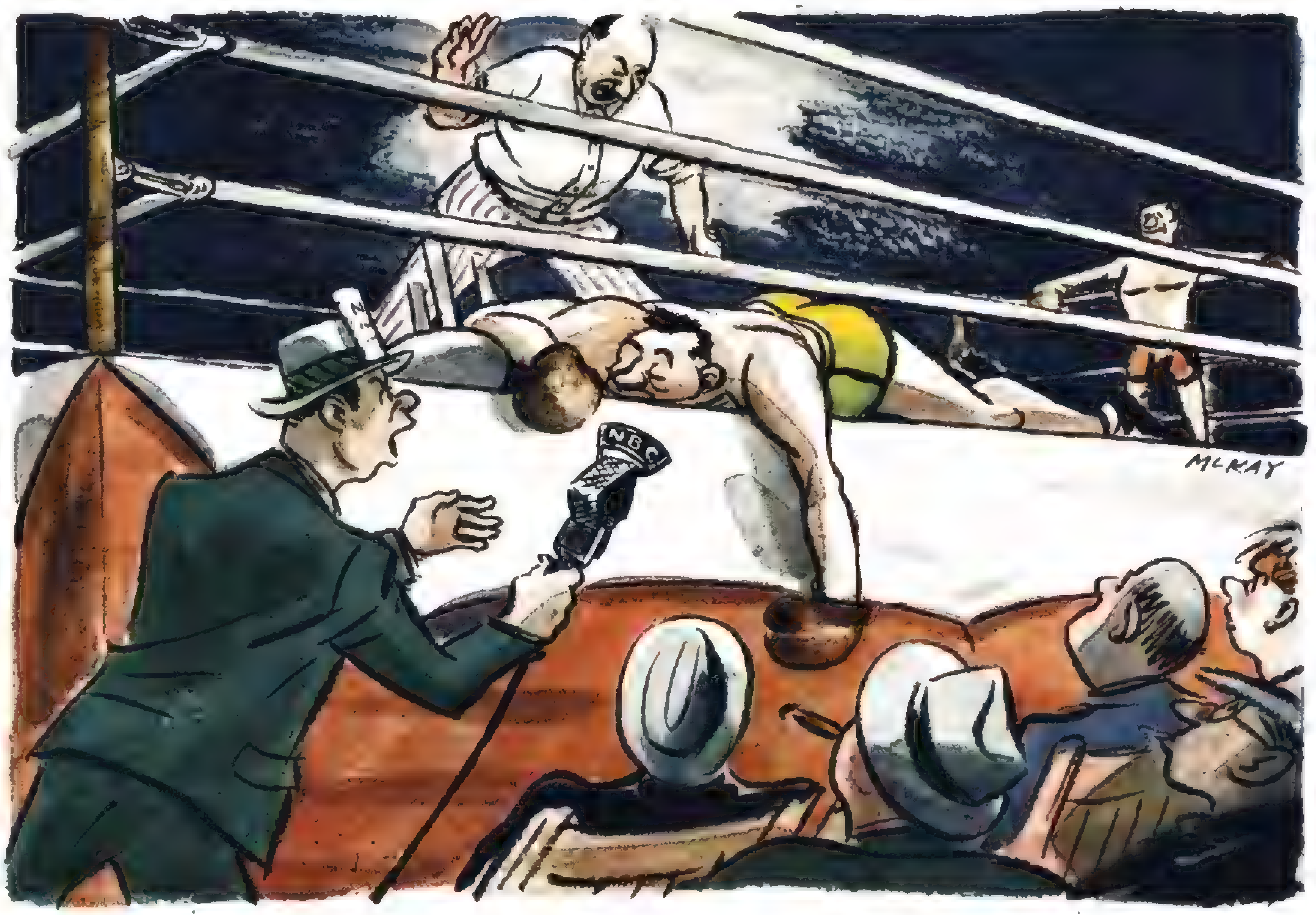
PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY WAXMAN



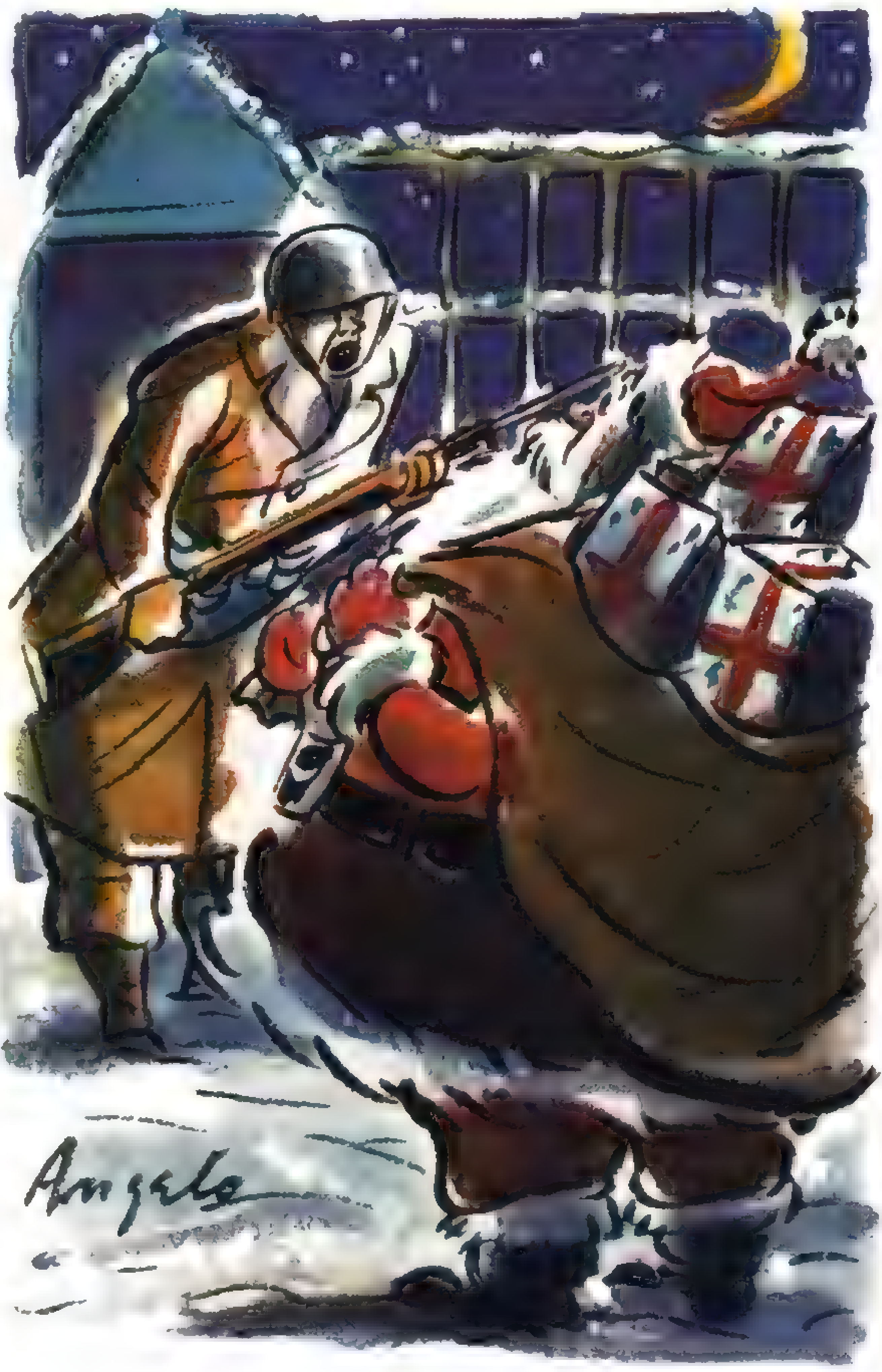
"It is Gleaming Star, she of the laughing eyes and dancing feet—neat package, eh?"



"Maybe you'll like it better, Sir, when you see Madame in it"



"Shall I return the radio audience to our New York studios, or are you going to get up?"



"Who goes there?"

HOLLYWOOD . . . SET TO MUSIC

Let the bombs fall where they may

Tonight and every night the show goes on . . . sometimes under the roof, sometimes under the stars, depending on which way the blitz blows. So goes the real-life story of the Wind-Mill Theatre in the London of the pre-robot blitz, that wonderful nonstop variety girlie-girlie show whose doors open at 11 a.m. in time for the tired city gent's lunch hour. And so goes the story that Columbia has made with English-born Victor Saville in the director's chair and Rita Hayworth in the lead. It is called *Tonight and Every Night,* and Rita plays the star of the girl show. And when an American C.P.O. boasts that she is an American, a Russian sailor sighs and murmurs, "Wonderful thing, lend-lease." The plot is young love in wartime. Romance that gets off to a flying start in the confines of an air raid shelter. Rita is appropriately singing *You Excite Me* when sirens sound an alert and the theatre manager invites the audience to share the shelter under the stage. Handsome Lee Bowman, who plays an R.A.F. squadron leader, loses no time in making time with Rita and when the all clear has sounded is convinced that the little dancer from St. Louis is his cup of tea. He proves himself a poor judge of good character, however, when he invites Rita to his apartment under the pretext of introducing her to a swell guy in his outfit from her home town. She goes and there isn't any guy. She catches on in a flash and does a thorough job of face slapping and door slamming. But the audience hasn't time to worry about cupid playing hard to get because obviously it's in the script that the young people were meant for each other, and, besides, delightful entertainment by way of singing and dancing goes on.

The excitement in *Tonight and Every Night* is based on fact and the film wasn't all fiction, either. In the bombing scene the set caught fire and the confusion was definitely realistic. The number *Cry and You Cry Alone* is pretty much something out of this world. Rita, done up in a Grecian party dress, executes a difficult routine with lots of sweep and scope. (Her partner is the screen's carrot-topped newcomer Marc Platt who, though making his debut in pictures, is no novice at dancing, having been with the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo from a tender age.) Rita and Marc whirl about over countless square yards of highly polished bakelite floor while the pretty chorus stays put on pedestals and does an accompanying contrasting routine that's fun to watch.

PHOTOGRAPH BY COBURN

A. Leydenfrost

This Man's World

Championing the punch-drunk consumer, pondering on modern art and venturing a prophecy about the heavyweight crown

by **PAUL GALLICO**

• OPINION •

Manners, the war against civilians, is still progressing favorably on the home front, I am happy to note, and it is confidently predicted that by the spring of this, the new year, there will not be one of us left who will dare to open his yap in the presence of butcher, pharmacist, cab driver or liquor store proprietor.

In fact, so well has the drive gone that local tradesmen's shock troops are already extending their attack to include the Armed Forces. The other day I was witness to an officer meekly attempting to purchase a safety razor at a drugstore counter. The clerk threw a 105-millimeter annihilation look at him and said, "Don't you know there's a war on, bud?" The officer, with two rows of campaign and decoration ribbons on his chest, gulped and went away from there. It was a signal victory.

Notable work is being done by butchers in terrorizing housewives, but probably the best single results in browbeating the public are being obtained by hotel clerks, Pullman car conductors and plumbers, fighting strongly under their banner inscribed with the motto, "The customer used to be right, but the hell with him now." They are pressing their drive to wipe out the last vestige of resistance on the part of the ordinary citizen. You can still get a hotel room or a seat on a train by crawling on your hands and knees or sitting up and begging, but notice has been served that these days of grace and kindness are almost at an end.

With the war almost over, the public servants realize that it is now or never. Any moment now, they may suddenly and without warning find themselves obliged to sell something to some one. I do not suppose there is any country outside of Germany where ordinary people have been treated so badly by tradesmen, transportation men and employes of public utilities as they have here at home, and this phenomenon has rather baffled me. The German is noted for having the worst manners in the world and his day is not counted as having been well lived if he has not insulted a half dozen of his fellow men. The American, on the other hand, has had the reputation of being a rather easygoing, kindly soul, endowed with a saving sense of humor. But based on what I have observed during a few years of war I wonder how he got it.

Plain Joe Doakes and his missus, who have been doing their best on the home front, trying to get along, make a living and pay their taxes, have been subjected to the worst pushing around, coupled with a display of ill-temper and bad manners, at the hands of what in peacetimes were a friendly and helpful folk, since the Middle Ages.

All one of us had to do to be treated like Public Enemy No. 1 was to come around with a buck in our fists and try to buy something. And as for trying to get something fixed—wow! It is, of course, obvious that there is a shortage of hands and public utilities have been overworked, but I would like to have one thin dime for every store or tradesman or employe who has used the war as an excuse for acts of unparalleled rudeness toward once welcome customers. I could retire. It is no surprise to find service of all kinds deteriorating during the conduct of a war and I am not complaining. I am merely surprised, because I thought we were en masse a lot nicer than apparently we really are.

A Pullman car conductor used to be "Pop" to us, a friend in need, a kindly soul who looked upon passengers as members of his family. Recently I watched "Pop" chivvy a couple of sailors wearing overseas ribbons out of the lounge because they didn't have the right kind of tickets. Maybe he was right according to the rules, but did he have to be so nasty about it? All the sailors wanted was a bottle of beer. Well, it's the same conductor who was on the run in peacetimes. Is that what the guy is really like, and was the smile and the glad hand a fake all the time? And what about that lad who used to give you service when you stopped for a couple of gallons of gas? Was he only kidding? Because he sure doesn't seem to love us now.

Or the waiters, room clerks, cab drivers, electricians, elevator operators, salesmen, deliverymen, grocers and butchers? The war apparently came as a life-saver to them, for obviously one more year of giving service with a smile would have killed them all.

This revelation of the extent of the national grouch is a disillusionment and severe shock to one who used to read all the advertisements put out by the railroad companies and the gas and light and power company and the guys who sold you your car and refrigerator and the radios with all the gadgets on them about how happy it made them to look after you. Happy, my eye. To judge from their behavior these days, they hate our guts and always did.

It is not quite conceivable to me at the moment how this crew will handle the transition period and the times to come after the war, when there will be more goods, train seats, hotel rooms, bottles of hooch, haunches of beef, iceboxes, phonographs, alarm clocks and waffle irons than people who want to buy them, and the ill-mannered grouches who have been making our days miserable for two years will have to coo and smile at us again. I do not see how, after this long sabbatical, during which time they spent their working hours bossing, bullying, insulting and terrifying the purchasing public, the boys are going to go back to baring the crockery and purring, "Good morning, Mrs. Glutz, and what can I do for you this fine day?" I rather think that this present gang of public servants will simply have to be permitted to die out and a new crop bred, and this time, I trust, endowed with a genuine sense of friendliness, tolerance, patience, humor, manners and the realization that retailers and purchasers alike are all bona fide citizens of these United States and that we who consume are likewise people and entitled at least to courtesy.

Further Bewilderment

Certain articulate clients of this department, apparently fascinated by the revelations of a simple and mediocre mind, have invested in writing paper and three-cent stamps to inquire my reactions to modern art. This is an easy one to answer, particularly if they are referring to sculpture. I am not yet prepared to give in on the subject of modern painting and admit that I do not know what the hell most of the pictures are all about, because the modern boys disarm you with their song and dance to the effect: "This isn't really supposed to be a picture of Jersey cows grazing in a pasture by a rippling stream. It's just supposed to be what a herd of Jersey cows grazing by a rippling stream looked like to Gregor W. Blotz, the great Balkanian painter."

Now I will admit that there

Continued on page 136

◆ THE BLACK WIDOW FLIES AT NIGHT

As we write this, on the 18th of September, 1944, there are no news releases concerning the Army's newest and most powerful pursuit plane in action. That its venom already has been felt by the Nazis and that those "honorary Aryans" of the Orient now know its fatal sting is certain. The first warplane to be created by any nation exclusively as a night fighter, Northrop's P-61 is the largest and most potent in its class. From the accompanying painting you can imagine that its appearance on nocturnal raids carries as much terror for the enemy as its sinister name. Painted night-black, the twin-tailed Fury is heavier than a Mitchell or a Marauder (weighing in excess of eight tons) and is powered by twin 2,000-horsepower engines which turn four-bladed propellers and pack as much driving energy as that of a Diesel railroad locomotive. The most exciting details of its equipment will remain a secret unless and until it should be forced down in enemy territory. Meanwhile, we are allowed to report that this highly maneuverable pursuit ship has been nicknamed a "flying field artillery" and that besides a battery of 20-millimeter cannon and .50 caliber machine guns, (some of which are fired from a turret) it is equipped for night fighting with "the latest devices." The Black Widow owes much of its heft to its extensive armor and gasoline capacity as well as to its armament. The two- and three-man crews and ammunition boxes are shielded from machine-gun fire by specially designed armor plate, deflector plates and bullet-resistant glass. Despite its weight it is extremely speedy and can throttle down to an amazingly low landing speed, made possible by the first full-span landing flap possessed by any plane. The P-61 was designed in 1941 under Army specifications determined by stern lessons learned in the Battle of Britain. It was announced last summer that soldiers convalescing in the Army Hospital at Van Nuys, California, were learning to fabricate basic parts used in the P-61. This progressive experiment in vocational therapy included even some bedridden patients who were able to sort bolts, washers and fasteners. The fellows much preferred this pastime, they declared, to making dolls and weaving baskets.

The Esquire Sports Poll

Ballot names the Southern Cal-Duke game of 1939 in Pasadena Rose Bowl most memorable of all Bowl contests

by HERB GRAFFIS & RALPH CANNON

• SPORTS •

THE QUESTIONS

I.

Would you rather see a Bowl game than a "traditional rivalry" game? .... Yes ☐ No ☑ 57.97%

II.

Do you think that the Bowl games have superseded the "traditional rivalries" in the interest of the fans? .... Yes ☐ No ☑ 65.67%

III.

In your opinion what was the greatest Bowl game (any Bowl) ever played? ....

1. 1939 Rose Bowl: Southern California 7; Duke 3	20.43%
2. 1934 Rose Bowl: Columbia 7; Stanford 0	13.97%
3. 1925 Rose Bowl: Notre Dame 27; Stanford 10	12.90%
4. 1926 Rose Bowl: Alabama 20; Washington 19	11.82%
5. 1935 Rose Bowl: Alabama 29; Stanford 13	10.75%
6. 1941 Sugar Bowl: Boston College 19; Tennessee 13	9.68%
7. 1941 Rose Bowl: Stanford 21; Nebraska 13	6.45%

IV.

What was the greatest single play in any Bowl game? ....

1. Al Barabas' touchdown run that won for Columbia over Stanford, 7 to 0, in the 1934 Rose Bowl game	24.65%
2. Doyle Nave's pass to Al Krueger in the last minute that won for Southern California over Duke, 7 to 3, in the 1939 Rose Bowl game	21.91%
3. Roy Riegels' wrong run in the 1929 Rose Bowl game that enabled Georgia Tech to beat California, 8 to 7	17.80%
4. Brick Muller's 70-yard pass to H. W. Stephens in the 1921 Rose Bowl game as California beat Ohio State, 28 to 0	9.58%
5. Charlie O'Rourke's touchdown run for Boston College that beat Tennessee, 19 to 13, in the 1941 Sugar Bowl game	8.22%
6. Pete Kmetovic's 50-yard runback of a punt for the winning touchdown for Stanford in the 1941 Rose Bowl game with Nebraska	6.85%
7. Pooley Hubert's 55-yard pass to Johnny Mack Brown for Alabama against Washington in the 1926 Rose Bowl game	5.48%

V.

What player would you select as the one who had played the greatest individual role in any of the Bowl games? ....

1. Dixie Howell, Alabama, in the 1935 Rose bowl game	15.38%
2. Elmer Layden, Notre Dame, in the 1925 Rose Bowl game	13.18%
3. Don Hutson, Alabama, in the 1935 Rose Bowl game	10.98%
4. Frank Sinkwich, Georgia, in the 1942 Orange Bowl game	9.89%
5. Ernie Nevers, Stanford, in the 1925 Rose Bowl game	7.69%
6. Frank Albert, Stanford, in the 1941 Rose Bowl game	6.59%
7. George Wilson, Washington, in the 1926 Rose Bowl game	5.49%

THE Growth of the Bowls, a Twentieth Century production, is one of the most spectacular and useful of the recent football shows. These post-season events have increased interest in football by prolonging its stay upon the public stage, keeping the sports pages populated with gridiron items for an additional six or eight weeks. Radio has made the Bowl games national rather than local promotions.

Today the great plays and the great players of the Bowl games stand out over all other gridiron competition. Once upon a time, before the other war, the heroes of the Yale-Harvard games became national celebrities long remembered; now the Rose Bowl or the Sugar Bowl or the Cotton Bowl or the Sun Bowl or the Orange Bowl stars are the boys who corral seasonal acclaim and enduring glamor.

Results of this poll, however, indicate that the Bowl games, in spite of their yearly increases in crowds and interest, have not yet supplanted the old traditional rivalries in the hearts of coast-to-coast fandom. It's clear that as Tennyson said: "Things seen are mightier than things heard." Interest in the Bowls probably is strongest in the South and the Far West where the Bowl games and Bowl teams are more prevalent. The negative responses to Questions I and II can be attributed to the reasons mentioned by Lew Byrer of the Columbus, Ohio, *Dispatch*. He said:

"Bowl games chiefly interest followers of the two competing teams and residents of the vicinity where they are played and ballyhooed. They get an over-abundance of synthetic national publicity because they're played at a time when regular schedules have been completed and they're not competing with much else of sports prominence. The fact that many schools, including the Big Ten, Notre Dame, Army and Navy, do not participate does away with the possibility of making any one game a truly national championship affair."

"In regard to Traditional Games vs. Bowl Games," commented Tom Lieb, Florida coach, "I believe there is much more spirit between traditional rivals than any Bowl game because the Bowl games are looked upon as a financial bouquet and seldom decide a championship. In traditional rivalries the spirit is carried not only on the field but also in the grandstands; whereas, when a Bowl game is played there is little local backing for either team. Southeastern Conference teams in the past ten years have been represented in more Bowl games than any other section. With few exceptions the Southeastern Conference teams have won."

The greatest of all the Bowl games, according to the vote, was Southern California's last-minute victory over Duke, 7 to 3, at Pasadena in 1939. This was one of those tough, tight football games between two strong, sound teams until the very final moments when the battle built up explosively to a hurricane crescendo. Duke, with a perfect record unblemished by a single score by any opponent, had a field goal lead going into those final hang-on moments when suddenly all hell broke loose.

"With 2 minutes and 20 seconds left to play," relates Lieutenant Commander Al Wesson, St. Mary's Preflight School, "**Coach Howard Jones** called on **Doyle Nave**, third string quarterback who hadn't played enough time to win a letter, to go in with the ball 38 yards from the goal. **Nave** called for nothing but passes to **Al Krueger**. Two went for short gains and the third was a flat pass completed for a loss. With the ball on the 23-yard line and 40 seconds to play, **Nave** called for a long angle pass across the field. **Krueger** ran at **Eric Tipton**, Duke's defensive right halfback, and suddenly cut to the left. **Krueger's** speed soon left **Tipton** behind and he was five yards ahead of **Tipton** in the end zone when he caught the pass for the touchdown that won."

Probably no other upset, with the exception of Centre's 6-to-0 victory over Harvard in 1921, so startled and impressed the country as Columbia's victory over Stanford, 7 to 0, in the 1934 Rose Bowl game. That interest is reflected in the public's choice of the touchdown play in that game as the greatest single play in Bowl history. Perhaps **Lou Little's** famous "KF79" play, a faked reverse and spin play from single wingback formation that sent **Al Barabas** sweeping 17 yards around end to hallelujah, *is* that important after all; for perhaps it marked one of the important milestones in football's long, slow transition from emphasis on stern power in attack to sleek deceptiveness—from **Howard Jones'**:

"Tell 'em where you're going, and go there anyway!"

to

Clark Shaughnessy's:

"Let 'em score; we'll score faster!"

The success of this "47" play depended on the smoothness with which **Quarterback Cliff Montgomery** and **Brominski**, the wingback, executed their long-practiced faking, and also on the fact that **Owen McDowell**, Columbia's left end, went down and took out the Stanford safety. Although from the single wingback, this play had the fundamental elements that has made the present T-formation with the man in motion so successful. It was a dramatic step on the pathway toward the situation in which as **Lou Little** puts it: "Power, deception and speed play equal parts in offense."

Trailing **Al Barabas'** run in the voting was the previously-mentioned **Nave**-to-**Krueger** pass. Then came **Roy Riegels'** wrong run in the 1929 Rose Bowl game which enabled Georgia Tech to beat California, 8 to 7. **Slip Madigan**, Iowa's coach, voted for this one, and unquestionably it *was* one of the most exciting and most discussed plays of Bowl history.

Braven Dyer, sports editor of the Los Angeles *Times*, gives this account of what happened:

"After a scoreless first quarter, Georgia Tech took the ball on her own 25-yard line. **Jack 'Stumpy' Thomason**, Tech's dynamic halfback, started around his own left end and after traveling 10 yards was tackled by **Benny Lom** and **Charley Schmidt,** of California.

"The ball bounced out of **Thomason's** hands, rolling from near the sidelines almost to halfway between the sidelines. **Riegels** rushed in swiftly, picked up the bounding pigskin and started around his own left end, headed for Tech's goal. After taking three steps he changed his mind and swerved to the left, turning completely around. Without slackening his pace he cut back slightly to his left and then struck out with space-annihilating strides for his own goal line.

"As he raced on, another California player thrust himself into the picture. It was **Lom,** star halfback, and the fleetest man on the team. But **Riegels** had too much of a head start. It was not until they had raced the long 70 yards to the goal line that **Lom** succeeded in making **Riegels** understand his error. Grabbing him by the arm, **Lom** turned **Riegels** around and headed him in the right direction, but at that instant an avalanche of Tech players crashed into the two California players. **Riegels** was actually knocked back over the goal line for what appeared to be a safety, but **Referee Herb Dana** ruled that the progress of the ball had stopped on the one-foot line. **Lom's** punt from the end zone was blocked for a safety. Each team made a touchdown afterwards with Tech missing its goal; so that safety decided the game, 8 to 7."

Next in line in the voting was the choice of Henry J. McCormick, Madison, Wisconsin, *State Journal:* "**Harold 'Brick' Muller's** 70-yard pass to **H. W. 'Brodie' Stephens** as California beat Ohio State, 28 to 0, in the 1921 Rose Bowl game."

Bob Foote of the Pasadena *Star-News,* who has seen every Rose Bowl game, said: "**Muller's** pass is usually called the longest on record and is sometimes credited as being 73 yards. It actually gained 37 yards, the ball being on the Ohio State 37-yard line, but **Brick** fell well back to take the ball on a triple lateral before throwing to **Stephens** and the best judgment seems to be it was thrown 53 yards in the air. **Stephens** caught it going over the goal line."

Zipp Newman, Birmingham *News,* to whom "the Bowl game is one section against the world as we feel it in the South" gave ample reasons for the greatest player choice of "**Dixie Howell,** who ran for two touchdowns—5 yards, 68 yards—gained 111 yards running, threw nine passes for 178 yards, one a touchdown pass to **Don Hutson,** and averaged punting better than 40 yards on New Year's Day, 1935, as Alabama beat Stanford, 29 to 13."

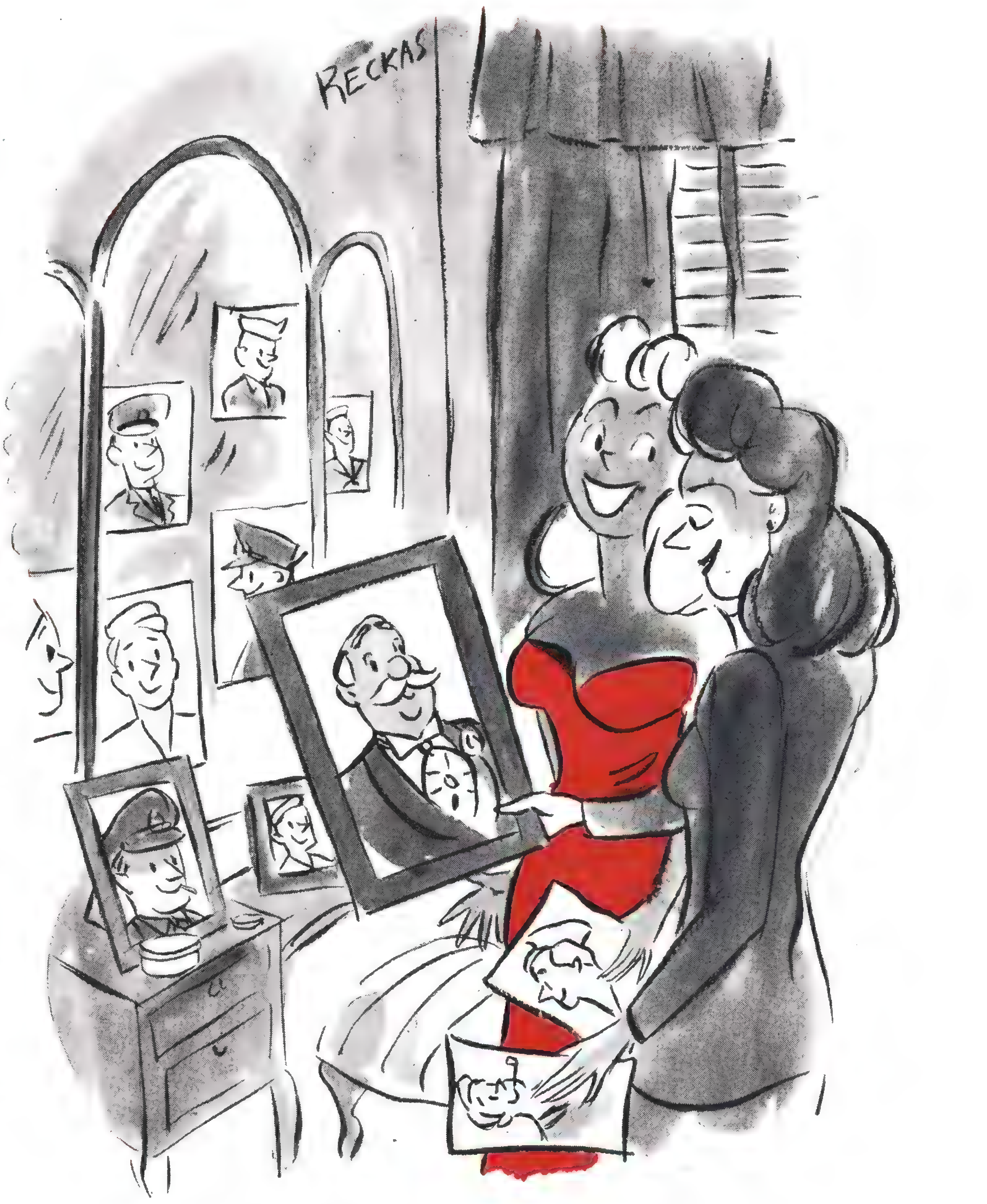
Beattie Feathers, North Carolina State coach, thought **Don Hutson's** play in that same Bowl game was the tops for all time.

Elmer Layden's great day against Stanford in 1925 when Notre Dame beat **Ernie Nevers** and a strong team, 27 to 10, was second in the standing. Preparing for the game on a snow-covered field in South Bend, **Layden** was characteristically groomed in timing his break on flat passes by **Knute Rockne,** with the result that he stepped into two of **Nevers'** for sprints of 85 and 60 yards respectively for two of his three touchdowns in the game.

Pacific Coast writers generally are agreed that the 1926 Rose Bowl game in which Alabama, making its bow in the Bowl, beat Washington, 20 to 19, is the greatest of all Bowl games, and **A. T. S. "Pooley" Hubert,** present Virginia Military Institute coach but then one of the stars that fell to Alabama, is in agreement with them. **Hubert** named **George "Wildcat" Wilson** of Washington who played across from him that wild day as the greatest of all the Bowl players.

With **Wilson** in the game and playing magnificently, Washington got away to a 12-point lead. With **Wilson** limping off the field, Alabama struck back for two quick touchdowns, the second on a sensational 55-yard pass from **Hubert** at fullback to **Halfback Johnny Mack Brown,** giving Alabama a 14-to-12 advantage. Another pass for 38 yards from **Hubert** to **Brown** shot the 'Bama score up to 20. Then **Wilson** limped back into the action and promptly carried his team to another touchdown, but the p.a.t. left Washington a point behind.

It seems safe to say that those two brilliant Bowl games of '25 and '26 did a great deal to boom Rose Bowl interest across the country, just as the 1941 Sugar Bowl game in which Boston College beat Tennessee, 19 to 13, embellished by the flashy play of **Charlie O'Rourke,** helped set up the splendid New Orleans pageant conceived by Fred Digby of the New Orleans *Item.* #



"He's cute—in a financial sort of way!"

Episode at a Nazi Chess Club

Major Hirsch of the General Staff was slated to inform the Underground of the Nazi plan for a counteroffensive

by CHARLES EDWARD GRAY

• FICTION •

I GLANCED at the clock above the glittering spread of glasses and resisted the impulse, so natural to a person waiting impatiently, to compare it with my watch. That gesture might have betrayed anxiety, for my meeting with Major Hirsch was to seem the chance encounter of two drinkers at a bar. I was to recognize him when he ordered a Peach Sangaree. It occurred to me that he might already be here, also measuring the time, and I glanced down the long length of the bar at the aggregation of *Wehrmacht* officers and here and there a Gestapo uniform. Through the door others were coming and going.

I turned casually toward the interior of the club where similarly uniformed men were seated or standing about the little tables with checkered tops on which chessmen patterned themselves in intricate combinations. This was, I reflected, my oddest assignment by the Underground—and infinitely the most important. Fate hung so precariously on my mission tonight that I trembled at the consequences of failure. It was known to Soviet military intelligence, my "contact" had explained to me, that a Nazi counteroffensive of overwhelming power was planned at K—, and in order to crush it the Red Army command demanded of Espionage to know what form the attack would take. With information in time, the Red Army could rush materiel and forces to match those to be hurled against them; lacking such foreknowledge of what to call in from other sectors, they might be beaten back by the unexpected with terrific losses.

Major Hirsch, whom I was to meet here tonight, was to supply me with this urgently needed information. Had the need not been desperate, the Underground would not have jeopardized the major by appealing to him, for he was entrenched in the General Staff, and so carefully was his relation to us concealed that my "contact" could not even describe his appearance. "All I know," he had said to me, "is that I was told to procure a good chess player, disguise him in uniform and arrange for his entry to the one place where the major can meet strangers naturally—at the chess club."

"Peach Sangaree, double iced."

I am afraid I turned a little too abruptly at the harsh, clipped Junker accent. The man, bull-necked and sadistic in appearance, had stopped beside me and was talking to two fellow officers. All wore the insignia of majors. The bartender shoved tall, sparkling tumblers toward them, and as they drank they surveyed the intent players throughout the room.

"An ancient game with an ancient appeal," one remarked.

"Too ancient," he of the Peach Sangaree replied. "In the New Germany the game should be modernized, brought into conformity with our National Socialist life."

"You mean changed moves, a faster tempo?"

"Yes, and more than that. The pieces are anachronistic—look at them. We haven't kings and queens and feudal lords anymore."

"You're right," said the third officer, adding with a chuckle: "We're even getting rid of our bishops."

Major Hirsch (if it were he) developed his idea with icy logic. "For rooks we should substitute artillery; for knights, our modern cavalry of tanks; for our bishops, dive bombers. Infantrymen, of course, would take the place of pawns."

On the chance that this was my man, I felt obliged to interpolate myself into their conversation. "But you would be bucking an age-long tradition," I objected. "I'm afraid every chess player would oppose you."

"Traditions—bah!" and he turned on me almost savagely. "What has the Third Reich to do with traditions? Besides, it *is* traditional to change the game. When it was invented in India hundreds of years ago the pieces were elephants and such. Medieval Europe, in adopting the game, adapted the pieces to reflect feudal society. We should adapt them to reflect our New Order."

"But imagine an Evans Gambit with infantry used to drive back a 'dive bomber' attack!" I laughed.

"Why not?" he retorted. "Don't we do that every day? Or its equivalent?" He had directed his steely glare at me and I began to feel sure that I had mistaken my man. "I happen to be partial to the Evans Gambit," he said. "I gather that you know the usual defenses against it?"

"Naturally. I am not exactly a novice at the game, and I consider the Evans opening overrated."

"Then you will try to defend yourself against mine? Splendid! And for what stakes?" He had seized my contradiction and twisted it into an inescapable challenge, maliciously, it seemed to me.

"My name is Hirsch, by the way." He introduced himself without extending his hand, almost with his back toward me as he ordered another drink. When the formality of the stakes had been arranged, we found our way to a table, accompanied by his two interested companions, and silently arranged the pieces. As offerer of the gambit he naturally took the white men and the opening move. I was so taken aback at learning for a certainty that this bristling Fascist was really of our Underground that I played the initial moves mechanically, glad that they were stereotyped and allowed my mind freedom to recover itself. . . . bishops to bishop four, his pawn to knight four, my bishop's capture of his proffered pawn, then my retreat before his bishop's pawn to bishop three . . . Several other officers sauntered up, looked at our board, stayed to observe. One drew up a chair and seated himself near me.

I was in a quandary. How was Major Hirsch to convey his information to me while we were surrounded by all these spectators? My "contact" had assured me that under the circumstances nothing dared be committed to writing and the major's report must be verbal. But as he scarcely glanced at me and riveted his deliberation on the board, and as more and more uniforms collected about us, I became oppressed with the futility of our meeting. My dismay was heightened by the realization, after only a few minutes' play, that I was in the grip of a master strategist who drove my pieces hither and yon as he designed. Despairing of achieving our purpose during the game, and anxious to ward off the suspicion that might be aroused if I played badly, I compelled myself to devote my attention to rally my pieces. He had moved a knight deep into my territory, but at considerable risk I managed to maneuver my queen to a square where I could checkmate in two moves. In vain!—his canny foresight, anticipating each play many moves in advance, never allowed me time from the defensive for that single move. The major seemed unconcerned

Continued on page 134

BROADWAY FOR THE BOYS

Hats Off to Ice and Carol Lynne

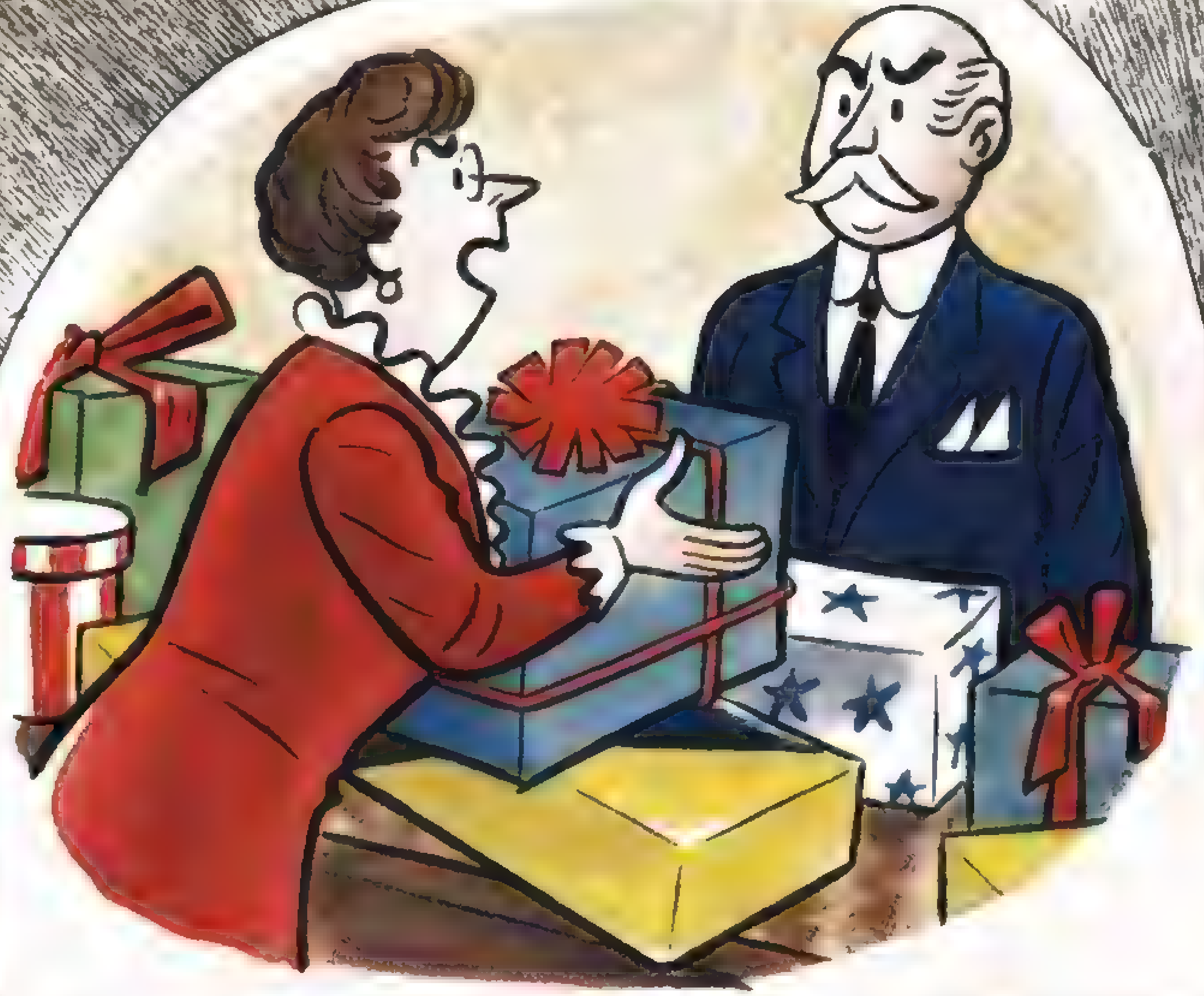
ALTHOUGH you can't see the proverbial dime, Carol Lynne has just come out of a spiral and stopped on it, her fluttering ribbons still following a course of centrifugal force. The eighteen-year-old princess of the ice is currently starring in the Sonja Henie-Arthur Wirtz frosted musical at the Centre Theatre in New York's Radio City, supported by a cast of ninety-two blade maids and men.

A few years ago when producers were toying with ice shows as a novelty that might be good for a season or two, the Centre Theatre went all out and refrigerated itself into a permanent, year-round ice theatre. Preceding shows averaged two-year runs, and *Hats Off to Ice* promises another record, with the steady jingle at the box office topping all other Broadway attractions.

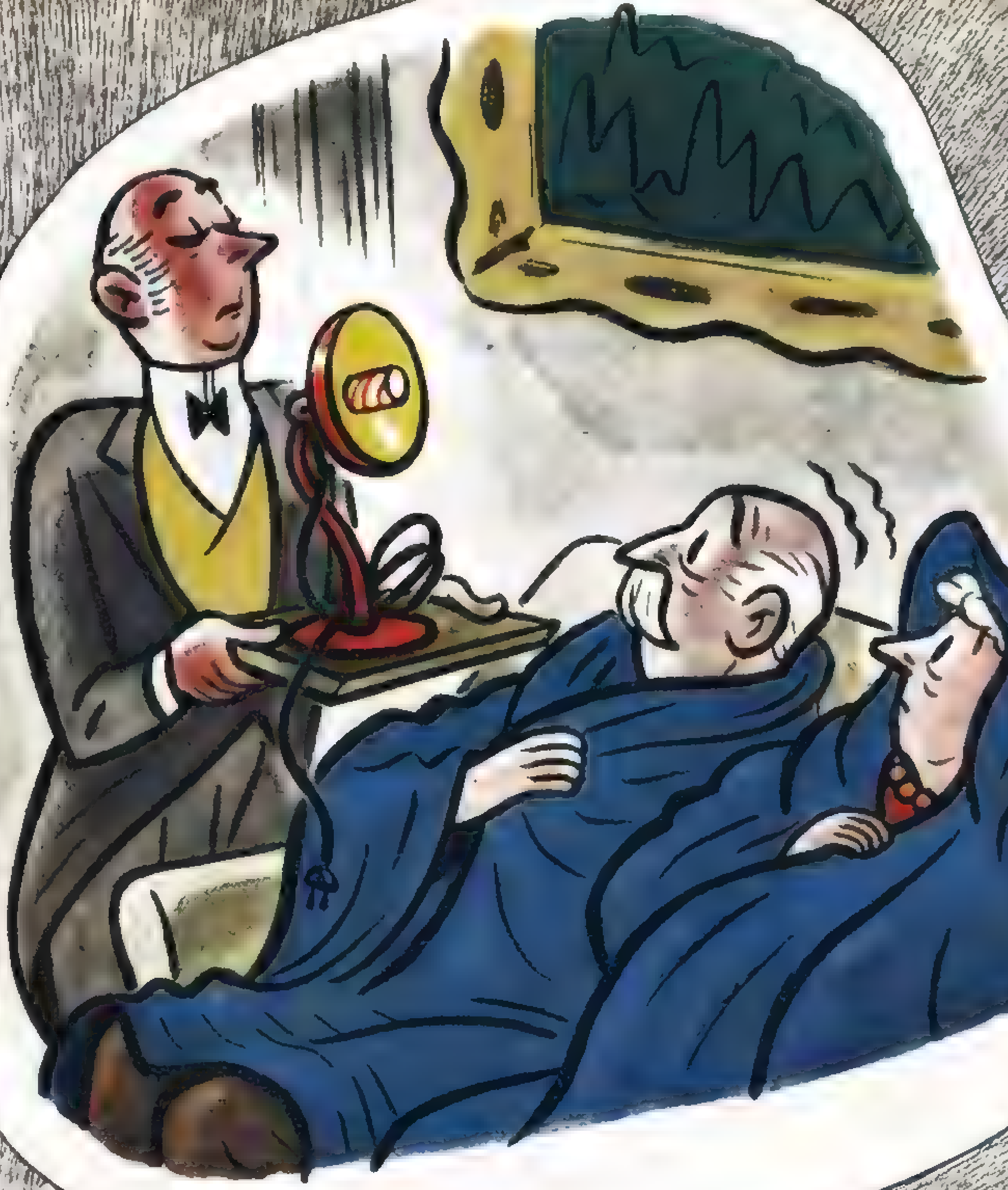
Drama critics may yawn that one ice show is pretty much like another, but the public seems eager for no deviation from formula. However, something new was added with the discovery of Carol Lynne. A stunning beauty with French, Irish and Syrian blood, Carol is the daughter of Nebraska cattle ranchers. She attributes much of her success to the tigress-like strength she developed with ballet training and the fact that she has never known fear. She remembers, at the age of four, following her father in a dive off a twenty-foot cliff into a lake. She's never been shy of the ice, and she's a daring skier on her brief holidays.

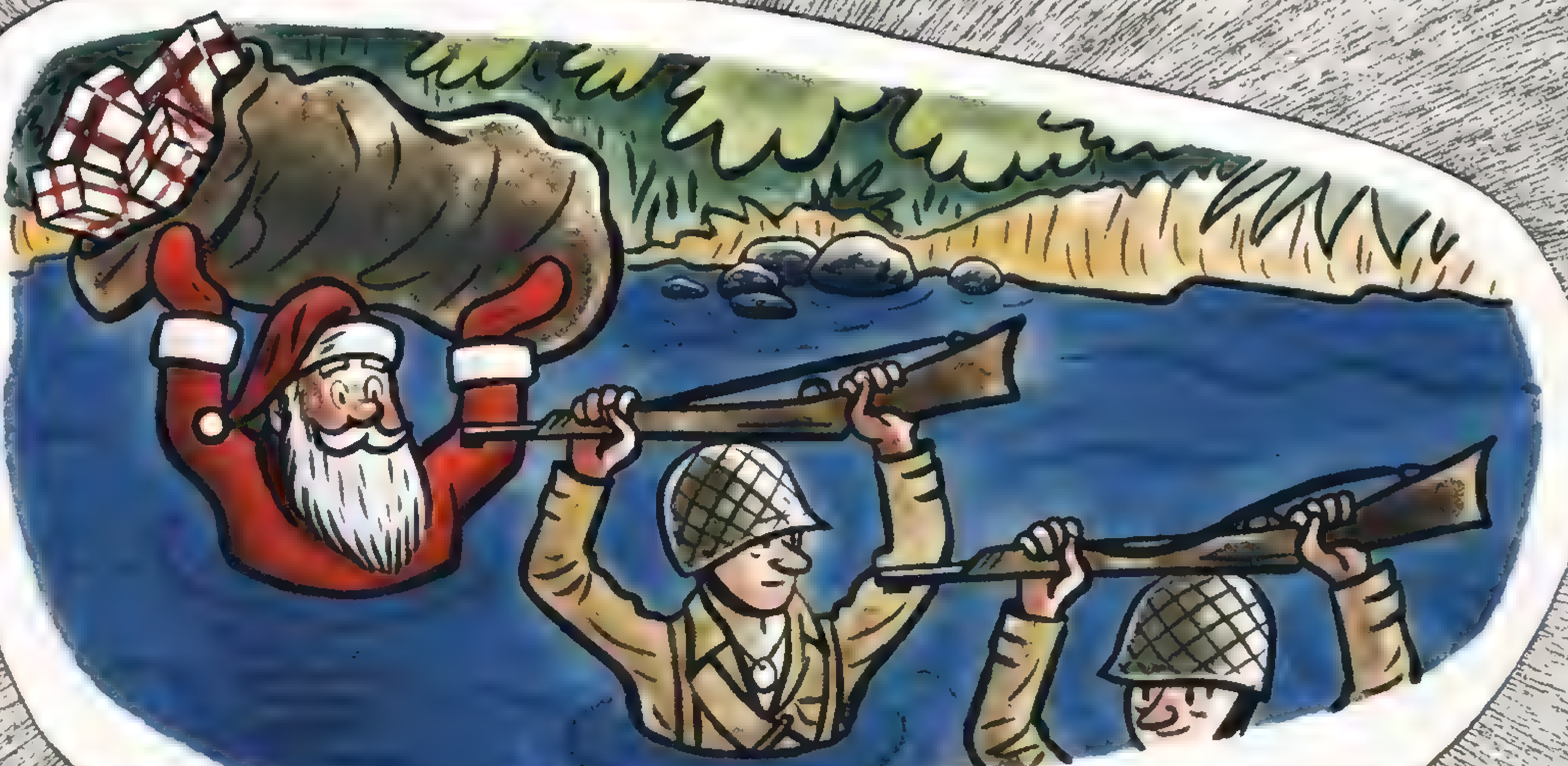
Highly intelligent and approaching this new art with all the seriousness of a Russian *prima ballerina*, Carol is easygoing about everything except her own high standard of excellence of performance and her shoe skates, which cost sixty dollars a pair and must fit like a French kid glove. She continues ballet and music lessons, and spends hours each day on the ice to keep her technique at peak perfection. But besides this, she brings a great gift for pantomime and a dazzling vitality to the show that have won her the star on her dressing room door. As The Flame in the *Slavic Rhapsody* number, she sears the ice with fiery speed and warms the hands of long-applauding audiences.

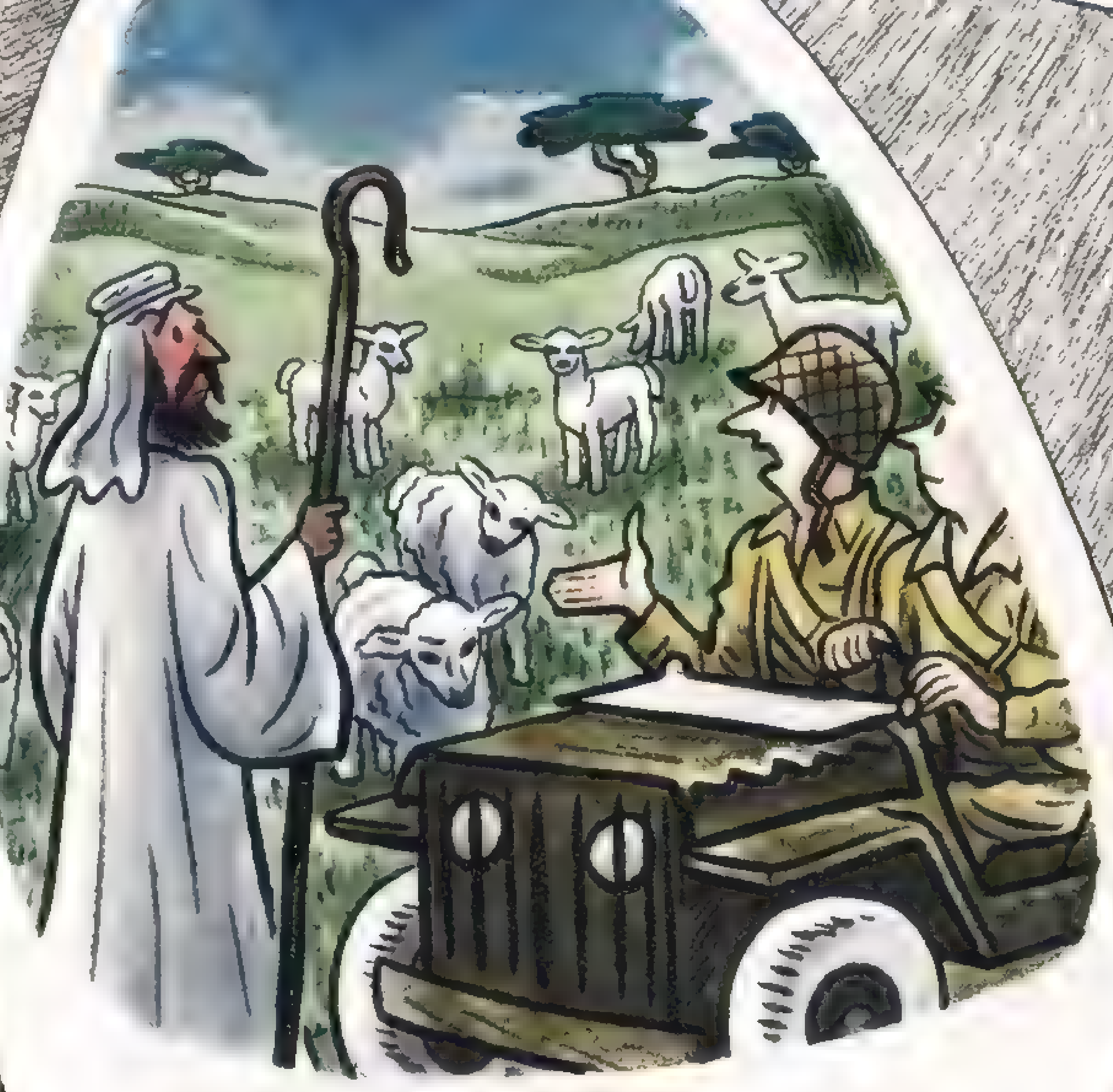
PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES SNYDER



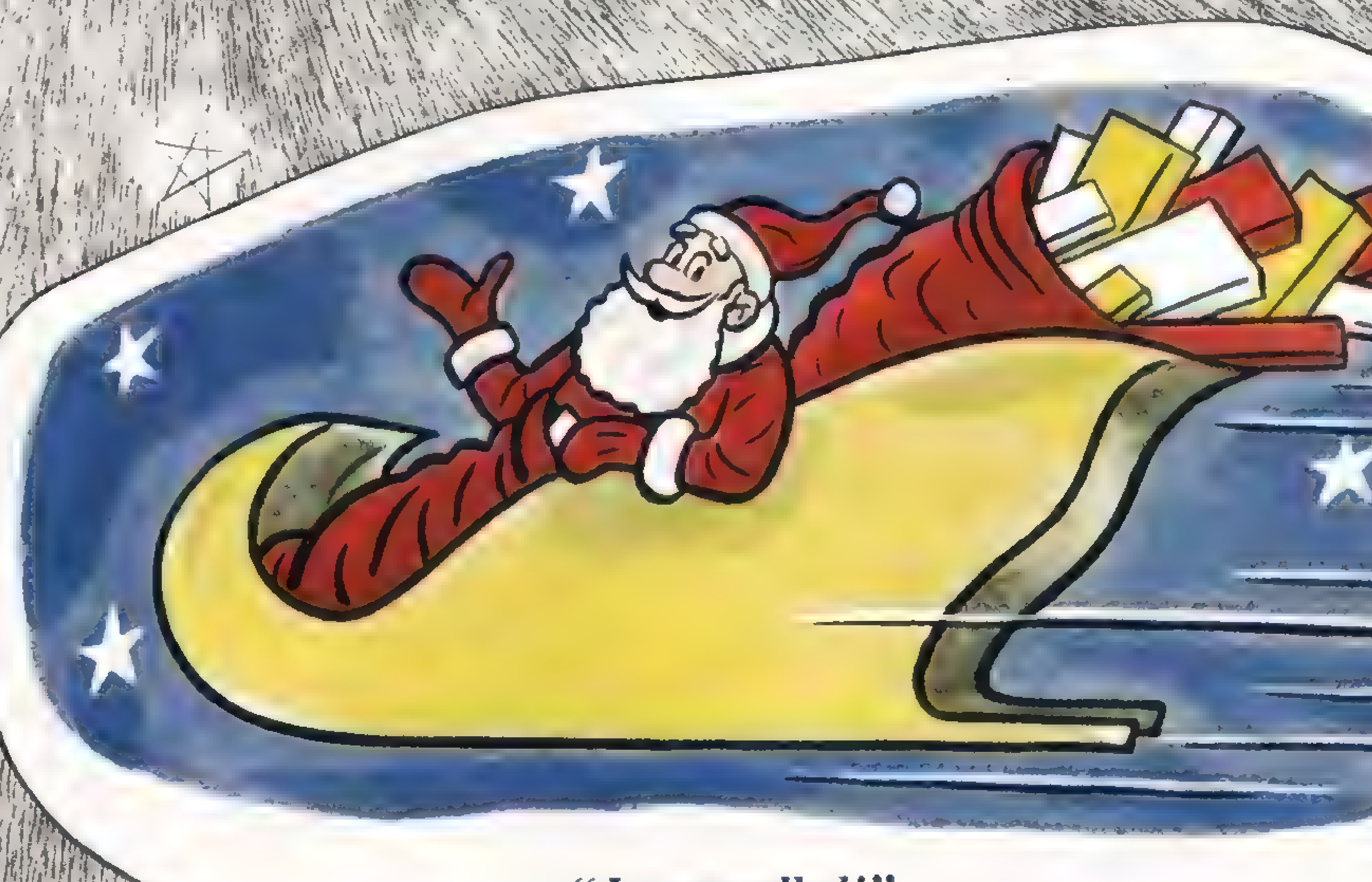
"Did I complain when you squandered several thousand dollars on income taxes—well, did I?"



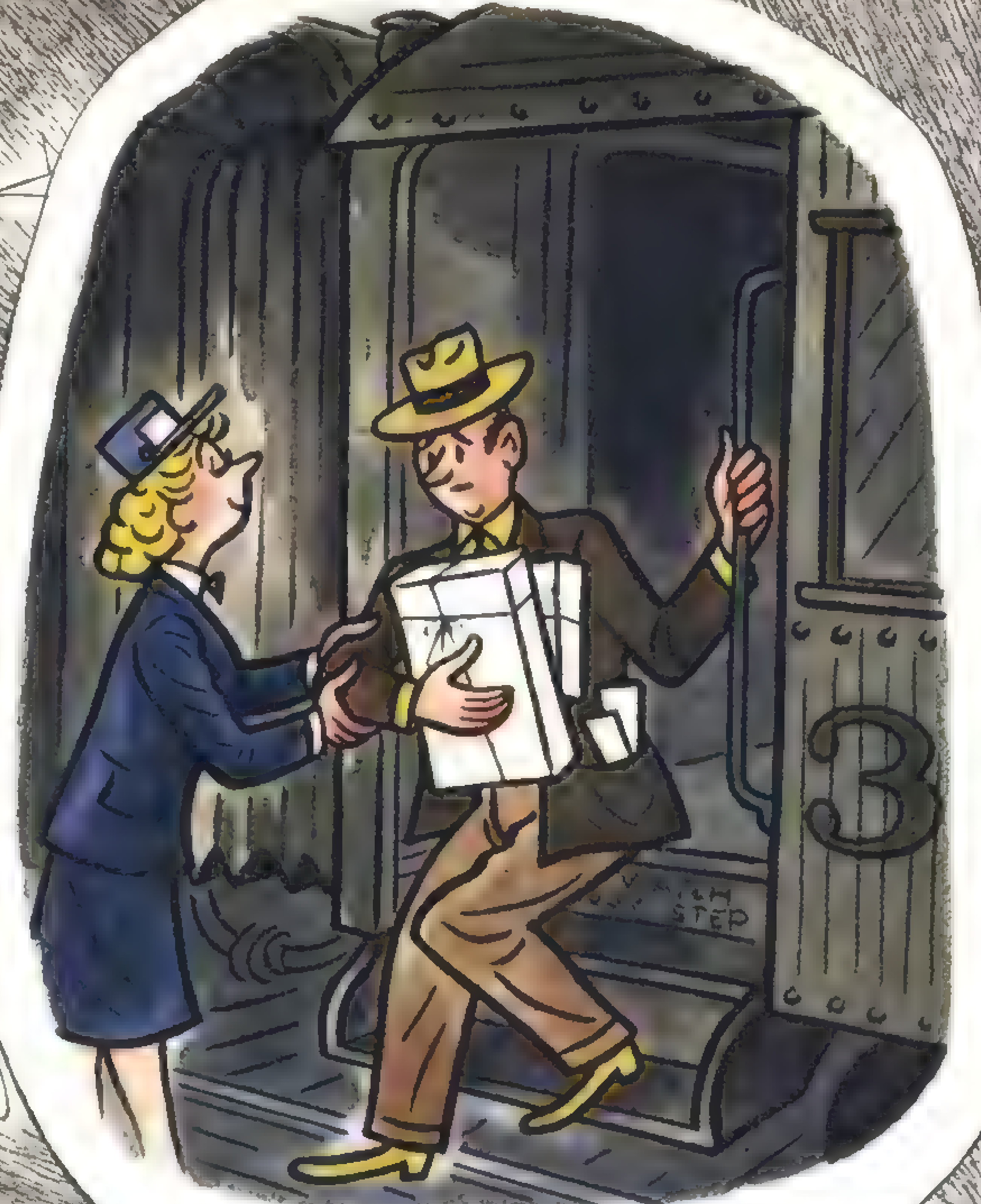




"Hey—which way is Jerusalem?"



"Jet propelled!"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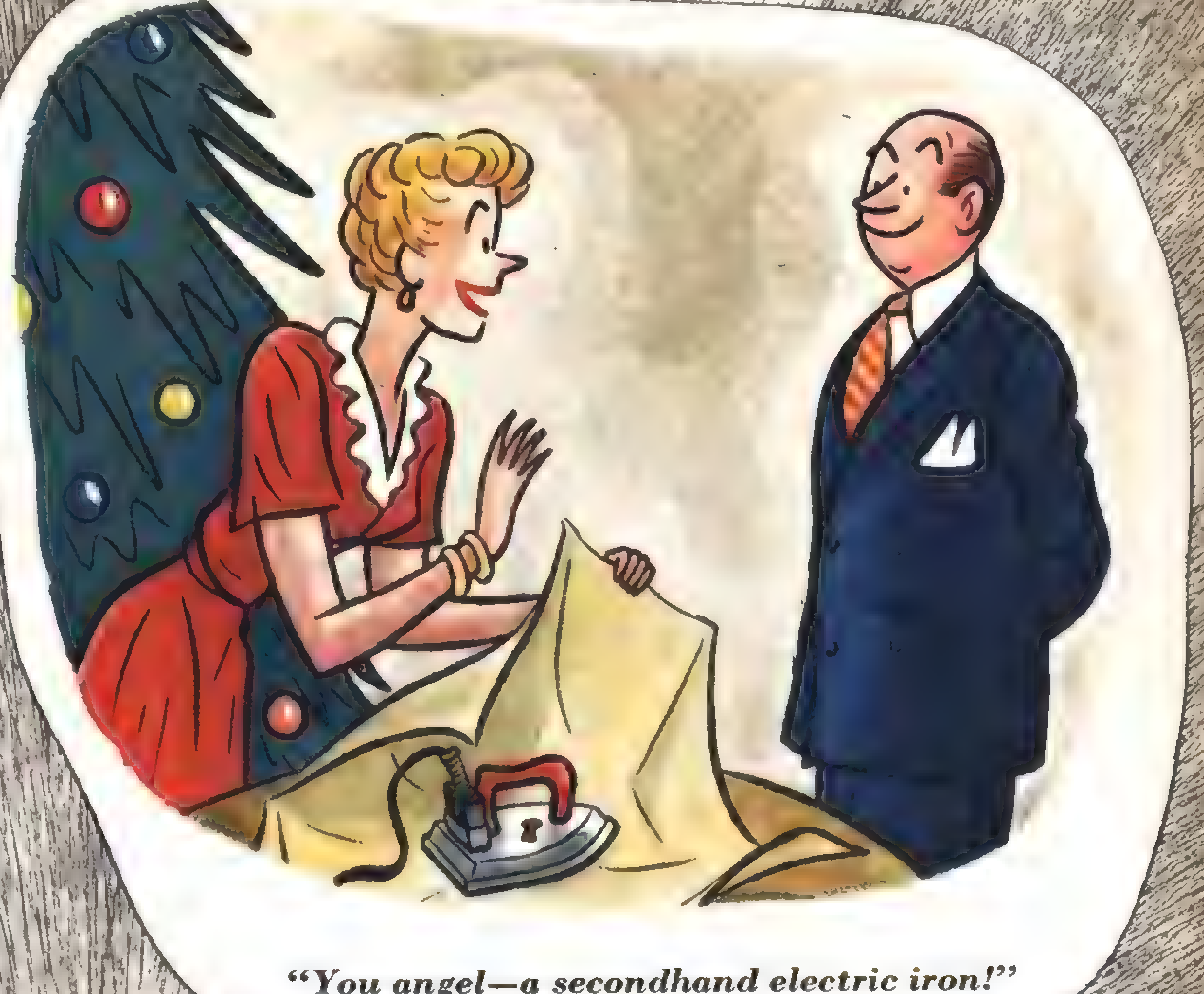
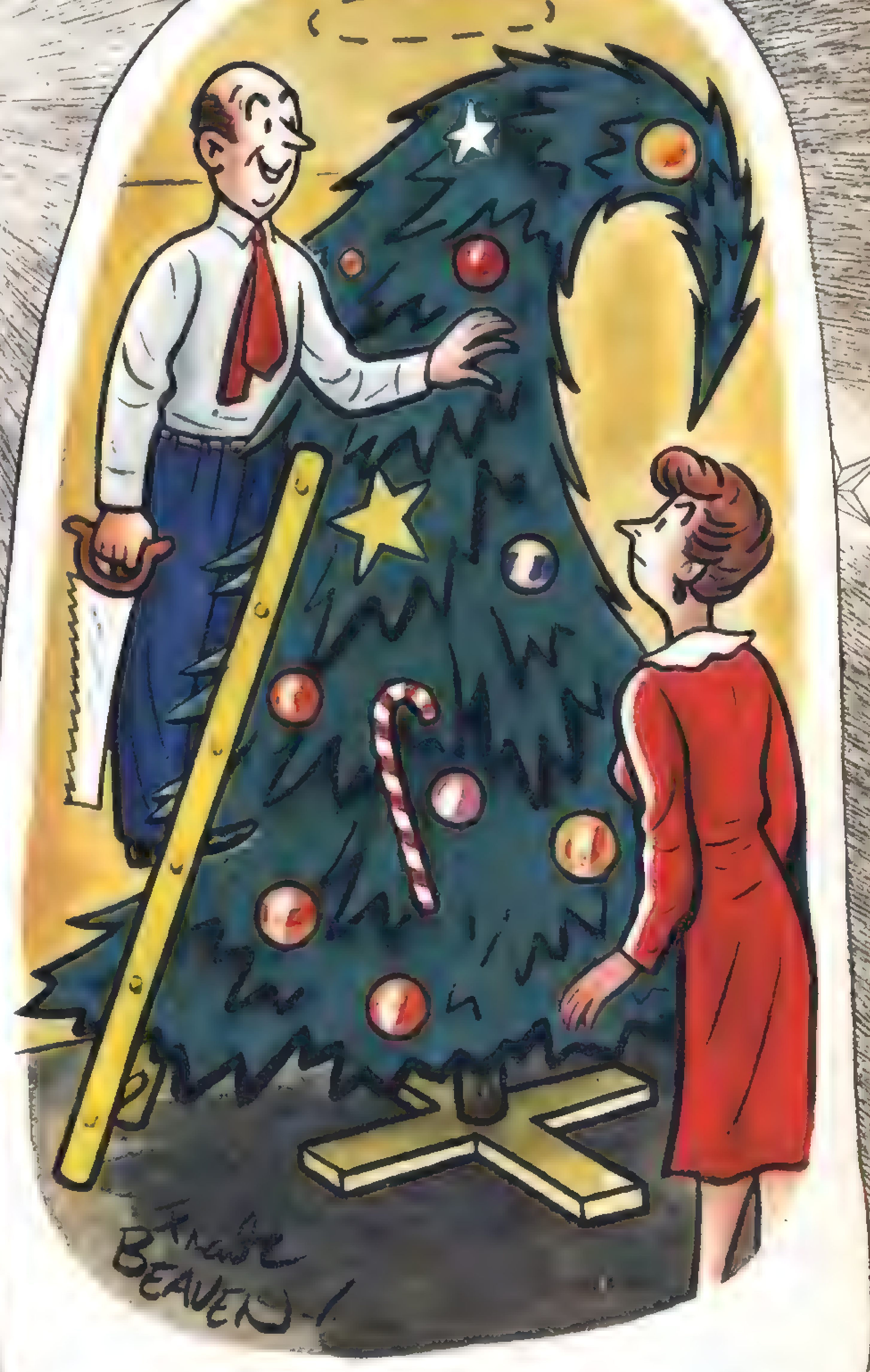
WATCH STEP



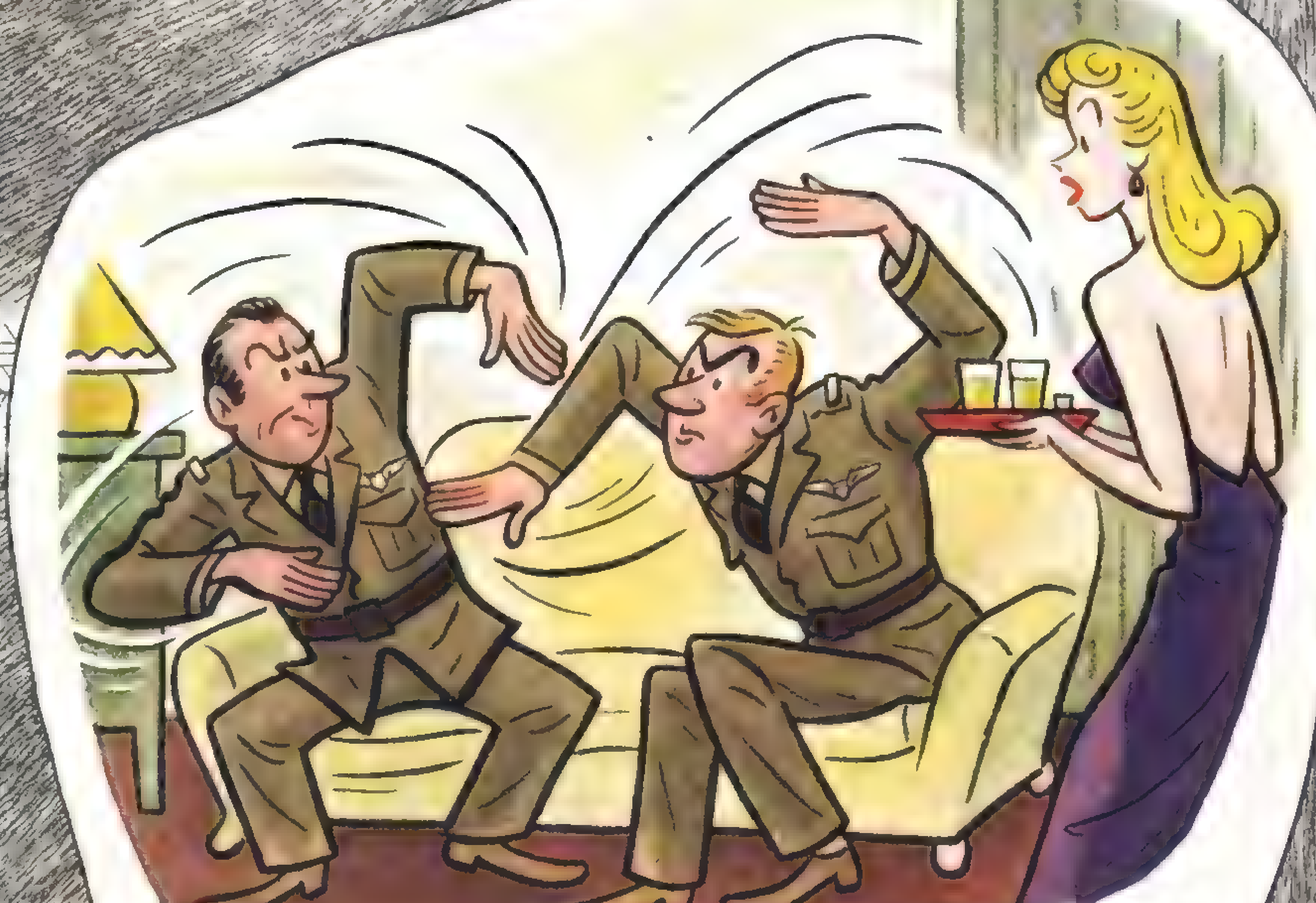
"You angel—a secondhand electric iron!"

Let Nothing You Dismay

by FRANK BEAVEN


FRANK BEAVEN

"Honey, call upstairs and ask the Rogers if they would like to share our tree this year"



"Now what are you two fighting about?"

NORTHWESTERN
Nº33 HOW TO LEARN
VENTRILOQUISM
GO
VINE ST.
BLVD
NBC
CBS
HIR TONIC

Should the Movies Tell?

Capricious Hollywood made a credible picture in *Double Indemnity* but his own mother wouldn't claim *Mark Twain*

by **GILBERT SELDES**

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

You wouldn't think a sane person would work up a movie grudge about Halley's comet, but I did. All through the picture called *The Adventures of Mark Twain* I was gloomy because the picture said Twain was born and died in the space between two visits of the great comet—and I had it firmly set in my obstinate head that the comet arrived every sixty-seven years, whereas Twain lived seventy-five years. I growled and grumbled; I pointed out to myself the significance of Edmund Halley's work; I said, not loudly enough to disturb wife or child or alien co-spectator, that we live in a civilized world today (if we do) because of Halley; because he destroyed superstition, he *proved* that a law governed the movements of the stars; I was quite worked up because I didn't see what advantage the movie got from being wrong on such an easily verifiable point. It was sentimental or romantic or foolish to point out that Twain came with the comet and went with it—but after all!

And then, you know, I looked it up and the movie was right. Absolutely. Twain did arrive and depart with Halley's comet—and I might have remembered it if I had recalled my own vision of the comet—I was younger than Mark Twain—glowing faintly in the evening sky over the back yards and brick houses of a small Philadelphia street. Yes, the movie was right. And, with a few minor exceptions, the rightness about Halley was about the only right thing in it!

Picking out errors and anachronisms in historical pictures is just fun for pedants. I really don't care if they put an 1833 bonnet on a woman in 1832; I care for a generally created atmosphere which is credible; I come wanting to believe and the movies make it hard for me and have people in the Mexican War use Winchell's slang—and still I go. But like Sherwood Anderson's boy, I want to know why. What do they gain by their queer ideas?

Let me give you an example from Mark Twain (and this time it isn't Halley's comet and this time I knew I was right and I've looked it up to be certain). There is a great book by Mark Twain called *Life on the Mississippi;* Twain, the last German Kaiser and I all agree that it is his best work. The opening chapters tell how the young man learned the river; nothing could be more appealing than the misery and mystification of young Sam as the pilot Bixby "learns" him—the thousands of bends and headlands and chutes and shoals to remember, the points, the landings, the channels; there is a moment of supreme comic despair when Sam learns that after he has memorized the river by day he must memorize it by night—and even then it won't be the same two trips running! This is a good story—and if we had had it properly given us, hearing Sam tell it in lordly fashion to a newcomer, might have been funny; but the movie made Sam the teacher in the first place! It also gave to Sam the heroic adventure of driving the boat over the sandbar, which actually happened to Bixby. And so help me God, it found somewhere a new derivation of the name Mark Twain.

I am, I repeat, no pedant. But "Mark Twain"! If he is part of American life, as I fondly believe, why the hell can't the movies at least treat him with the respect he deserves—I mean that they have already made money out of him, and they do respect money. In *Life on the Mississippi* there is a passage using the phrase "mark twain." The budding pilot is alone at the wheel and soundings are taken going from "deep four" down to "mark three" and "quarter-less three" and "half-twain" to "mark twain." You can see with half an eye that twain means two there—it is the next descending numeral after four and three, isn't it? And at the cry of "mark twain!" the boy pilot reports, "I was helpless." In short, he thought he was going to ground the boat on the shoals—at the shout of "mark twain."

And in this picture, a Negro takes the soundings and positively sings a spiritual with the words "Mark twain—SAFE WATER!" I wish the immortal spirit of Mark Twain could return to say his say.

Maybe he would comment on the fact that in the picture he not only writes the story of the Jumping Frog—it happens to him; it's his partner who drops lead into a frog. Well, they needed to make Twain the hero of the picture, so forgive them. But what do you think is most important about the story? I'll tell you. It is published, in paper after paper, right next to the war news—that's the Civil War—and Twain becomes a national figure because he has done so much to give a nation something to laugh at in the midst of the war. The Civil War ended on April 9th, 1865. The Jumping Frog, according to Mark Twain himself, was published in 1865. No. I'm afraid the fact is that Twain scooted west, with a reasonable excuse, and kept out of war as far as he could, and his services in the way of humor were negligible.

Maybe you've heard of the dinner where Twain told a slightly ribald story about Emerson, Longfellow and Whittier—or three miners by those names—coming to his cabin drunk. Twain told it at a big literary dinner where the Brahmins were present; they were not amused. My recollection is that so little attention was paid to the event that for long after people weren't sure whether it had actually happened. In this picture the next day's newspapers—every one of them—give a seven-column headline to it and announce that Twain was, as far as reputation went, a dead dog.

Why? Or, in plain language, what the hell for? No one forces a movie company to do a picture about Mark Twain; the choice is made—if anyone is looking after the company's cash, or credit—after knowing that a picture lies in the material. Why not go to the material then, and use it? For a movie, Twain's was "a good life," at least a good risk. Every once in a while the script writer caught a glimpse of the riches in the story and fled like a wailing banshee into some silliness, some stock situation.

Now compare a melodrama called *Double Indemnity.* It is from a book by James M. Cain who was scared by the Snyder-Gray case when he was a child and has never recovered. Here's a tough story; one essential in it, the frightening sexual hold which the woman has over the man, cannot be shown because Will Hays doesn't believe that there is anything in the rumor that men and women love one another. But Billy Wilder has managed to hint at something of what Cain had in the book by showing a slave bracelet around Stanwyck's ankle, and Raymond Chandler helped with half a line of dialogue. The critics felt that the insurance salesman wasn't adequately motivated—he helped a woman kill her

Continued in center of page 122

◆ ESQUIREGRAPH No. 3—EDGAR BERGEN

E. J. BERGEN, known also as Edgar (Frankenstein) Bergen, is a leading promoter of Swedish-American good will in the U. S. A. In recognition of the ventriloquist's activities as a practicing diplomat without portfolio, King Gustav of Sweden recently made Bergen a Knight of Vasa.

Sir Edgar, as Bergen is now called off-air by his monstrous little creation—Charlie McCarthy—still remains, despite all the honors heaped upon his thinning pate, an easygoing, unaffected coffee salesman. In 1936, when the modern Frankenstein invaded the national consciousness via the kilocycles, Bergen's success went straight to McCarthy's head and remained there. Actually, Bergen's personality traits are more nearly reflected in Mortimer Snerd.

It is McCarthy's theory that, if it weren't for him, Bergen today would be hanging around Hollywood's Sunset Boulevard and Vine Street, at liberty instead of promoting Swedish-American good will by way of the N.B.C. web. McCarthy points out that when he and Bergen entertain servicemen the G.I.'s clamor for the monocled monster, not Frankenstein. Thus McCarthy regards Bergen, a Northwestern University alumnus, with about the same degree of contempt he reserves for Snerd, his brother-under-the-bark. Snerd, like Bergen's latest creation—the kittenish dame of uncertain age with men on her mind—is an ever-present threat to McCarthy as number one on Bergen's lap.

Bergen, born in Chicago forty odd years ago of Swedish immigrants, today enjoys an affluence made sweeter by years of performances, with McCarthy, in tank towns coast to coast. Before meeting Frances Westerman he remained a bachelor so long, according to one school of thought, because marriage to him would entail a union with McCarthy as well. Bergen would be the last to deny his dependence upon his wooden associate who was patterned two decades ago after a Chicago urchin with red hair. When Bergen has a nightmare it usually begins with a quarrel over money, during which he refuses to raise McCarthy's allowance from a quarter to a half dollar a week, and ends with Charlie announcing, "So help me, Bergen, I'll never open my mouth again!"—Alan Hynd.

PHOTOCOLLAGE BY RAVITZ-PALAZZO

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Song of Norway evokes thoughts on the skepticism of New York critics toward hits in the West, the Hub and elsewhere

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

THEATRE

Nothing since the Fatty Arbuckle case so excited the Los Angeles intelligentsia as the show *Song of Norway*. The circumstance that it utilized the music of Grieg in place of that of some composer who supplies the tunes for Universal films had the town and its environs agog, and the theatre in which it was shown drew crowds almost as large as a Louis B. Mayer swimming pool party. The sensation it caused was enormous, of a piece with the world première of a Betty Hutton epic at Grauman's Chinese mosque or an edible hamburger. And the box-office receipts were so staggering that the theatre treasurer, who hadn't seen more than relative chicken feed since *The Merry Widow* last played there some years before with a cast including six bloodhounds, concluded upon surveying the marquee that Grieg must be some famous Scandinavian movie actor, like Garbo.

San Francisco, which ordinarily looks down upon Los Angeles and contiguous Hollywood as having been founded by Chic Sale, nevertheless followed suit in its apt admiration of the show. And it similarly played there to audiences of such proportions that they not only had to place extra chairs in the aisles but found it necessary to seat part of the overflow on the lemonade counter in the rear promenade and, on one packed Saturday night, on the ushers' shoulders.

Appreciating the taste of Los Angeles, which is such that something like *The Drunkard* has run for twelve successive years, and further appreciating that San Francisco, for all its many other unquestioned high virtues has been the birthplace of plays like *Slightly Scandalous*, *Slightly Married*, *That Old Devil* and numerous other such Mickey Finns, it was to be expected that the show would come to New York under what the late Abe Erlanger was wont to describe as a severe hiccup, or, in the loftier terminology of the bookies, handicup.

New York is like that, and not merely in respect to such centers of culture as the two named. New York is snobbish, takes nothing for granted, and likes to make up its own mind. Let Boston whoop up a new play or show and proclaim it nectar for the gods and New York will promptly assume an air of tony skepticism and grimly await its advent with fingers crossed. And the same in the case of Chicago, Philadelphia, or almost any other city.

There is, however, something to be said for New York's attitude. With the exception of *The Voice of the Turtle*, no play which in recent seasons has been to Boston's fervid taste has duplicated its measure of success there in Manhattan. Chicago's taste, reflected in the great success of such things as *My Dear Children* and the like, has generally been found by New York audiences to be dark brown. Philadelphia's gushing endorsement of a play most often portends Cain's storehouse. And nothing in the way of drama that has emanated from the West Coast in some years now and that has been hailed with favor there has been received in New York with other than critical Bronx noises.

Anyone onto the antics of the critical trade will naturally expect that all this leads up to an old O. Henry surprise twist and that *Song of Norway*, though a whirlwind on the West Coast, will be said to have turned out an equal whirlwind in New York. But, while it has turned out to be an equal whirlwind in the instance of the box office and has a line of customers, as I write this, extending down the block, it didn't quite blow the West Coast's New York critical brothers out of their seats with an equal enthusiasm. In point of fact, it was greeted, except for a few of the chronic hurrah boys, rather placidly. There were good notices for the Grieg musical arrangements and for the principals, notably Irra Petina and a delightful newcomer named Helena Bliss, but the book came in for some very saucy words, the ballet numbers got a fairly chill eye, and the enterprise in its entirety was labeled old-fashioned. As such shows go, it impressed your own recorder as pleasant sentimental pastime when the unimaginative and dull ballet business didn't horn in and spoil things, and he thought the musical arrangements and the singing wholly applaudable. He also esteemed Madame Petina as a droll operatic comédienne and Miss Bliss as an all-around prize-package, and he liked a new comic named Sig Arno. But when it comes to all that furor out in Los Angeles and San Francisco, he is still wondering, albeit imperceptibly.

He is also now ready to call it a day for the plots and ballet doings of all these operettas dealing with the lives, loves and labors of composers. The plots, with very slight variations, are generally so alike that, if you are given to that foul habit, you can tell your neighbor everything that is going to happen ten minutes after the first curtain has risen. The composer hero, be he Schubert, Chopin, Strauss, Grieg or anyone else, will duly, you know, first appear as a poor and humble young man, dressed in something that looks as if he had inherited it from a defunct great-uncle. His genius will not be recognized except by a young girl whom the librettist has carelessly forgotten to supply with lines suggesting that she knows anything about music and who somehow seems to believe that any man with what she describes as soulful eyes is another Beethoven. This young fair one, upon observing him move his fingers over a keyboard while an off-stage player piano obligingly performs his job for him or upon hearing him sing one of his melodies off-key, forthwith falls in love with him, the while her parents stand to one side growling their objections to the pauper as a son-in-law.

At this point, enter the Countess, dressed like a couple of million dollars. Laying an eye upon the young composer and appreciating his physical contours, the Countess now gets to work, and in due time, through the exercise of one wile or another, has him in her toils. The young girl is naturally heartbroken, since she is a simple innocent and cannot compete with the grand, worldly lady and, watching her adored exit arm in arm with the latter, stands forlorn on the stage gulping a snatch of melancholious song.

Time passes and the composer, now grey at the temples, has come into fame and wealth and is the awe of the chorus girls dressed up as ladies of great social station. But he is not happy. The Countess has begun to get on his nerves and his thoughts are of the simple little maiden he left behind. *Oh, Heart of Mine Youth, Where Are You?* he sings, and when he finishes and looks around, be the scene laid ten thousand miles from his old home, who should be standing there with eyes shyly lowered but our little loved one! The rest takes no guessing.

As for the ballet business. While now and then a ballet number incorporated into one of the operettas may have some authentic grace and beauty, three out of every four, particularly when they attempt something in the form of symbolism, as in one case in this *Song of Norway*, are pretty severe on the eye. The spectacle of a lot of fairly hideous young women in gauzy costumes and with legs muscled like Tom Sharkey's floating around the stage like so many spirituelle Saratoga trunks under the impression that they are symbolizing the spring breezes kissing the meadows is hardly conducive to any aesthetic response. And when these same

"Gallantry above and beyond the call of duty"

women teeter about on their big toes apparently to no other purpose than to prove to us that they have labored for years to be able to do the trick, the aesthetic response is akin to that induced by the spectacle of an old-time German vaudeville acrobat balancing himself on his right ear.

I have discoursed once before in these pages on the subject of most ballet dancers' legs and bespeak your indulgence if I pursue the topic just a little further.

The widespread notion that it is impossible for a ballet dancer to retain the slim contours of her legs because of the strainful exercises which her long training and work impose upon her is apparently not true. Some months ago I had the pleasure of meeting Alicia Markova, to my mind the best and most charming of all the ballerinas, and simultaneously had the added pleasure of observing that her legs were as beautifully slim as a little girl's. Lest she deem me ill-mannered and impudent, I allowed sufficient time to pass, say about a minute, before I asked her how she, of almost all other ballet dancers, had contrived to keep them so.

"There is no reason in the world why ballet dancers must arbitrarily have knottv legs," she told me. "The reason they have them is that most of them have not learned the proper means of elevation. They use their legs as levers, thus putting all the muscular strain on them and overdeveloping them, when they should use their upper back and shoulder muscles. That is and has always been my own method of training and, as a consequence, my legs are exactly the same as when I first took up my dancing career."

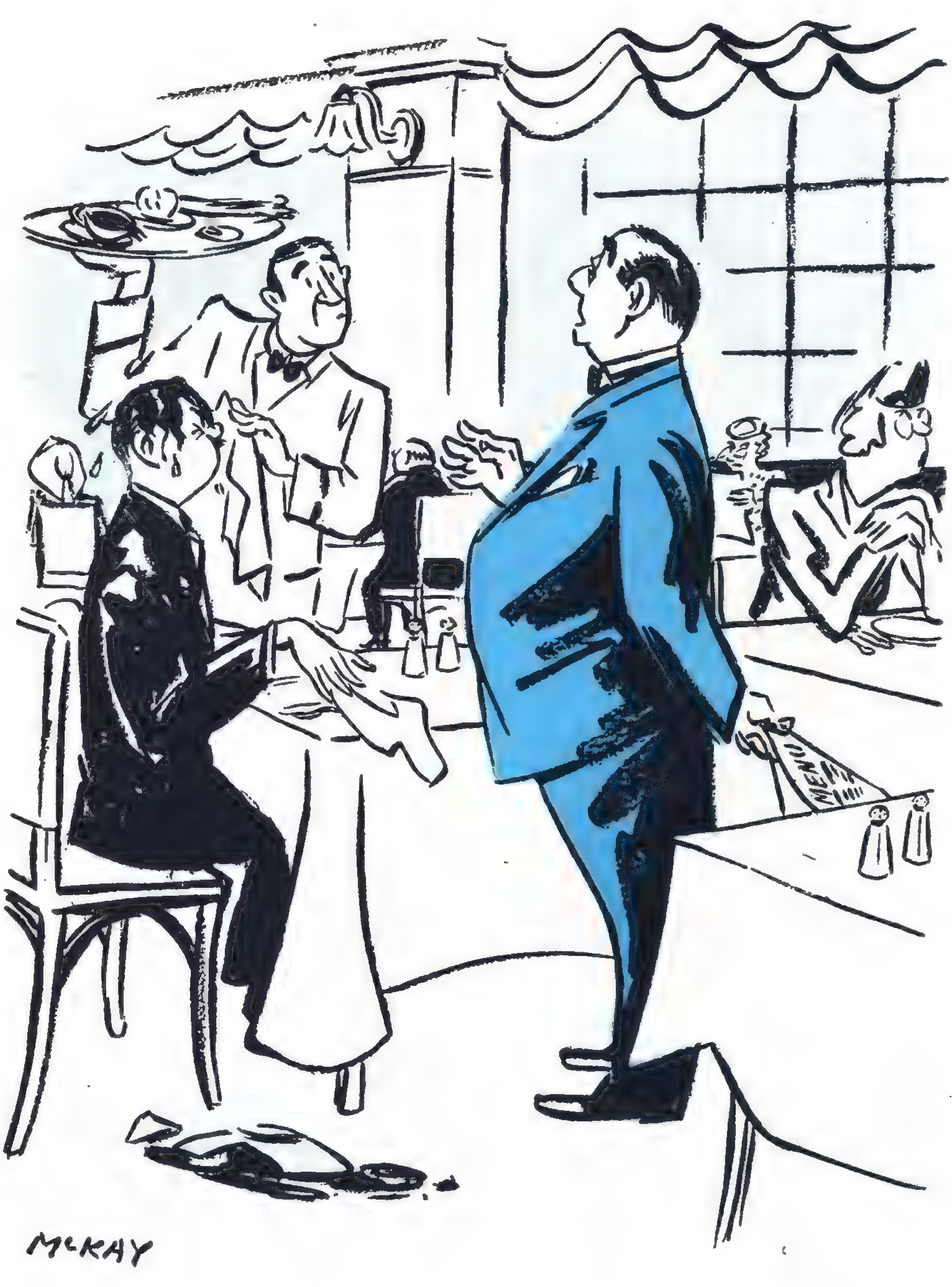
II.

If Philip Yordan's *Anna Lucasta* had been acted by blacked-up whites in place of blacks it would not, I believe, have seemed one tenth so good as it did, even if the white actors had been infinitely superior to the black. There is something about Negro players that lends a peculiar air of authenticity to Negro drama even if authenticity is greatly lacking, which is more by a long shot than may be said of the white drama. An audience often takes things for granted in the former instance which in the latter it would bless with spitballs.

Consider the exhibit in question. Its plot is the superannuated one about the prostitute who tries her hand at the respectable life, finds the shadow of the past in her way, gives up the battle and returns to the life of sin. That plot alone in this Year of Our Lord, if merchanted by a white cast, would be enough to discourage almost any audience. Add to the plot such stale appurtenances as the innocent yokel who, knowing nothing of the girl's past life, would take her for wife; the former lover who would tempt her back to the old ways; the hard-boiled prostitute with the good heart who befriends her; the business in the waterfront dive with the heroine in the depths of despair and ordering up drink after drink to drown her unhappiness; and all the other items they suggest, and the audience, unless an awful storm were going on outside, would have some difficulty restraining itself from the theatre's exits. But not when the actors are Negroes. It then, in the words of someone seated behind me, "all seems so different and so real."

What's more, I agree, at least in a noncritical capacity. The play, which is only a fairish version of the theatre-worn tale, actually often seemed pretty good in the hands of Negroes. To a considerable portion of the audience, including several of the reviewers, it seemed, indeed, a genuine masterpiece. As witness, for example, the thrilled reaction of Burton Rascoe of the *World-Telegram*. "In my opinion," wrote that gentleman, "*Anna Lucasta* is the most important event in our native American drama in twenty years. It is not only top-notch theatre, with some of the finest acting that has ever been seen on Broadway, but is the first American play, designed for an all-Negro cast, to treat of Negro life without a certain amused condescension; the first play of Negro life to recognize the fact that Negroes are individuals," etc.

Thus, at one swoop, the colored evening so overcame our friend that all the other contributions to the American drama in the last two decades, including the best works of Eugene O'Neill and everybody else of any merit, went plumb into the wastebasket. The only grain of consoling thought was that our friend's acquaintance with the drama didn't appear to be too exact, since, far from being the first American play designed for an all-Negro cast to treat of Negro life without a certain amused condescension, etc., it had been preceded by a lengthy list embracing, among others, *Goat Alley*, *Mighty Wind a-Blowin'*, *Big White Fog*, *How Come, Lawd*, *Run*, *Little Chillun*, *Roseanne*, *Roll*, *Sweet Chariot* and certain plays by Langston Hughes, Abram Hill, et al. And, to all relevant intents and purposes, *Mamba's Daughters*, with but one white in a cast of twenty-two; *In Abraham's Bosom*, in essence all-Negro; etc. ⵌ



"Come, come, Hascom—it isn't necessary to apologize!"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

A report on the marts of literature, bright sayings of the *cognoscenti* and books for harried Christmas shoppers

by **BENNETT CERF**

▪ BOOKS ▪

There is nothing wrong with the publishing business today that a little more paper won't cure. The year 1944 has been a dream world for publishers. Once they worried about how many copies of their books they dared print. Today they worry about how few they can get away with. The most widely quoted quip of the year concerns the publisher who read front-page reviews of his latest publication, clapped his hand to his head and groaned, "My God, we've got another best-seller on our hands!"

Everything considered, the standard for the year hasn't been bad. A few standouts in fiction have made up for the lackluster quality of the general run. A steady stream of magnificent reports from the fighting fronts has emphasized the chief contribution of the book business in this war. Books have filled in the gaps that frenzied newspaper editors, pressed for time and space and acting under a rigid if voluntary censorship, could not help leaving behind. Authors and publishers have lent substance this year to the President's declaration that "books, too, are bullets."

Booksellers and librarians have kept pace with the publishers, performing miracles in digging up strictly rationed books for insistent patrons, laying the groundwork for a substantially increased scope and clientele in days to come. Asked how he handled the current rush, one bookseller explained, "I open my doors at nine—and jump out of the way." Ten million boys in service are being exposed to new books through the medium of the Armed Services Editions (supplied without charge by the government). If only five per cent of them preserve their interest in books after the war, the potential market of the publishing industry is doubled. Add to that the hundreds of new book outlets which have been developed by expansion of the quarter and forty-nine-cent markets and you can understand why the publishing business, as a whole, is sitting on top of the world.

Here are a few literary highlights of the year now drawing to a close—a random list that may make an Esquire Christmas shopper's problems a little easier.

Lloyd Douglas' *The Robe* continues a great best-seller for a second year—a question mark to optimists who like to think the public taste has left Gene Stratton Porter far behind. Dozens of outraged readers protested when *Life* Magazine omitted *The Robe* from a list of great books of two decades. The producers of *The Robe* in Hollywood have announced a four-million-dollar budget for their enterprise, thereby humiliating David Selznick, who only spent three and a half million on *Since You Went Away*. Despite the furor, I suggest that if you like a novel with religious overtones, you stick to Sholem Asch's superb *The Nazarene* and *The Apostle*, or Thomas Mann's *Joseph the Provider*. By the time this article appears, Dr. A. J. Cronin's *The Green Years* will be published, too, and undoubtedly soaring to the top of the fiction tabulations.

In about the same class with *The Robe* is Elizabeth Goudge's *Green Dolphin Street*. This is the novel that won M-G-M's prize contest, an elaborate and cumbersome device that enabled the studio to buy for 150,000 dollars a property it undoubtedly could have snagged in the open market for about a third as much. Miss Goudge's highly moral and overwritten romance is sure-fire, however, for readers who like a long, meaty tale with lots of action and a colorful background. Other books in the same category—and, to my mind, superior in literary quality—are Tom Costain's *Ride with Me* and Samuel Hopkins Adams's *Canal Town*. The newest are Kathleen Winsor's *Forever Amber* and Inglis Fletcher's *Lusty Wind for Carolina*. The former in particular has astronomical sales possibilities. Be careful whom you give one of these historical romances. Many people share the prejudice of a small-town movie exhibitor who wrote to his distributor, "Damn it all, don't send me no more of those fancy pictures where the heroes write with a feather!"

Two American war novels that surpass by far anything that came out of the last conflict are *A Bell for Adano* and *A Walk in the Sun*. No matter how little you like war fiction, these are two books you simply must not miss. Runners-up in this category are *Valley of the Sky*, *Limit of Darkness* and *Shore Leave*. The outstanding biography of the year is Catherine Drinker Bowen's *Yankee from Olympus*, the story of Justice Holmes, but a more timely subject is *The Gentleman from Massachusetts*, Karl Schriftgiesser's life of Henry Cabot Lodge, the man who torpedoed the League of Nations. "There are those who feel," says the author, "that Lodge's real memorial was the surge of death that roared across Europe in 1939, the great catastrophe that we call the second world war."

Somerset Maugham and Aldous Huxley, probably the greatest living English novelists, have contributed new books to the fall lists, and if neither *The Razor's Edge* nor *Time Must Have a Stop* ranks with their very best, they certainly will provide a rare treat to anybody who still appreciates sparkling dialogue and impeccable craftsmanship. Huxley is one of the few writers of our day who can describe a character as "brilliant" and then proceed to prove his point by the lines he gives the character to say. He still does not seem able to depict a believable female. I defy the most avid Huxley enthusiast to show me one thoroughly rounded, flesh-and-blood woman in any of his books. Incidentally, he just signed a new picture contract; a Hollywood trade paper headlined the story "Al Huxley renewed." Also incidentally, this would be the perfect time to reissue *Brave New World*. Some of Huxley's most delightful fancies are contained in that book, and world history today makes them more delectable.

Most promising of the new American novelists introduced this year is Joseph S. Pennell whose tumultuous and lusty *History of Rome Hanks* has been quite correctly compared with the earlier writings of Thomas Wolfe. The Smith girls have come into their own—Lillian with the impressive *Strange Fruit*, and Betty with her rollicking *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*. Jean Stafford's *Boston Adventure* is an arresting novelization of "the home of the bean and the cod, where the Cabots speak only to Lowells, and the Lowells speak only to God." Gwethalyn Graham's *Earth and High Heaven* makes an engrossing story of a subject laden with dynamite—the marriage of a Gentile and a Jew. The Writers' War Board is thumping hard for this one. *Ship to Shore* is a representative tale of the sea by the knowing William McFee. *Cluny Brown* is a hilarious and heart-warming frolic by the author of *The Nutmeg Tree*. Of all the books mentioned here,

Continued on page 172

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VITAMIN
VITAMIN PLUS
VITAMIN TABLETS
ABCDEFGHI
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VITA
SPECIAL
SOAP
Angelo

"We'll have to push these vitamins a little faster, McChortle"

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Esquire's Folio of Holiday Gifts

1. Broadcloth shirt, striped tie, gold clip. 2. Hat by gift certificate. 3. Tartan cashmere muffler. 4. Cotton handkerchief. 5. Pigskin links. 6, 7. Gold chains. 8. Straight tip shoes. 9. Rayon and wool socks. 10-13. Figured and plain fabric and cordovan braces. 14, 15. Belts. 16. Traveling writing set and pen and pencil set. 17. Bill clip. 18-20. Wrist watches. 21, 22. Collar bars and tie holders. 23. Toiletries. 24. Wool-lined gloves. 25. Alligator wallet. 26-28. Rayon and silk ties. 29. Cologne. 30. Convenient set of shave soap, powder and lotion.

(For answers to any queries, send stamped addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Avenue, New York City, 17.)

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all weather friends 1. Processed cotton raincoat and red woolen scarf. 2. Leather flight jacket with alpaca pile lining and slide fastener closure. 3. Compact toilet kit, especially for men in Armed Forces. 4. Barometer. 5. Printed rayon robe. 6. Plain rayon pajamas. 7. Gin rummy set in leather case. 8. Wooden clogs for shower room. 9. Soft sole moccasin slippers. 10. Tartan wool shirt, blue wool tie and clip. 11. Lotion, soap and powder. 12. Shetland sweater with round neck opening. 13. Sun glasses in a leather case. 14. Sail repair kit. 15. A pair of wool-lined buckskin gloves. 16. A folding furlough bag in case. 17. After shave lotion and powder in ceramic containers.

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the feminine touch 1. Red and gold evening jacket. 2. Printed rayon scarf. 3. Plaid case fitted with cosmetics. 4. Flannel robe with satin trim. 5. Wide leather belt. 6. Daché. 7. Red leather cigarette case. 8. Matchabelli. 9. Coty. 10. Sumatra. 11. Suzanne. 12. Set of Tweed. 13. Two strand replica pearls. 14. A single strand. 15. Coral and turquoise clips. 16. Frog pin. 17-19. Wrist watches. 20. Gardenia. 21. Schiaparelli. 22. Winged horse pin. 23. Sign of zodiac pin. 24. Elizabeth Arden. 25. Compact manicure kit. 26. Narrow suede belt. 27. Printed rayon square with head designs. 28. Blue snakeskin bag with a pair of matching gloves. 29. Red leather bag with two outside compartments.

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to his health 1. Suitcase with lustrous finish. 2. Dart board. 3. Badminton racquets and birds. 4. Leather toilet kit. 5. Globe and atlas. 6. Leather picture frame. 7. Bridge set in red leather case. 8. Walnut humidor and cigars. 9. Duck book ends and books. 10. Brush set in leather case. 11. China beer mugs showing sporting designs. 12. Enamel top cigarette case. 13. Highball and Old Fashioned glasses with hand-painted bird designs. 14. Golf clubs and fabric bag. 15. Lighter in walnut setting with inlaid dog's head. 16. Tobacco humidor and pipes. 17. Giant coffee cup. 18. Table piece, blue glass mirror and fish. 19. Glass cocktail shaker, glasses and painted tray.

KODACHROMES BY SYDNEY RAVITZ

Man the Kitchenette

Addressed to all epicureans hoping to savor the enchantment of Paris is this guide from one of her faithful retinue

by **ILES BRODY**

• EDIBLES •

To Sterling Noel, Lieutenant Commander, U.S.N.R., attached to the French Navy Overseas. Dear Noel:

Most probably you are in Paris, or if you are not stationed there, I am sure you make it your business to get to the queen of all cities as often as possible, because all good *matelots* arrive there sooner or later. But a short leave is not of much use; you have to live in a city for years to get to know the really good eating places. So let me be your remote control cicerone. Because I loved her madly, Paris permitted me to know her.

Yes, I know — during the Nazi occupation the Parisians had to subsist on a daily ration of 1,050 calories, and that's pretty near the famine point. But that was when the Nazis were there. You don't suppose, Noel, the crafty Normandy peasant willingly parted with his butter in exchange for worthless German marks? And the famed hens of Brest did not seek their fortune in the capital during the Nazi occupation, but stayed home, you can rest assured of that. As much as two years ago the Nazis had been told there was no more wine in France and that they had drunk up everything. Well, on the day of liberation I hear you all were bathed in *Vouvray pétillant* (that wonderful, slightly bubbling white wine), and *Margaux rosé* (an elixir that has the color of a pigeon-blood ruby), and Mouton Rothschild, 1899 (a red wine that would revive the dead), and I also hear that thirty million bottles of cacheted vintage champagne awaits transportation to the U.S.

In the first few weeks after liberation, transportation difficulties may have been the cause for Les Halles, the larder of Paris, being empty. But where there are Americans, things move fast, even if there is the war to be won. And I am certain there were plenty of things to move—peasants in Normandy and Britanny and Guyenne and Touraine opened clandestine passageways for long-concealed cattle, pigs and fowl; the earth, vault of the rustic, yielded wheat and corn and hams and cheeses. I have seen countries in Europe which were ravaged and reduced to the very last extremities one day dining sumptuously the next. "The rain can't last forever," in effect said Don Quixote to Sancho Panza, "and it is usually followed by sunshine." A free Paris cannot long be without culinary pleasures. I am sure Les Halles is busy again.

With one more remark, here is your list—the face of Paris does not change like that of New York. Even if temporarily closed, you'll find the restaurants at their proper places. By all means try to eat at one of the two Ramponneau restaurants; one branch was near the Gare du Nord, in the Rue Condorcet, the other off the Avenue Marceau. The eighteenth century atmosphere, the ancient engravings, the antique tavern tables and chairs, the gingham curtains and tablecloths, were charming. And the food, *mon vieux* Noel! The grilled goose liver slices were a dream. And as to wine—vintage maniacs held their weekly conference at the two Ramponneaus. Very reasonable.

I must bring to your attention two other inexpensive yet splendid taverns in the Place des Ternes section, near the Etoile. One was called "Cul Blanc," and the other "Pet de Nonne." Both names are Rabelaisian and definitely untranslatable. Both served about the same kind of good food for about the same small amount of money. They had country cuisine, flavorful and abundant, and everything swam in sweet butter, cream and fine cooking wine.

Also near the Etoile, I think on Avenue Wagram, was the famous Korniloff, a Russian restaurant presided over by General Korniloff, who was said to be the Czar's official food taster. Korniloff served an eight-course Russian dinner, complete with borscht, blinis, shashlik, sour-creamed mushrooms, etc., for as little as twenty francs, but don't think for a moment that it was a cheap table d'hôte dinner. It was worth the money, and more.

The "Traktir" branch of the famous fish restaurant Prunier is also near the Etoile, just a few steps from the grave of the Unknown Soldier, on the Avenue Victor Hugo. Here you sit at the bar if you feel like having Marennes, Fines Belones and Portugaises Vertes, those fine French oysters, or if you have an appetite for stuffed crab Mexican, sea urchins or langoustines. If you want to eat warm fish dishes, you sit at one of the tables. Prunier's has an excellent cellar, champagne *maison*, its own old brandy.

I will tell you fleetingly about the two swankiest restaurants in Paris, Voisin's in the Rue Saint-Honoré, and Larue's on the Place de la Madeleine, for they are prohibitively expensive for any Navy officer under the rank of admiral. No specialties, but you may order the moon and get it.

La Belle Aurore, a couple of blocks from Harry's New York Bar, is famous for its hot hors d'oeuvres. They constitute a meal by themselves, but you are charged double the price if you balk at the next course. A few seconds' walk from here and you are at the Brasserie Universelle, also an hors d'oeuvre place. When I first arrived in Paris, back in 1923, the hors d'oeuvres at the Universelle cost only five francs and comprised at least thirty or forty items. A block from this place, also on the Avenue de l'Opéra, you'll find the world-famous Café de Paris, a restaurant *grand luxe* for almost a century, with extraordinarily fine cuisine, cellar, service and clientele, but you'd better pass it by unless the Paymaster General of the Navy is catching the check.

Cross the avenue and proceed to the Rue de la Bourse, a little street featuring a restaurant with a big reputation—the Caneton. It has no fancy décor, but its food was always magnificent. They used to have two kitchens with two crews of chefs, one French, the other Russian. In French dishes the Dover sole *à la Maçonnaise* and the wild duck with oranges were the most outstanding; in Russian specialties they had the best caviar (next to Prunier), and the veal cutlets Kiev style. Not very expensive.

Poccardi's, near here (Rue Favart), had very good Italian food, featuring a hundred sauces for a hundred diversely shaped *pasta*. Reasonably priced. The Parisians seldom allowed a restaurant to get out of proportion so far as prices are concerned.

Back to the Avenue de l'Opéra, and to the Rue Saint-Honoré, near the Théâtre Français, where stands one of the oldest café-restaurants in the world, the Régence. Here Voltaire often ate his evening meal, consisting of seven or eight cups of black coffee and a few slices of bread. The Régence was also a favorite hangout of Balzac, and of Napoleon, who as a young officer had to leave his three-cornered hat one evening for nonpayment of his check.

Around the Madeleine church there were two notable restau-

Continued on page 126

"An electric toaster salesman, Madame!"

The Sporting Scene

Organized sport muffed the chance to play its biggest role: cheering and rebuilding wounded veterans overseas

by **HERB GRAFFIS**

▪ SPORTS ▪

On a field of one of England's great estates a softball game was being played. Between the makeshift diamond and his lordship's castle, which you could glimpse in the woods on a hill a couple of miles away, there was a settlement of Nissen huts and other strictly utilitarian buildings comprising a military general hospital. To that small town of the Purple Heart wounded soldiers had been evacuated from the Continent.

The softball game was earnest enough, but one team plainly had the edge over its opponents. The losing outfit of American soldiers was letting raps between center and left field, that seemed labeled as easy outs, go for hits. But although flies were being badly misjudged and ground balls were bobbled, the faulty performances drew none of the customary hooting you'd hear in an American softball game.

About fifty were watching the game. Most of them were in the red pajamas and robes of military hospital patients.

A scarred lad sitting on the grass next to me had been studying the proceedings. He remarked to no one in particular, "Those guys should switch their lineup."

"How?" I asked.

"Well, the centerfielder's right eye ain't worth a damn and the left fielder's left eye is out. The hits are going between them. Now, if I was running that team . . ." What the rest of the expert judgment was I don't know. A batter hit into a double play, retiring the side, and the kid who'd probably acquired the habit of managing a team from sitting in the bleachers back home hobbled away to contribute his advice to the losing aggregation.

Up to that time I thought the game was between two teams of the hospital's own organization. But one of the outfits was entirely composed of patients who as recently as six weeks prior had been badly battered in France. Most of them had suffered injuries that in World War I would have meant permanent crippling, if not death. That sunshiny Sunday in England these lads were performing so their repairs certainly were not apparent to the uninitiated and didn't permit easing up by the opposition.

"How these lads can do it, I'll never figure out," admitted the detachment's first sergeant, Chesley H. Farmer, Jr. Farmer once was a high school football teammate of Ace Parker and later a competent performer on Camp Grant's greatest gridiron team. He continued: "Can you imagine guys that the world's best doctors say are lucky to be alive and in one piece asking what the chances are of getting up a patients' football team and playing patients from other hospitals?"

Perhaps that unplanned and subconscious job of morale building helped cheer the newcomers, and maybe it didn't.

American organized sport muffed what military hospital patients overseas think was a wide-open opportunity for war service in not sending its notables to visit the battle casualties. That failure isn't exactly resented by the wounded. The damaged soldier and sailor soon learn to accept in fairly philosophical resignation the reluctance of the safe civilian to be inconvenienced unduly by those who have been awarded the Purple Heart.

The warm welcomes accorded Gomez and Sharkey when they went to military hospitals and talked with the men were unmistakable evidence of the need of more such expeditions. In the absence of other visiting sports notables the battered fighters have done some cynical meditating out loud. It has not been of a character to further glorify reputations won in contests waged without steel and explosives. There is tart realism in the comments about the sports luminaries of past and present not dropping into the hospital wards.

However, fighting men who have been burned, blinded or blasted so that only the most amazing miracles of surgery have brought them through alive really aren't as bitter about the brush-off as you might think they'd be. They are quite sporting about it despite their neglect by the heroes of the sports fields.

Many of them are just kids who became old men on the Normandy beach and in the winning of little strips past hedgerows and canals where one day ran into another without sleep. A hundred times between exhausted slumbers death never was beaten by more than a photofinish. It is unwillingly that these boys relinquish their sports idol worship. It was part of boyhood to them. Boyhood has ended too soon. They want to retain one of the joyful memories of it.

One of them will mutter out of his bandages an excuse for a sports star not coming around to see them or appearing on the U.S.O. or Red Cross programs. "The season's on and the guy is getting his while the getting's good." "He's too old to make a tough trip across and sleep in barracks." "The league wouldn't let him go now; he means too much to the club." Those are among the explanations defenders of the absent athletes offer.

Some sports luminaries whose visits to the military hospitals would have a tremendously beneficial effect on patients in the establishments probably are up against it financially. The wounded make allowances for that. Yet the commercial sponsors who profited from the gate magnetism of these athletes in peacetime should be able to finance these stars to see the wounded who once paid cash to see the athletes perform. Considering the price many battle casualties have paid to keep sports going at home, the money element is not a handicap.

Organized sport in the United States prides itself that it has done everything it can think of to share in the war effort, but this neglect of personal association with the still-fighting wounded in military hospitals overseas and at home is a rank flaw in the performance. Charity benefits played to provide playthings for the wounded don't substitute for the lack of personalized manifestations of companionship with the fighters. And it must not be forgotten by sports that many of its most valiant fans will be in military hospitals for a long, long time.

Yanks fighting in Europe had very little time for games or for listening to the scores of games. When they'd reached the stage when even robust young bodies and the strongest of hearts could take them no farther, they flopped for a few winks wherever some vague opportunity of safety was offered. Then they were shelled or bombed.

When they were drawn out of the first line and fresher outfits were brought up to carry the ball, the rest areas were not the Waldorf-Astoria with room service by Varga girls. The rattle and rumble of tanks and trucks and big guns, and the nuisance bombing raids made desperately needed sleep a fitful thing. The fighters couldn't develop the mood for engaging in pleasant and wholesome games involving physical effort.

During the training period the situation was vastly different, notwithstanding strenuous schedules which seasoned soldiers for the ordeal ahead of them. The youths maintained a keen interest in sports at home as a strong tie with the normal world. They still had a surplus of energy to blow off in play. However, prior to the invasion by land and the airborne forces, Army sports activity among the air forces was far less than we at home believed. With an almost continuous assignment of

SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE

"What a magazine—not a single pin-up girl!"

missions fliers and ground force men of the Army's aerial branch had to catch their play in short intervals. Considerable of the ground time of the fliers had to be spent in being briefed and in reporting. When they were allowed time away from their fields the air corps men wanted to go as far as possible from the war. For that relief many of them went to London to make merry under the robot bombs.

An instance of what happened to plans for sports was related by Capt. Myron (Whitey) Sterngold. The rugged Whitey went upon graduation from Lehigh to the Brooklyn pro football club, thence into the Army. Whitey said that a basketball league schedule was set up at a field where he was and the cage talent was looking forward to a lively competition. But usually when a game was to be played in the hangar where the court was located several planes came in just about game time. The league schedule finally was abandoned. Sterngold, by the way, was brought down unscathed on bombing missions and had escapes that would add thrills to any Hollywood scenario. After his sixty-first bombing mission he was playing in a hastily organized softball game and was temporarily invalided by a badly wrenched ankle.

Probably the nearest approach to a regularly conducted sports schedule for and by American soldiers and sailors in England was the program of Sunday baseball games in the Dip at Hyde Park at London. The games were between casually picked-up teams. Uncertainties of English weather last summer handicapped the enthusiasts. Notwithstanding difficulties in assembling teams of men who were on passes Sunday, the brand of baseball displayed was fairly high-grade sandlot and attracted from two to three hundred spectators to each game. More than half the usual attendance was of London office boys whose previous interest in American pastimes had been in the pinball games that are in batteries of a dozen to fifty in numerous locations around the metropolis. At noon the office kids and messenger boys pack those establishments.

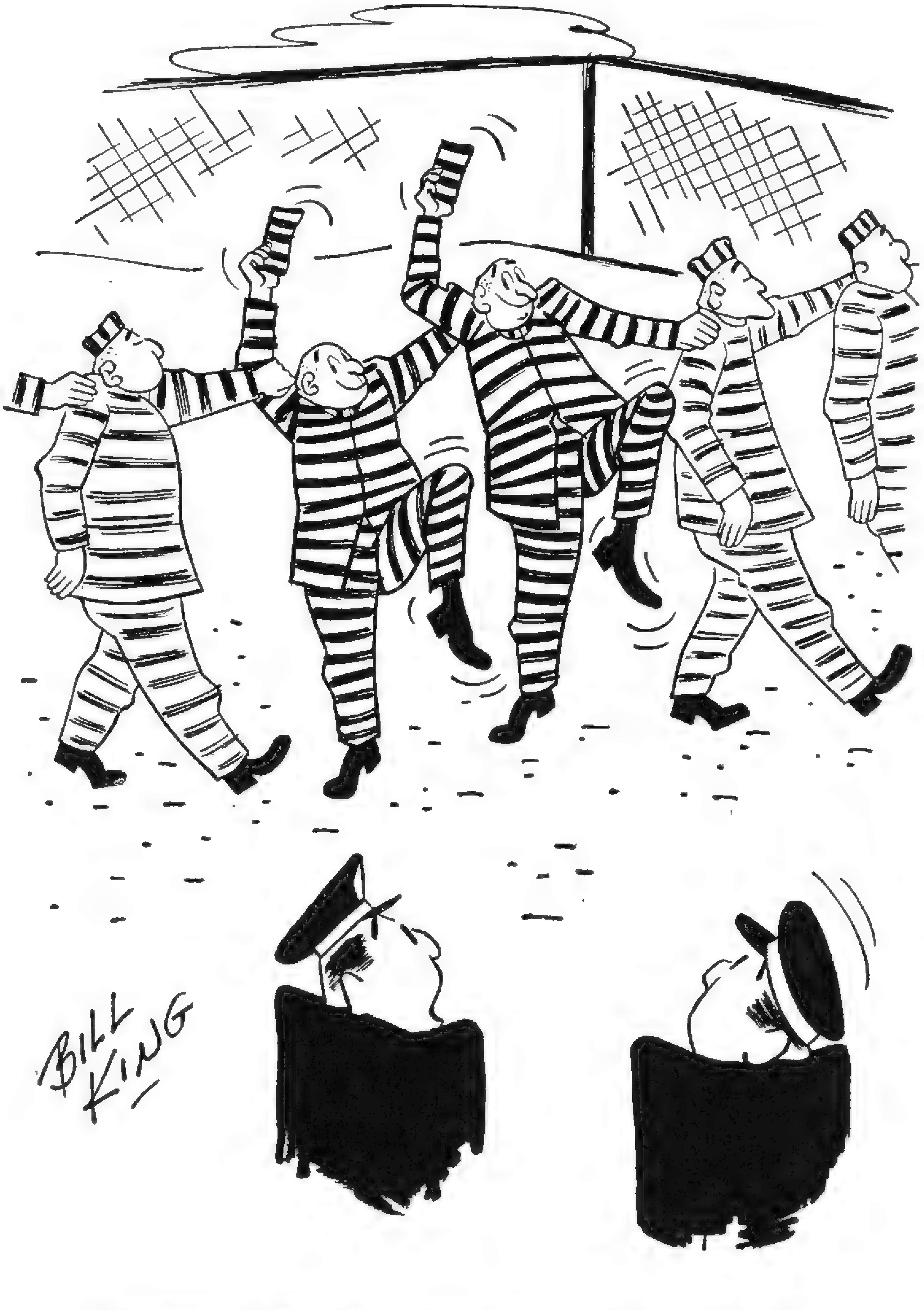
One result of these Sunday exhibitions has been to increase the sale of a two shilling, sixpence book, *Baseball for British Youth.* The British youngsters have been spending that equivalent of sixty cents in educating themselves for what R. Y. Aveline, of Spalding's sport shop in London expects to be a fair-sized post-war boom in British baseball. Already there are more than 600 teams registered with the National Baseball Association. Popularity of baseball is rather high with the Royal Air Force, although the R.A.F. men, like American fliers, don't have much time for play this year.

Eric E. Whitehead, author of the pocket-size British baseball volume, played infield and outfield positions on the West Ham team, the first English team to defeat an "all-star" American club, the U. S. Olympic world champions of 1936. The book, of course, is elementary and in some respects is amusing to an American, but undoubtedly not as funny as a book on cricket for Americans would be to a Britisher.

Despite the many disadvantages under which American sports have operated in England, since D-day in Normandy, Yank sports temperament has pepped up British sports interest. G. H. Hogsflesh of the Amateur Athletic Association says that a great need of British sports is expert coaching in the schools. Oxford and Cambridge are without athletic directors and coaches. While attendance at these major schools is at a minimum there is no disposition to alter the old system of coaching. At Cambridge when the late Alec Nelson was there, and at Oxford before Alfred Shrubb went to Canada, coaching, mainly in the runs, was available. In wartime the athletic programs of those schools have formally vanished.

The British A.A.A. official hopes to see summer coaching schools on the American plan adopted in Britain after the war. He is confident a lot of first-class talent might be developed by a system which provided coaching specialists instead of the sports-masters policy which has prevailed and which calls for coaching as a very minor sideline of a scholastic instructor. He has a strong conviction that general welfare and defense of the nation calls for far more emphasis on sports planning and training than British boys have received.

It seems to be the general opinion of British amateur sports authorities that British participation in post-war Olympic games if, as and when they are held, won't be on much more than a token basis for many years to come, because of the expense involved. ##



"I suppose it's harmless enough—it's a little routine they worked out to relieve the monotony!"

GOING THE ROUNDS WITH ESQUIRE

A MAN rushed into an agent's office one day and excitedly exclaimed:

"I've got the greatest animal act you've ever seen."

"Okay! Okay! But I'm too busy now," the agent said.

The other man persisted, "Wait a minute. I've got a French poodle and I dress it up like a clown and . . ."

"I know, I know," sighed the agent.

"Now wait a minute. I've not only got a French poodle, but a Mexican hairless as well, and this hairless stands on top of the poodle's head."

Reaching for a cigar, the agent repeated, "I know, I know."

But the other fellow wouldn't be downed. "Will you let me finish?" he pleaded.

"The Mexican hairless not only stands on the poodle's head, but he answers questions asked by the audience."

"Don't tell me that the hairless talks?" interrupted the agent.

"Don't be ridiculous," was the reply. "Of course, the hairless doesn't talk. The French poodle is a ventriloquist!"

•

Son: "What does it mean when a man goes to a convention as a delegate-at-large?"

Papa: "It means his wife doesn't go with him."

•

Sgt: "What are you two rookies doing?"

Pvt: "Oh, we're carrying these boards over to the lumber pile."

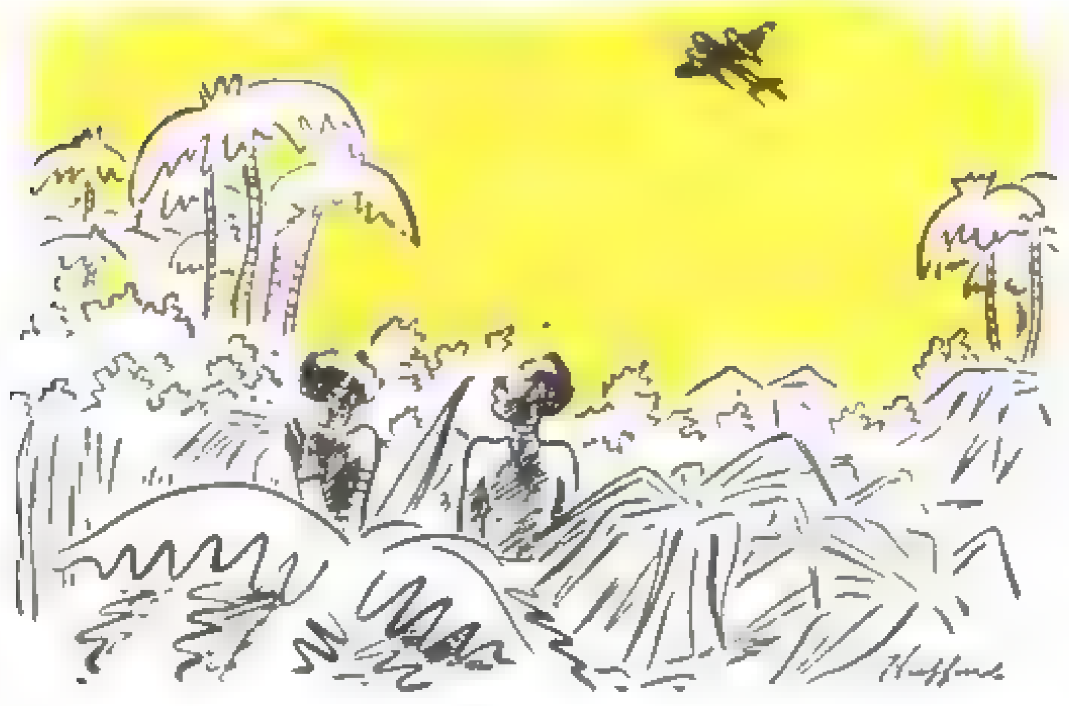
Sgt: "What boards?"

Pvt: "Holy smoke, Sam, we forgot the boards!"

•

Nick Kenny relays the story about the two Nazi soldiers who were talking. One of them said he had a secret weapon that would bring the war to a quick finish. "Vot iss it, Fritz?" asked his pal excitedly. "A vite flag on a long pole," was the reply.

•



"There's the weapon that will make the bow and arrow obsolete"

•

Courtship is a period during which a girl decides whether she can do better.

•

REJECTION SLIP

(From Random House)

Bennett Cerf opened a manuscript that consisted entirely of nudes of a young lady named Raymond. She wanted to sell the idea of Yoga exercises in book form. Bennett's report consisted of a single line: "I see nothing in this manuscript except Miss Raymond."

•

Girl: "I suppose you find your Army life very dull in the evening?"

Airman: "Simply nothing to do. We play darts, do the crossword puzzle, drop a few bombs on Berlin and go to bed."

•

After sparring manfully, the civilian husband lost the battle of words when his wife clinched her argument with this:

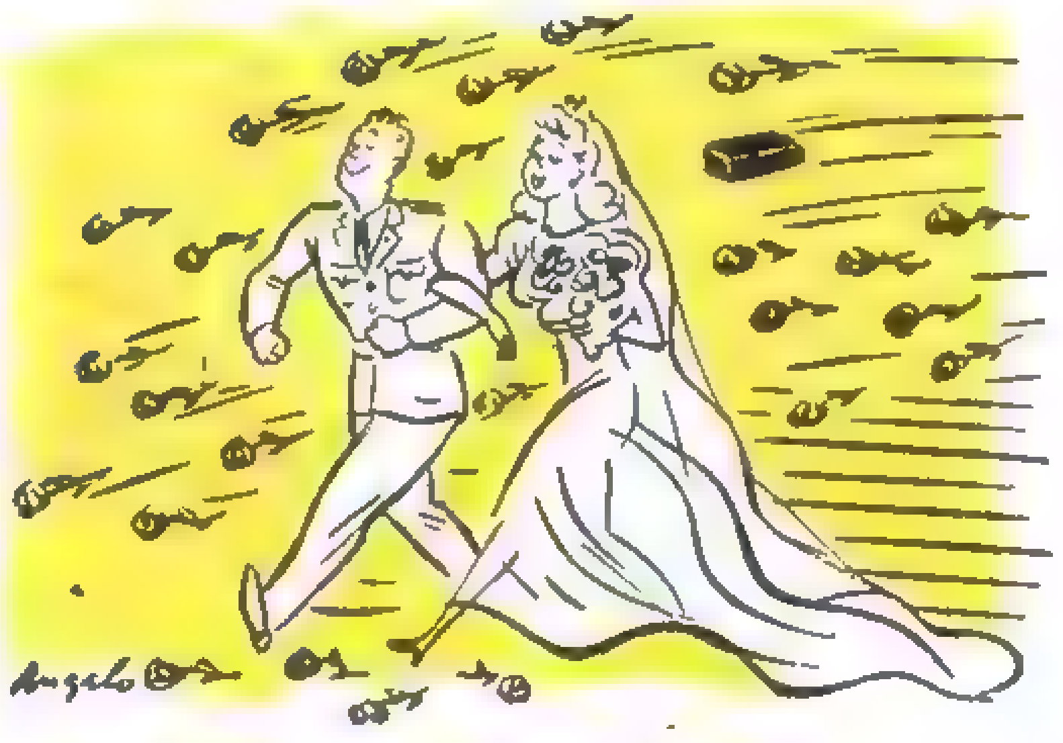
"Here we are, in the midst of a war—men are fighting in foxholes and jungles, and you complain about my mother moving in with us!"

•

Groom: "The bank just returned your check."

Bride: "Wonderful, now what shall we buy with it this time?"

•



•

First neighbor: "What do you mean by swearing before my wife?"

Second neighbor: "Sorry, sir—I didn't know she wanted to swear first."

•

They sat on her porch at midnight,
But his love was not to her taste.
His reach was 36 inches
And she had a 44 waist.

•

Germs or no germs, kissing is dangerous—it has put an end to a lot of bachelors.

•

According to Irving Hoffman's spritely column in the *Hollywood Reporter*, the G.I. Joes back from the Pacific may be making part-time use, after the war, of the long-ridiculed Pidgin English. Yellow, white and brown races in an area half a hemisphere wide have chattered in Pidgin English for centuries, but last year the mongrel language was admitted to educational curricula. And in New Guinea, where the language has been either Dutch, Chinese, German or Portuguese, Pidgin English has now assumed an official status.

Pidgin has been tremendously helpful to the Allied Command, so American soldiers have taken it up whether they like the idea or not.

Pidgin disregards all rules of grammar. It has a happy-go-lucky syntax arrangement, and sentences rarely parse. Already the G.I. Joes have relayed hilarious examples among street signs they've come across. A favorite was a carpenter's sign: ANYTHING CAN DO. Another was the café which advertised: ICY-HOT DRINKS! And the tailor establishment which eagerly told its customers: GENTLEMEN'S KINDNESS TAILOR—LADIES HAS FIT UPSTAIRS!

American servicemen have already come across menus which list "fly lice" and 'Slowbelly Jam." Railroad stationmasters announce: "Tlain allive"—and hotel managers ask whether you and "fliend like share a loom." A Manila shop advertised, before the Pearl Harbor attack: "Velly fine neckwares for topside Melly Slismus. All samee silk, all plitty patterns. Muchee blight color, you plenty like'm. For young gentlemans but not so too much for honolable glandpa. $2.50 catch'm."

Incidentally, don't get the impression that Pidgin English is just some sort of a private gag. Dictionaries of Pidgin are best-sellers in the Pacific. Whole classics of the English tongue have been translated in it; literary essays, school texts, business catalogues, newspaper ads and municipal ordinances have been composed in it. It may be the coming international language we hear so much about.

•

Voice on the phone: "John Smith is sick this morning and won't be able to attend class."

O.D: "All right. Who is this speaking?"

Voice: "This is my roommate."

•

"Joe's dad has two wives to support now."

"You mean he's a bigamist?"

"No—Joe got married."

•

"I'm going to stay single until I find a girl like Grandpa married."

"Well, you'll stay single a long time then—they don't make them that way any more."

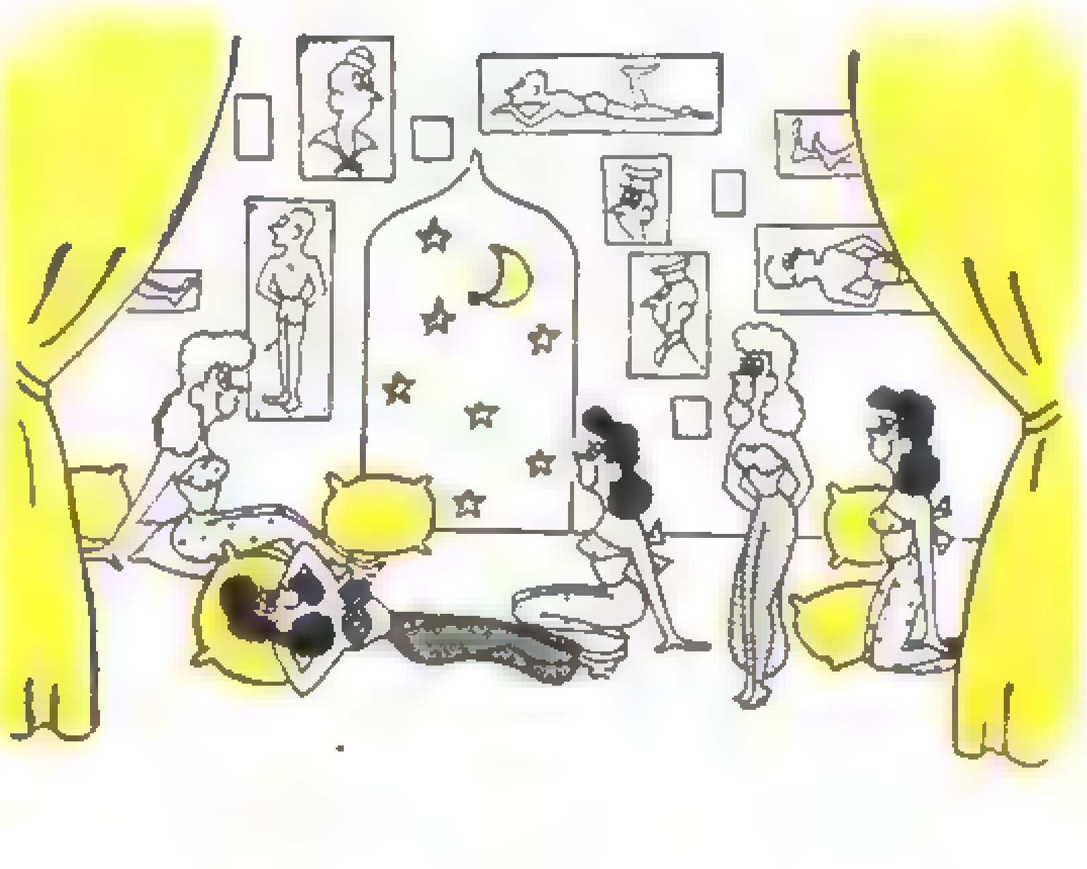
"Oh, I don't know—Grandpa just got married yesterday."

•

A soldier got a letter containing a sketch of the family car's instrument panel.

"This is exactly how the dashboard looks," his wife wrote. "Do we need a quart of oil?"

•

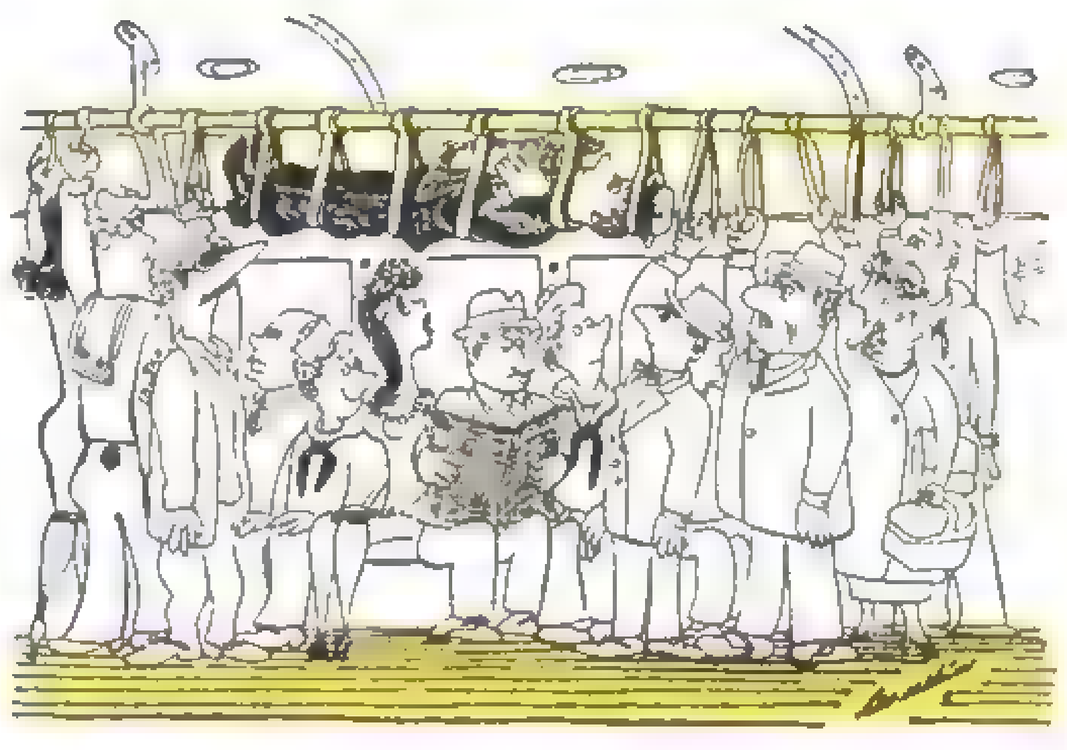


The lady was definitely on the plump side, and the aisle of the bus was narrow. She struggled forward nobly, but she just couldn't make it.

"Why not try it sideways?" suggested the bus driver impatiently.

From where she was wedged the rotund lady moaned, "Cause I ain't got no sideways."

•



•

Maurice Bergman tells it: During the French Revolution, two aristocrats were standing under the guillotine, and one, pointing to the executioner, asked the other: "Are we expected to tip those fellows?"

•

A fighter pilot flying alone in the South Pacific radioed on encountering a flock of Jap planes: "Look out below—I've got 20 Jap Zeros cornered."

•

A member of the faculty in a London medical college was appointed an honorary physician to the king. He proudly wrote a notice on the blackboard in his classroom informing his students. When the professor returned to his classroom in the afternoon he felt honored when the students rose to their feet, until they began to sing: "God Save the King."

•

It was in the small hours of the morning. A befuddled gentleman was fumbling for the keyhole. Seeing the difficulty, a kindly policeman came to the rescue.

"Can I help you find the keyhole, sir?" he asked.

"Won't be necessary," said the other cheerfully. "You jus' hold the house still and I can manage."

•

Signpost: The honeymoon is over when there are more bills than coos.

•

Formula: A good beginning and a good ending make a good speech if they come close enough together.

•

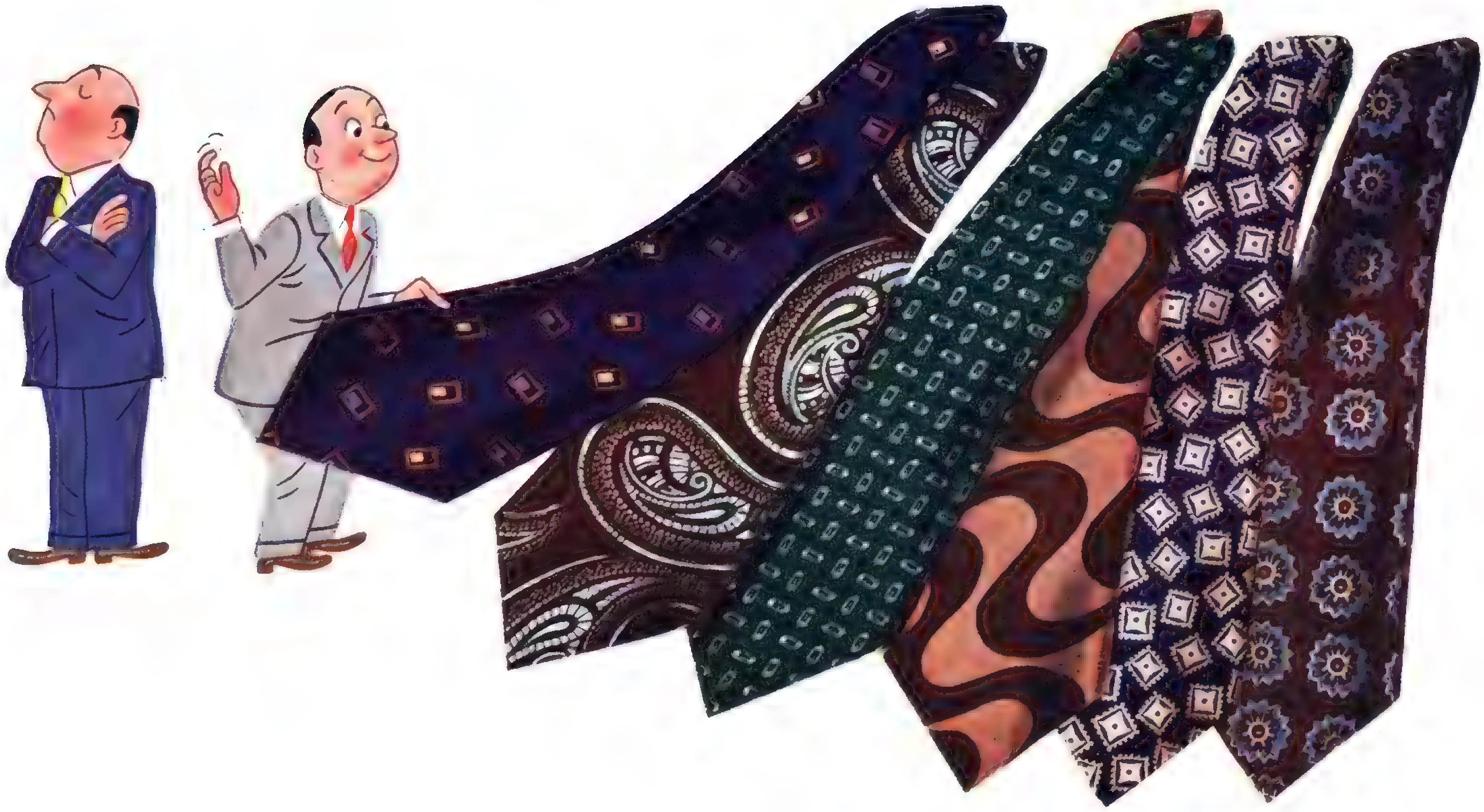
From the House gallery, a little boy watched the proceedings of Congress with consuming interest. When the chaplain concluded the opening prayer, the lad turned to his father and asked *sotto voce:*

"Dad, why did the minister pray for the Congressmen?"

"You should have paid better attention, son," said the father. "The chaplain looked over the men and prayed for the country." #

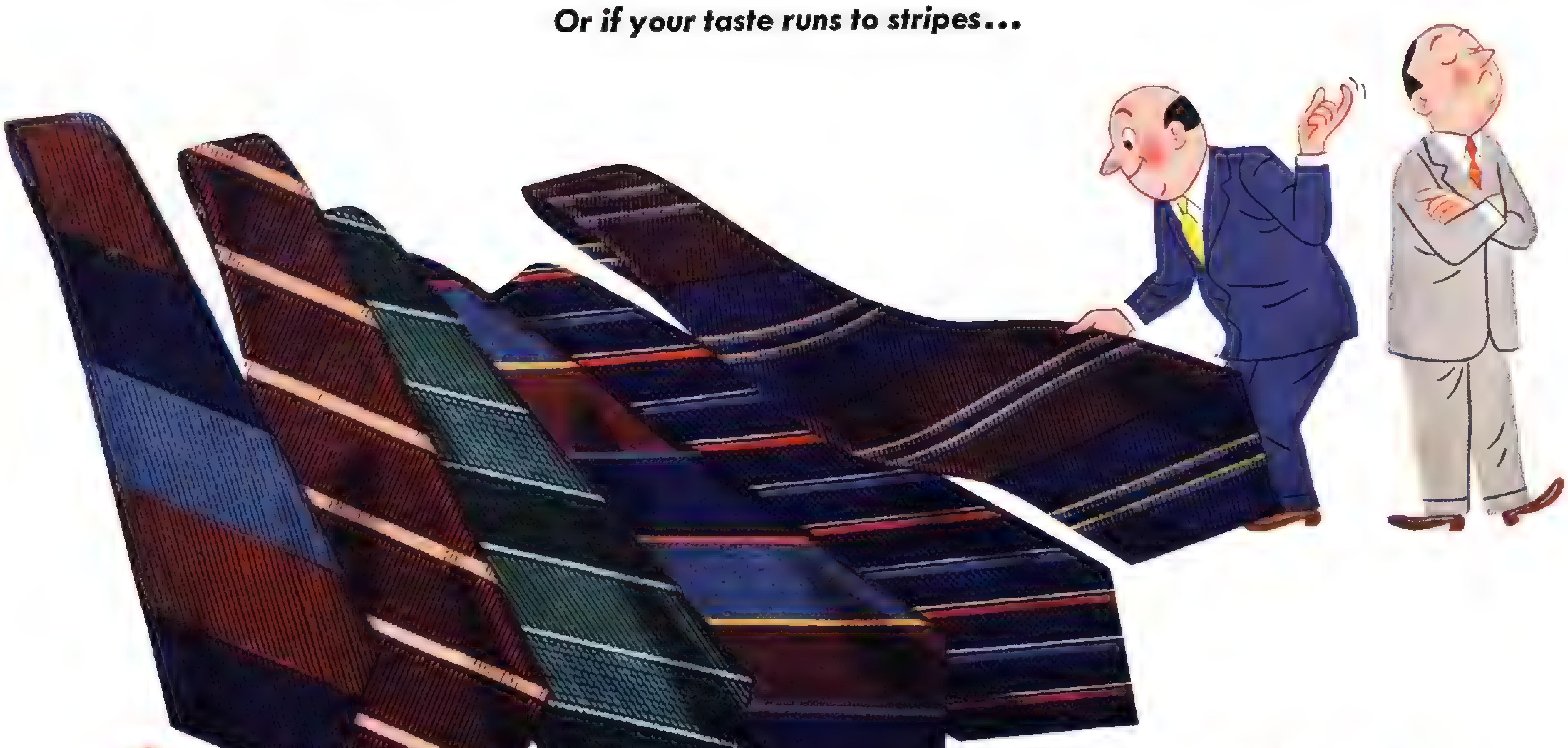
SIX OF ONE...

Whether your preference in ties is patterns...



HALF A DOZEN OF THE OTHER...

Or if your taste runs to stripes...

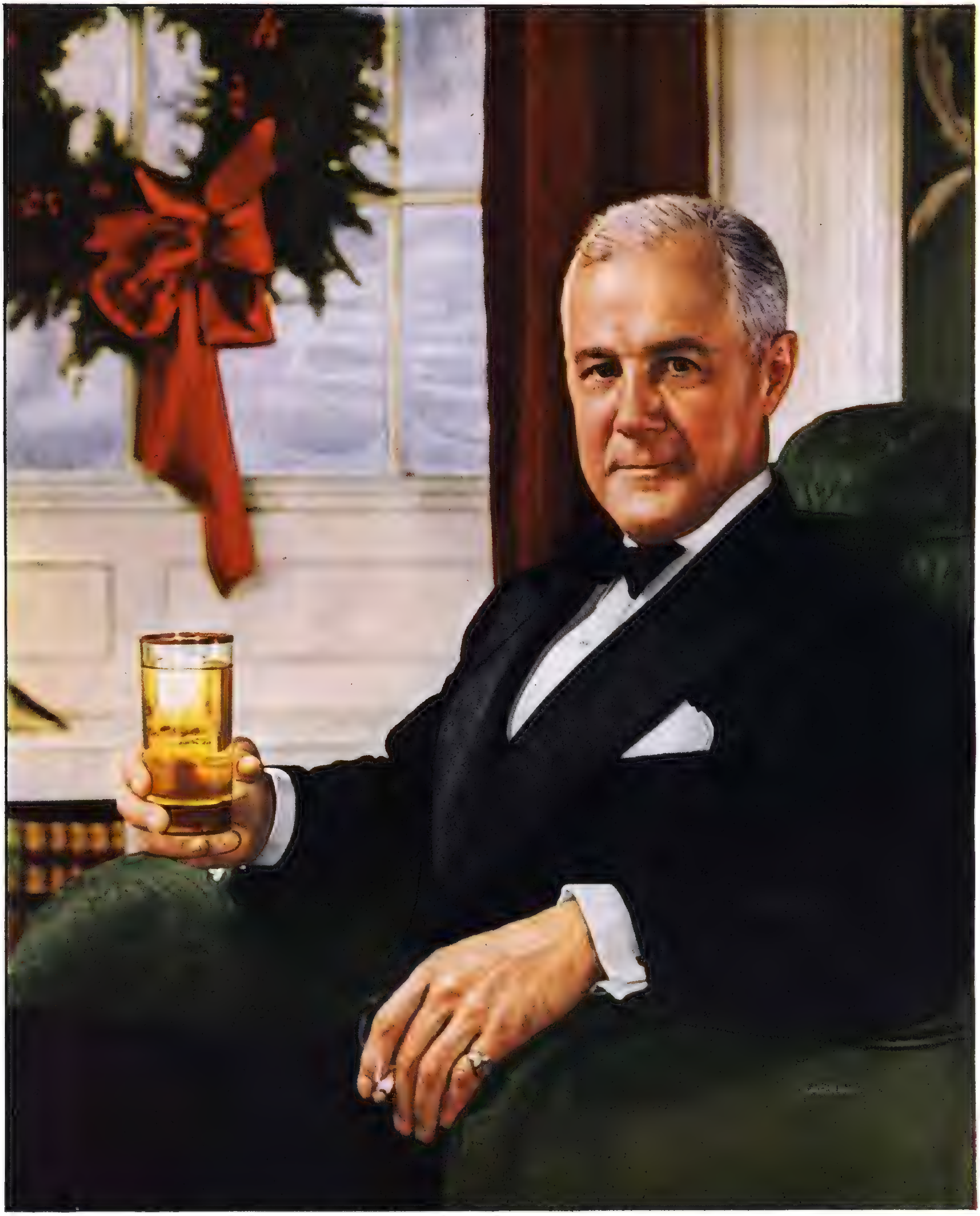


Your Arrow dealer's racks are filled with a handsome Arrow Tie selection of *both!* Arrow Ties all have special linings to help you make a perfect knot, and you'll find the Arrow Tie fabrics live a long, healthy life.

Who could ask for anything more for Christmas? (or any *other* time?) Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

ARROW TIES

$1 $1^50 $2



For Men of Good Will...**LORD CALVERT**

So *rare*... so *smooth*... so *mellow*... Lord Calvert has been for years the most expensive whiskey blended in America. Produced from finest stocks, it has never been available except in limited quantities. "Custom" Blended only for those who can afford the finest... each bottle is individually numbered and registered at the distillery by Calvert. Lord Calvert is 86.8 proof, 65% grain neutral spirits. Calvert Distillers Corporation, N. Y. C.

RISQUÉ*

FOR THE DARING

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FINE AMERICAN PERFUME AT AN AMERICAN PRICE

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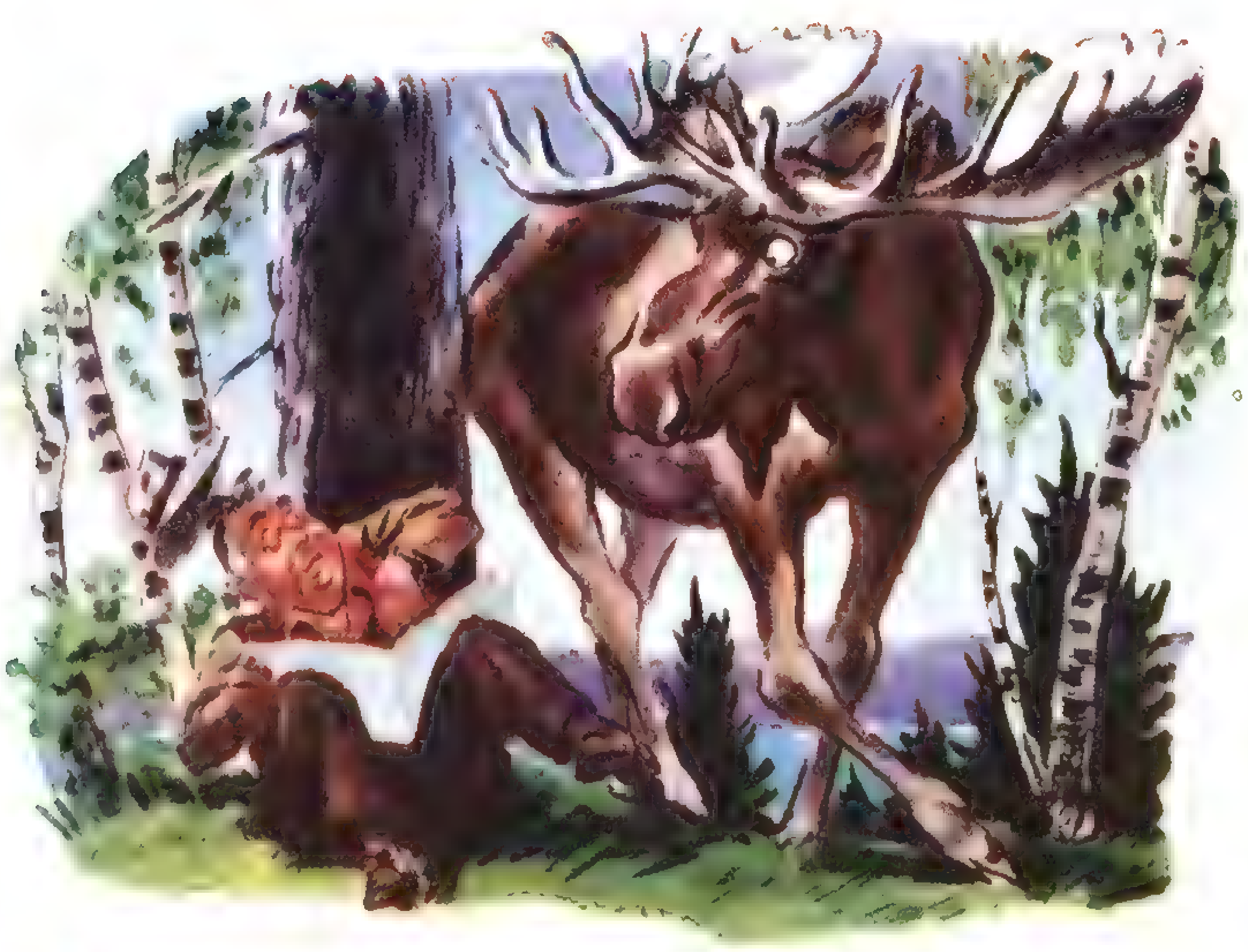
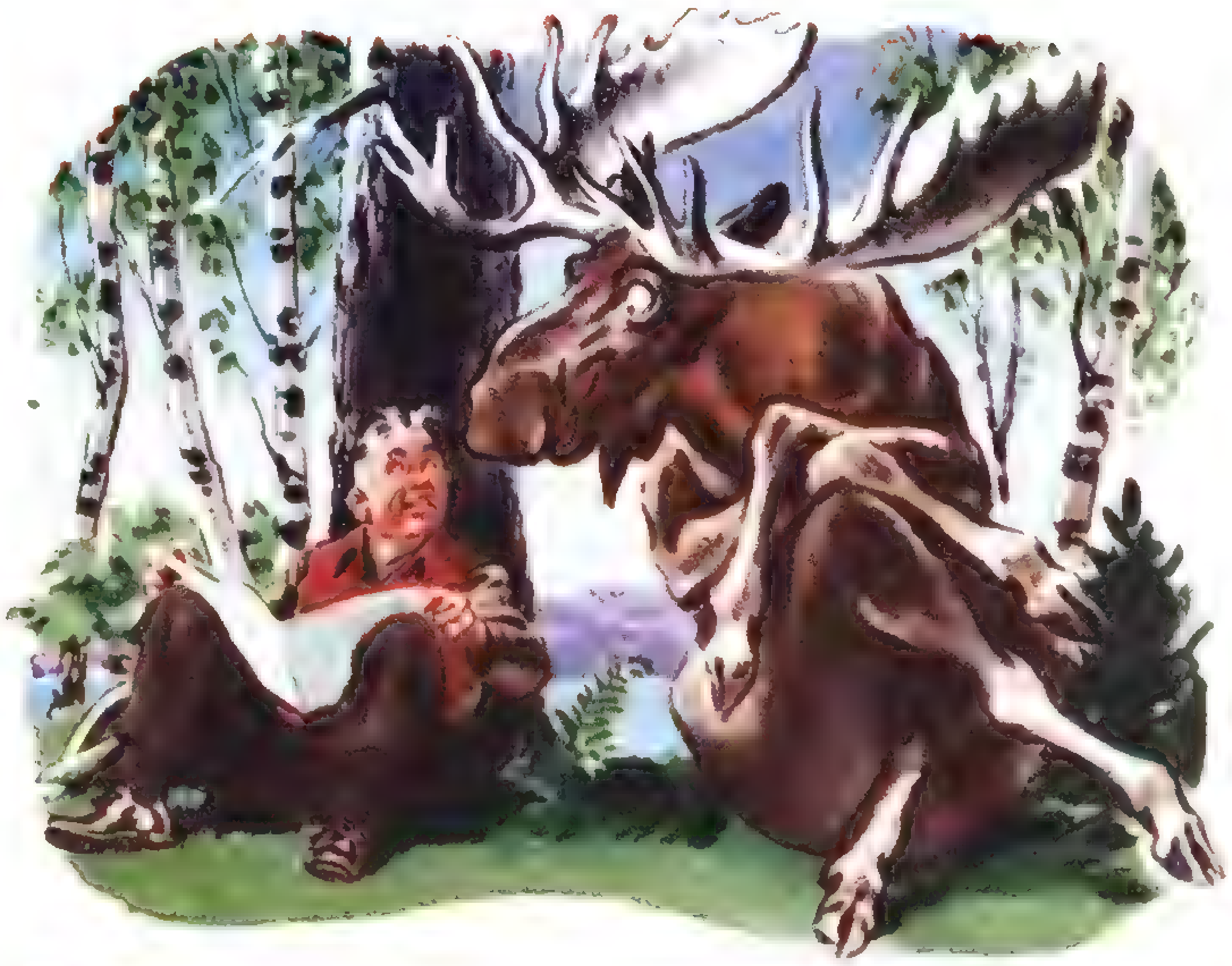
Risqué
Risqué

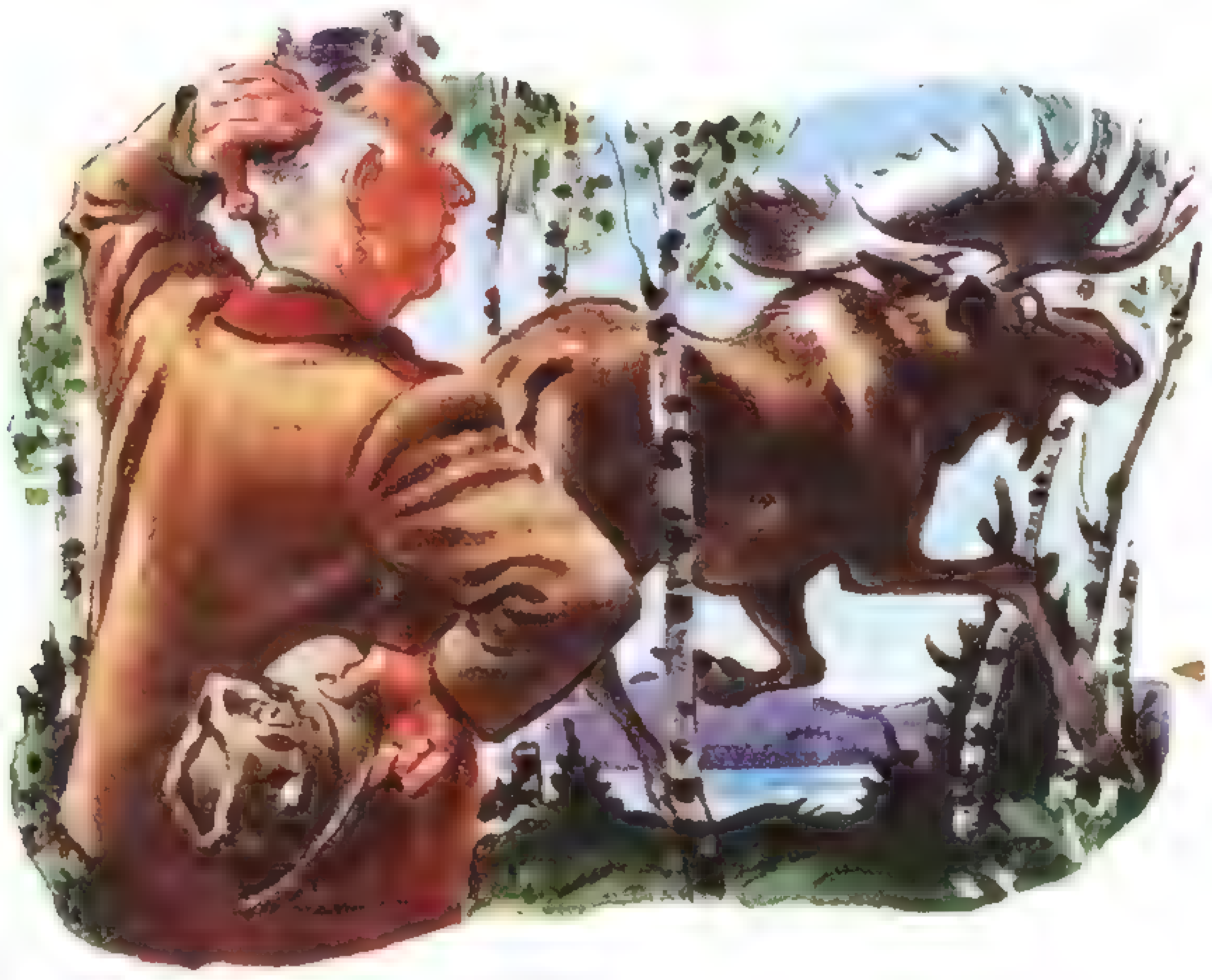
Bob Foreman and the Talking Moose



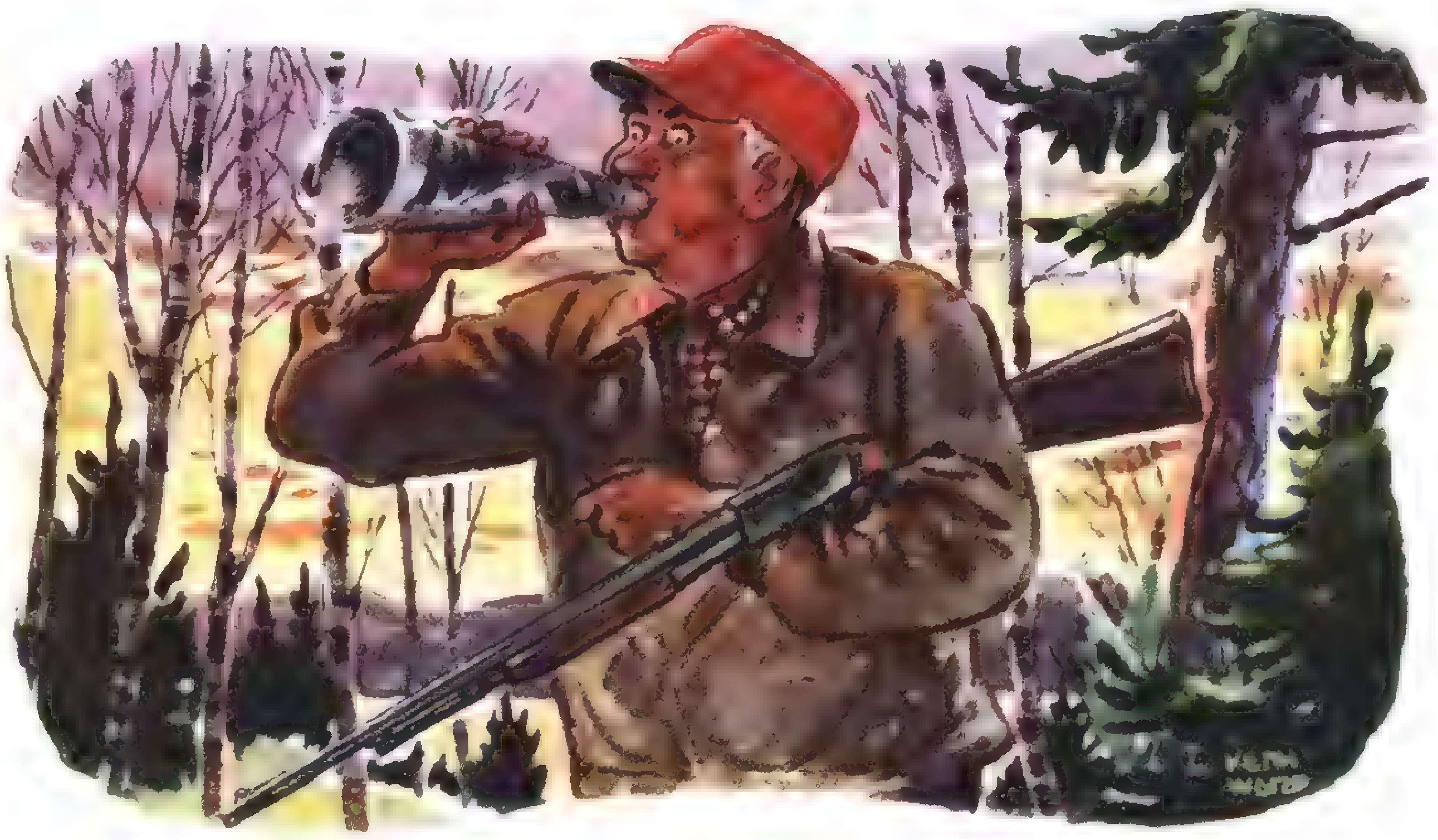
1 **One summer day** up in the north country Bob Foreman was sitting under a tree reading, when suddenly a deep voice cleared its throat behind him. "Howdy," the voice said. It was a moose.



2 **"My name's Ed,"** said the moose sociably. "What's yours?" "Why, it's Bob," said Bob. "Whatcha reading?" Ed asked. "Well—" Bob began uneasily, "it's a bit embarrassing to say—" But Ed had craned his neck to look at the open Remington catalog.



3 **"Gosh!" Ed murmured . . .** "Remington cartridges with soft-point Core-Lokt bullets for big game. (Golly, that's me!) And it goes on to say . . . Hmmm. . . . Well, nice to meet you, Bob—out of season—and no hard feelings. But this stuff gives me the creeps, so I'll be going." And Ed loped off. "A rather unusual animal," Bob mused. "Why, that head must have at least a 56-inch spread!"

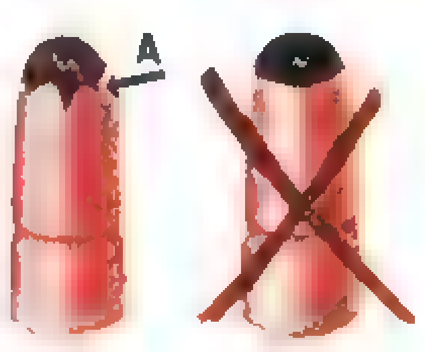


4 **The first hunting season** when guns and ammunition are plentiful again, Bob Foreman will be happily up north in big game country—this time with his favorite Remington Model 141 Gamemaster rifle and Remington big game cartridges with soft-point Core-Lokt bullets. And if Ed, the moose, sees him *then*—you can bet that he, remembering his one glance at that Remington catalog, won't be quite so sociable. In fact, he'll wisely va*moose!*

COMPARE REMINGTON SOFT-POINT "CORE-LOKT" WITH OLD-STYLE BULLETS:

1. Here's a typical Remington big game cartridge. It has a solid brass case, oil-proofing, progressive burning powder, and exclusive Kleanbore non-corrosive priming.

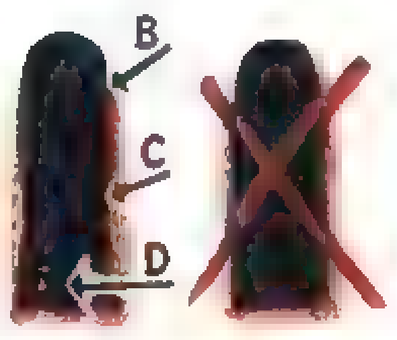
2. The Remington soft-point Core-Lokt bullet assures instant, controlled expansion. Specially notched metal jacket (A) provides directional lines for uniform expansion.



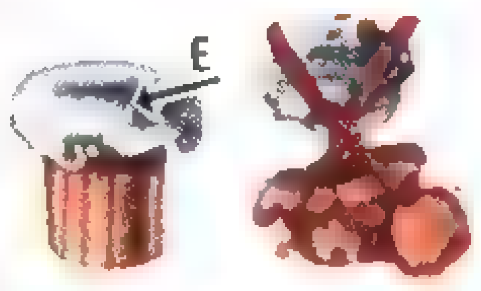
3. The thin metal jacket here (B) starts mushrooming at once on impact.

4. Heavy jacket here (C) keeps bullet from breaking up as old-style bullets often do.

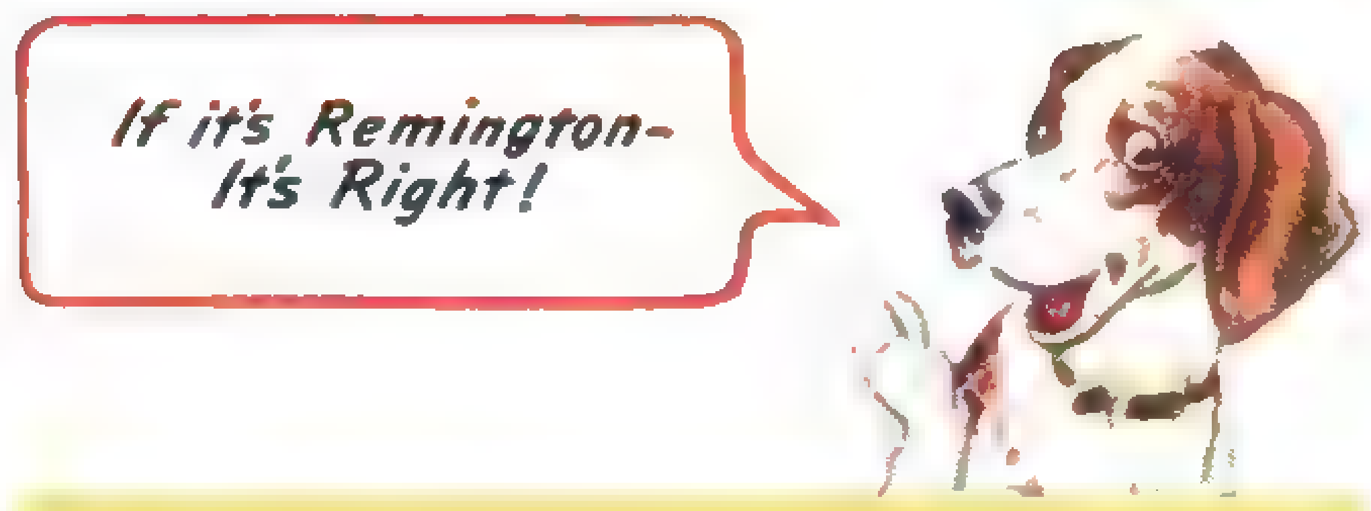
5. Bullet core (D) is locked inside heavy jacket.



6. Finally, here's how the Remington soft-point Core-Lokt bullet mushrooms evenly to almost twice its original caliber (E)—staying in one piece!



Your gun, whatever its make or type, will shoot its best with Remington ammunition.


If it's Remington—
It's Right!

Remington

DU PONT

Gamemaster and Kleanbore are Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.; Core-Lokt is a trade mark of Remington Arms Co., Inc.

Make Mine Bottled

A toast to Cousin Wilbur who spent his Christmas savings in the right and natural way

by **LAWTON MACKALL**

• POTABLES •

TOUGH'S VITAMIN PILLS
Angelo

MUCILAGE mouth, occupational disease of the Christmas chorer licking his weight in greeting-card envelopes, labels, stamps, etc., can definitely be relieved. Treatment is with solvents obtained from those burble bundles that are going around—some of them headed *our* way, we trust. We'd hate to think that the whole holiday whirl of giving and receiving was rigged, and that a stuck-solid citizen's house number would never come up, leaving him to stew in his glue.

Ah, here comes a parcel with a medicinal look. Rousted from its wrappings as a thoughtless word tears a heart out, the gift proves to be a book end's cousin in the mantelpiece ornament line. If some of the artwares and sundries with which our mantel is already crowded will kindly jam closer together or fall off and get broken, this toe hold applicant can be squeezed on.

Few, if any, of these problems of congestion seem to plague the operation of a cellarette. Instead of struggles to turn the inventory between one Christmas and the next, it can be flipped over with the facility of a frying egg. Indeed, there are times—such as birthdays, anniversaries, Thanksgiving and so on—when "turn" is little short of "spin," and every fiber of administrative firmness is strained in the howling storm of protests at hanging onto a few bottles as franchise holders.

Meanwhile, sitting aloof somewhere, a man of good will chews a pencil as he broods over a remembrance list. What to give? What would they like? What could they use? Well he knows that most of these people are wont to do a bit of pouring in their leisure moments. Yet it never occurs to him to take that pencil and figure how many "fifths" of whiskey, holding 25.6 ounces, he has consumed piecemeal, at the rate of 1½ ounces per Old Fashioned and two or three Old Fashioneds a session, chez good old friend Bill in the course of the year. Nor the grand aggregate of Scotches put away in the smoke-wreathed lair of chess feudist Harry, whose defiant cry is, "All right, *have* your revenge if you can, but first have a refill." Nor the hardly skimpy gleanings under various other rooftrees. There isn't an iota of the mooch in his make-up, but as regards "how it all happens and where it comes from" he's like the little girl who, on her first visit to a farm, complained that the milk came out of a horrid old cow instead of a nice clean bottle.

The moral of my story is this. No friend or kith of mine need get shopworn and stepped on trying to find the perfect present for me. I've got it and have had it ever since my earliest teens: an oversize silver penknife with high-relief femmes on it, given me by Cousin L—, formidably gracious lady who, though deaf, was as accustomed to aplombing her way from salon to salon in Rome and Paris as you and I are to pub-crawling. It was no knife for a boy to whittle with and play mumblety-peg. Too valuable, too cultural, a work of art to grow up to. But when I had duly done so, I found that the damn thing was an escapist, sawing its way out of any pocket. Consequently, for the last thirty years it has lived in bureau drawers, desk drawers, table drawers. I guess I've sharpened a dozen pencils with it and cut ten strings. Of all the gifts ever given me it's the giftest.

Bottles don't act that way. They fit into any home, any existence as readily as though they had been rehearsing for it. In fact, there's generally no novelty about them at all; they're like the turkey: you've eaten turkeys before but that doesn't dim the glory of this one or make traditional good cheer seem a stultifying influence—not while that Sparkling Burgundy holds out, which it will to the extent of another bottle, bestower Joe having proved himself that great-hearted.

Not much "duration" for *that*

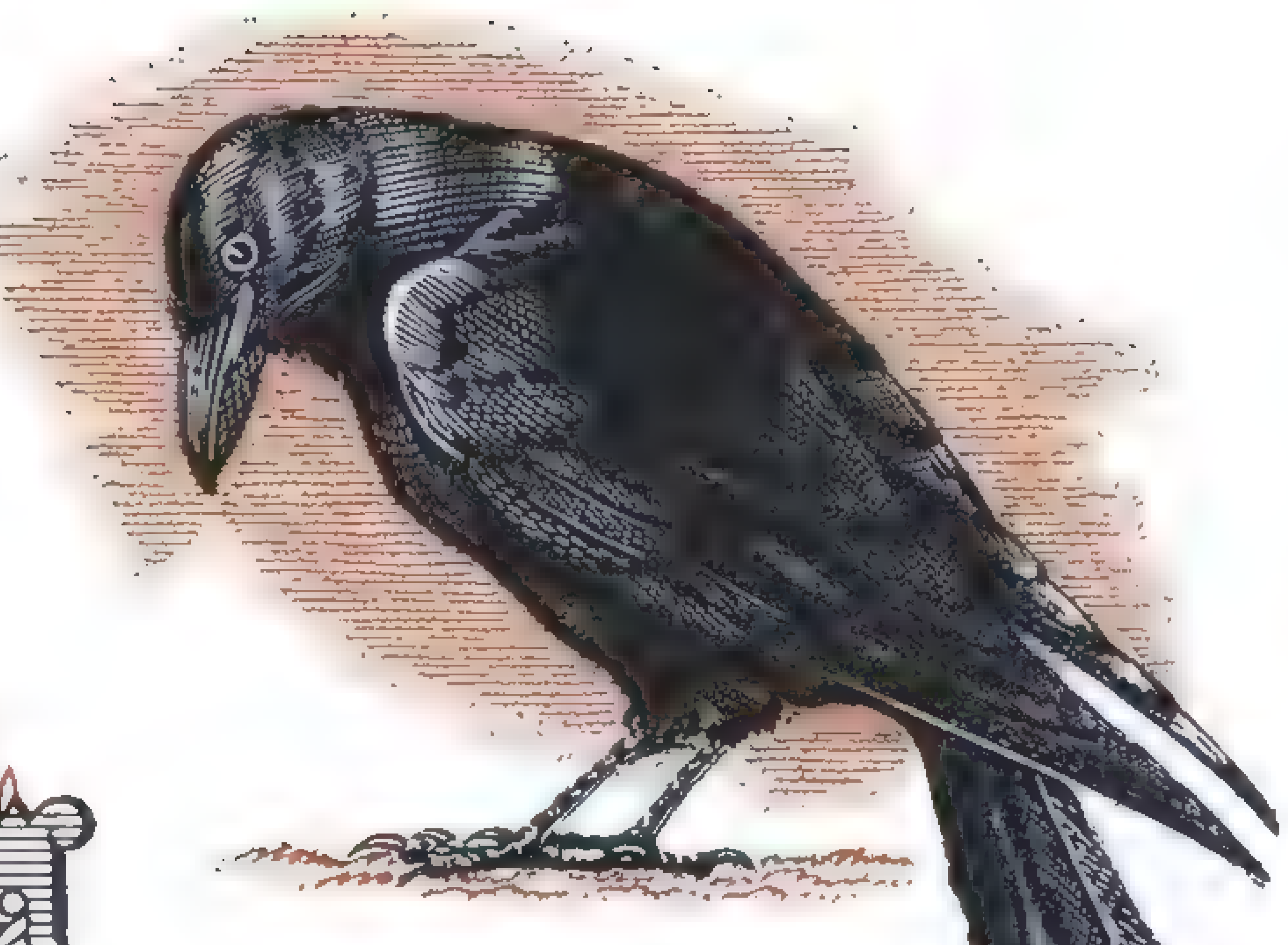
Continued at top of page 122

ELASTIC'S BACK IN SANTA'S PACK

Santa's showing off his new ALL ELASTIC Paris Garters and Suspenders and to be doubly secure—a fine leather Paris Belt. Be a happy Santa, too. Head your shopping list with Paris Garters, Suspenders and Belts—tops in style and quality. Ask for Paris today—at fine stores everywhere.

All Elastic Paris Garters 55c to $1.
Free-Swing Paris Suspenders $1 and up.
Distinctive Paris Belts $1 to $7.

Say "Merry Christmas" with
PARIS
GARTERS • SUSPENDERS • BELTS



OLD CROW
BRAND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
W. A. Gaines

A Legacy from Col. James Crow

To future generations I leave the finest whiskey ever produced in old Kentucky

THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR OLD CROW

A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

Bottled-in-Bond

The Old Crow whiskey you buy was distilled and laid away to age years before the war. Today the Old Crow Distillery is cooperating 100% with the government alcohol program.

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • This whiskey is 4 years old • National Distillers Prod. Corp., N. Y. • 100 Proof

Make Mine Bottled

Continued from page 121

gift. Arrived yesterday, served today and out go the empties tomorrow.

Joe's gift couldn't have been accorded a more signal honor than to be served as the theme-drink of a feast where sentiments are real, and the Absent, reached out to in spirit across the thousands of miles, are ceremonially clinked to and drunk to. Indeed, he can feel happy that he chose a present which could be so used, instead of something "more practical, that people really need."

Schemes for rearranging and improving other people's lives are quite a hobby for the propagiver, if you'll forgive the term. I don't like the way Mrs. Doaks dresses her children, so I send them some kid clothes according to *my* idea. I don't like the percolated coffee the Greens make and enjoy, so I send them a drip outfit. I don't like to see the Browns reading nothing but fiction, so I send them a stack of biographies, and you can count on my quizzing them from time to time to check up on whether they're reading them or not. I don't like those cigars that Joe Roe smokes, so I send a box of *my* kind. And so forth. Wealthy aunts and uncles have been known to shine at this trick. It's such fun to domineer generously, to give gifts-with-a-purpose and make them stick. This means *sensible* gifts, of course. Not foolish things like liquor and wines. As for beer, heavens! *Who* do *we* know that drinks *beer?*

Well, merely the Armed Forces of the United States and our allies. The other day I was talking to some Dutch sailors who told me that their ship and all the other vessels of the Royal Netherlands Navy have beer (American) aboard, which they sell at cost in their canteens; that such sale of suds at sea had always been permitted in that navy, and that, in consequence, the men don't hit shore with weeks and months of thirst saved up. Prospects of similar use of beer aboard the ships of the U. S. Navy some day are growing brighter, but maybe that day won't come till peacetime.

Then it's bound to come, because the Armed Forces know what the Bogy of Beer ("depraver of youth," etc.) is stuffed with, and will kick that stuffing out with lusty foot. They may also have a word to say to Mrs. Blah who didn't know anybody that drank beer. And besides setting her right on that point, they could enlighten her as to the "foolishness" of bottle gifts. For they have learned to value three human qualities above all others: Courage, Leadership, Friendship. To them the bestowal of a bundle that gives forth cheery news of good liquor and fine wines, with no strings attached, would seem a friendly deed indeed. And a case of champagne for New Year's Eve would rate as human kindness' own milk, fresh from the dairy, not powdered. ⧻

Should the Movies Tell?

Continued from page 105

husband because he wanted her himself, that's all. It didn't seem entirely plausible to me. What's more, the picture moved in an atmosphere of reality.

Edward G. Robinson suddenly came all the way out of all his last fifteen parts and was a new man, a character; it was the darndest thing to see human beings on the screen. Between them they somehow told you something about people—and this in the middle of a high-pitched melodrama.

So, in effect, the movies take a real man who lived through and with the most glamorous (and part of the most grandiose) years of American life and, except for a genuinely good performance by Frederic March, make a monkey of him; they surround him with useless falsehoods; they dull up his wit; they lie about his relations with people; they make the whole era in which he lived completely wrong—and their picture isn't one fourth as interesting as it would be if they had held to the truth.

Then the movies take over a piece of high-class artificiality, a murder all in hot red, and infuse a terrific life even into the early scenes, into the way a man drives a car or talks to a salesman or helps a girl meet her boy friend. To be sure, different hands were at work on these things; but isn't there at least a norm, a kind of ethical standard for the movies, making them do respectable work in A pictures? Doesn't one moviemaker look at the work of the others? Does anyone learn anything?

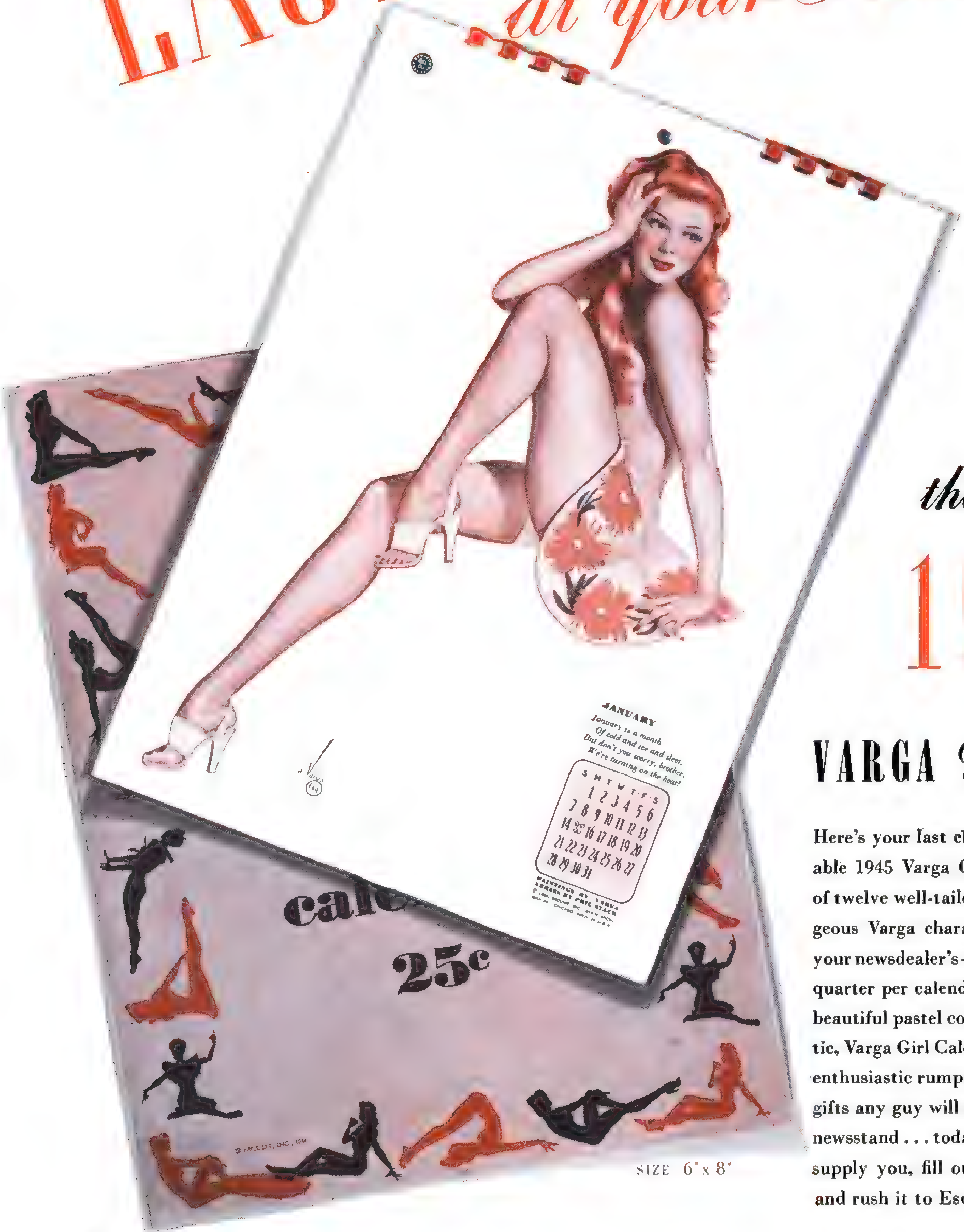
This is a profane and blasphemous piece. I see, after a hasty look over the words I've written, that I have used both "hell" and "darn." And it isn't that I'm angry. I just hate to be mystified.

I hate also to think that we are going to make pictures of this war which will be as phony as the pictures we've made of the Civil War—and that the straight shooting and honest thinking we used to get will vanish for a generation. We simply haven't the habit of trying to see how dramatic the truth is.

Sorry, your correspondent couldn't get in to see *Wilson.* I am told it is truthful and accurate, that an imaginary scene between Bernstorff and Wilson isn't false to the spirit of the actual events, that Zanuck really believed history was as good as a Hollywood writer.

I hope so. ⧻

LAST chance at your Newsstand


JANUARY
January is a month
Of cold and ice and sleet,
But don't you worry, brother,
We're turning on the heat!
S M T W T F S
1 2 3 4 5 6
7 8 9 10 11 12 13
14 15 16 17 18 19 20
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VERSES BY PHIL STACK
calendar
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the 1945

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Here's your last chance to capture the incomparable 1945 Varga Girl Calendar . . . with its bevy of twelve well-tailored lasses by Varga. These gorgeous Varga characters are waiting your call at your newsdealer's—though not for long—at a mere quarter per calendar. Printed on sturdy stock in beautiful pastel colors, and bound in modern plastic, Varga Girl Calendars will withstand your most enthusiastic rumpus room rumblings. And they're gifts any guy will go for. Go for yours . . . at your newsstand . . . today. Or if your newsdealer cannot supply you, fill out the coupon on this page . . . and rush it to Esquire . . . PRONTO.

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O.K., Esquire, send them pronto—your 12-page, full size, and full color Varga Girl Calendars. I want ______ Varga Calendars @ 25c each, for which I remit $______, payment in full. (U. S. orders only. No stamps please.)

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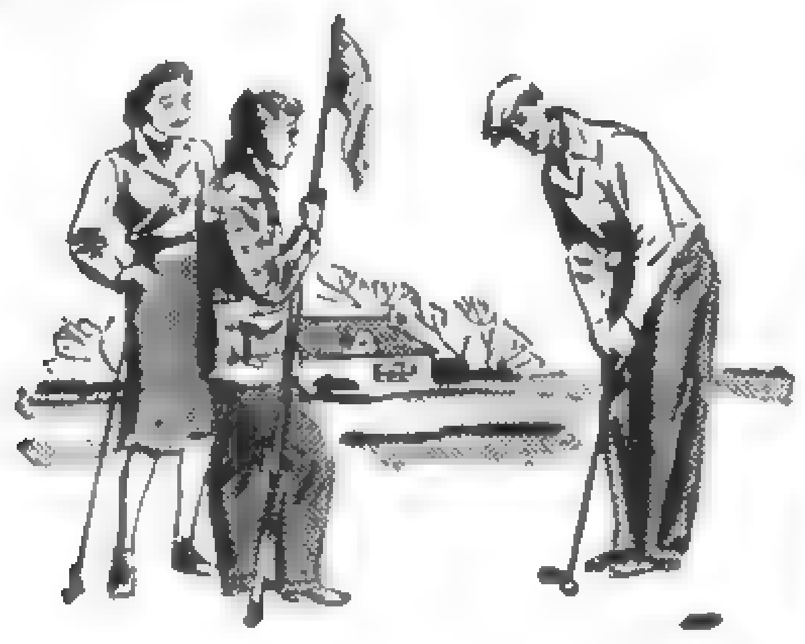
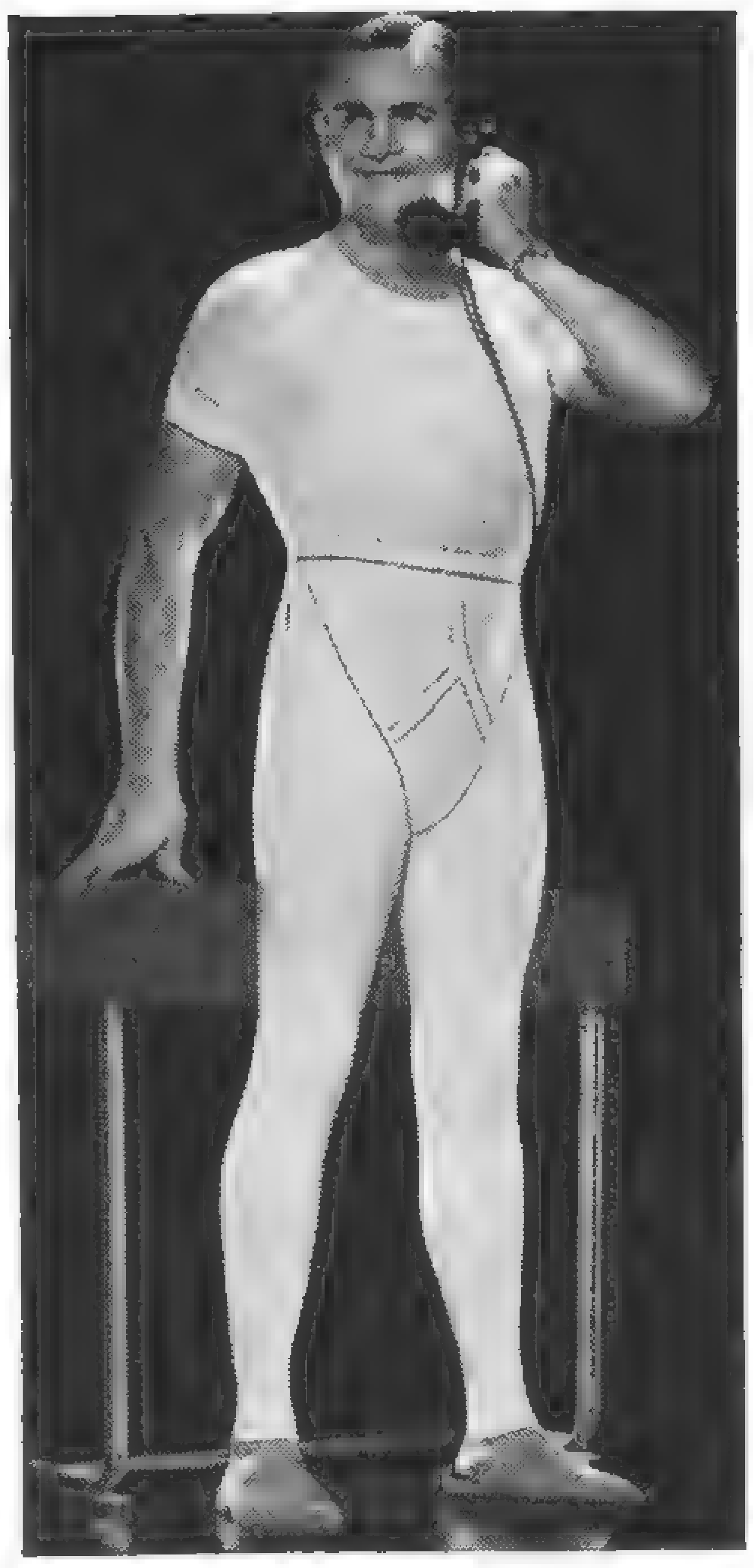
Each man needs at least one pair of Jockey Long knit underwear

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.





Don't stay indoors these crisp winter days—get your share of health-giving exercise. But infrequent exposure requires the protection of famous Jockey Longs. Their knit fabric is light but warm, and allows freedom of action without bind or bulk. In addition, you get the same support features that the patented Y-front construction gives to *all* Jockey Underwear—features that have made Jockey the largest-selling brand in the world. So buy at least one pair of Jockey Longs today—more, *if you are outdoors a lot*—but give the other fellow a chance.

Go Long on War Bonds!

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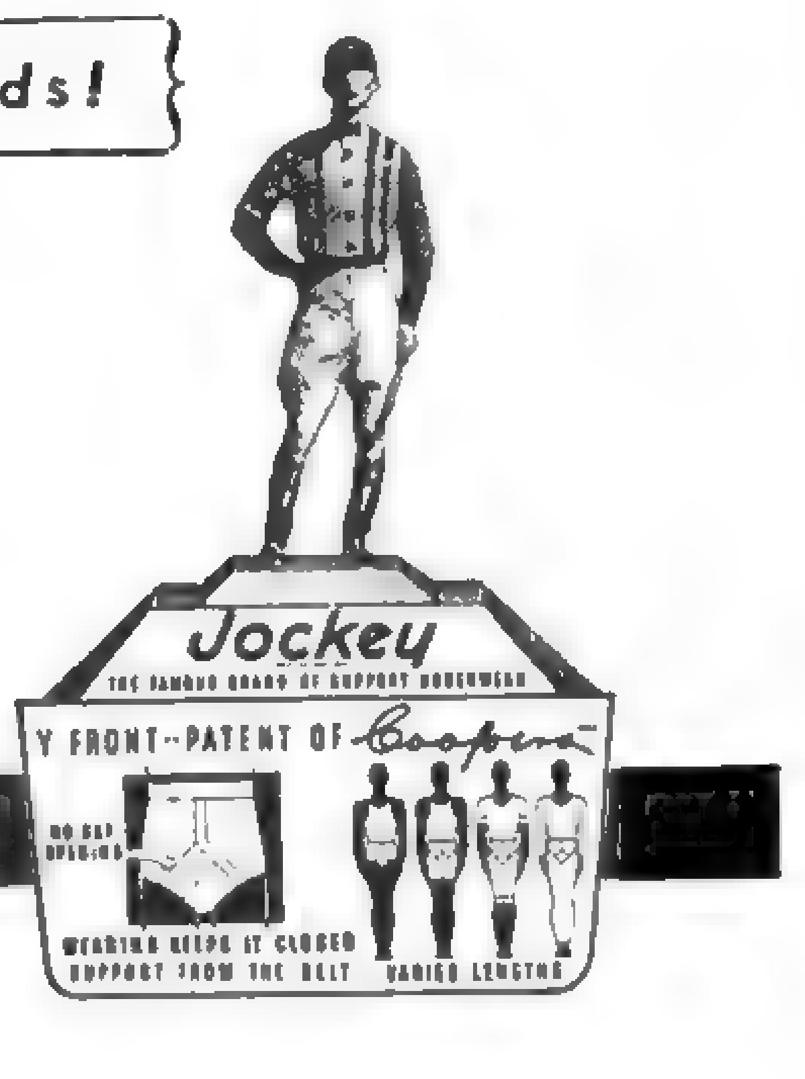
Made and distributed in Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; in Australia by Speedo Knitting Mills, Pty. Ltd., Sydney; in British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London; in New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S. I.



Esquire on the Record

BEST SELLERS

Compiled by GILBERT SELDES

Asch Records

BLUES ALBUM:
Careless Love Blues—Josh White with Guitar
T. B. Blues—Josh White with Guitar
Until My Baby Comes Home—Nora Lee King acc. by Mary Lou Williams
Too Evil to Cry—Champion Jack Dupree, vocal and pf.
Ain't Gonna Be Treated This Way—Woody Guthrie and Cisco Houston with Guitars
Lonesome Train—Blind Sonny Terry, Harmonica and Voice acc. Woody Guthrie Guitar

BURL IVES ALBUM:
Wayfaring Stranger, Black Is the Color, Henry Martin, Foggy Foggy Dew, Blue Tail Fly, The Bold Soldier, The Sow Took the Measles. (3-10″ records)

SONGS BY LEAD BELLY:
Accompanied by harmonica virtuoso Sonny Terry; *Good Morning Blues, How Long, Irene, Ain't You Glad, John Henry, On a Monday.* (3-10″ records)

WOODIE GUTHRIE ALBUM:
Biggest Thing in the World, When the Yanks Go Marching In, Talking Sailor, Coolee Dam, Pretty Boy, Stacker Lee. (3-10″ records)

SONGS BY JOSH WHITE:
Outskirts of Town, Fare Thee Well, One Meat Ball, When I Lay Down, The House I Live In, Work-Blues. (3-10″ records)

SONGS FOR VICTORY:
UAW-CIO, Sally Don't You Grieve, Dollar Bill, Hold the Fort We Shall Not Be Moved, Hold On, Jim Crow. (3-10″ records)

A Good List

Of all the recording companies smaller than the big three, Asch strikes me as being the one most intelligently directed, most aware of what it is doing and maybe "most likely to succeed." So I give a fairly complete account of it this month—and will do the same for other smaller houses if and when their lists seem to deserve it.

As you see, the Asch list is largely top-notch jazz, top-notch folk music, and a political point of view. The last comes out most clearly in *Songs for Victory*—but it also connects Woody Guthrie and Langston Hughes to Josh White and Lead Belly.

Such a list omits the great classics and the current sensations; and a good list should have some of each. But Asch seems to operate as a publishing house does, intending to build a reputation for quality in a special field or two, then branching out.

This is not a great time for superior recording; I wasn't too happy with some of the Burl Iveses, for instance. But the Blues album is clean and sweet—and there's no complaint about most of the others. Incidentally, each of the individuals represented is worth a whole essay—or album, which is better.

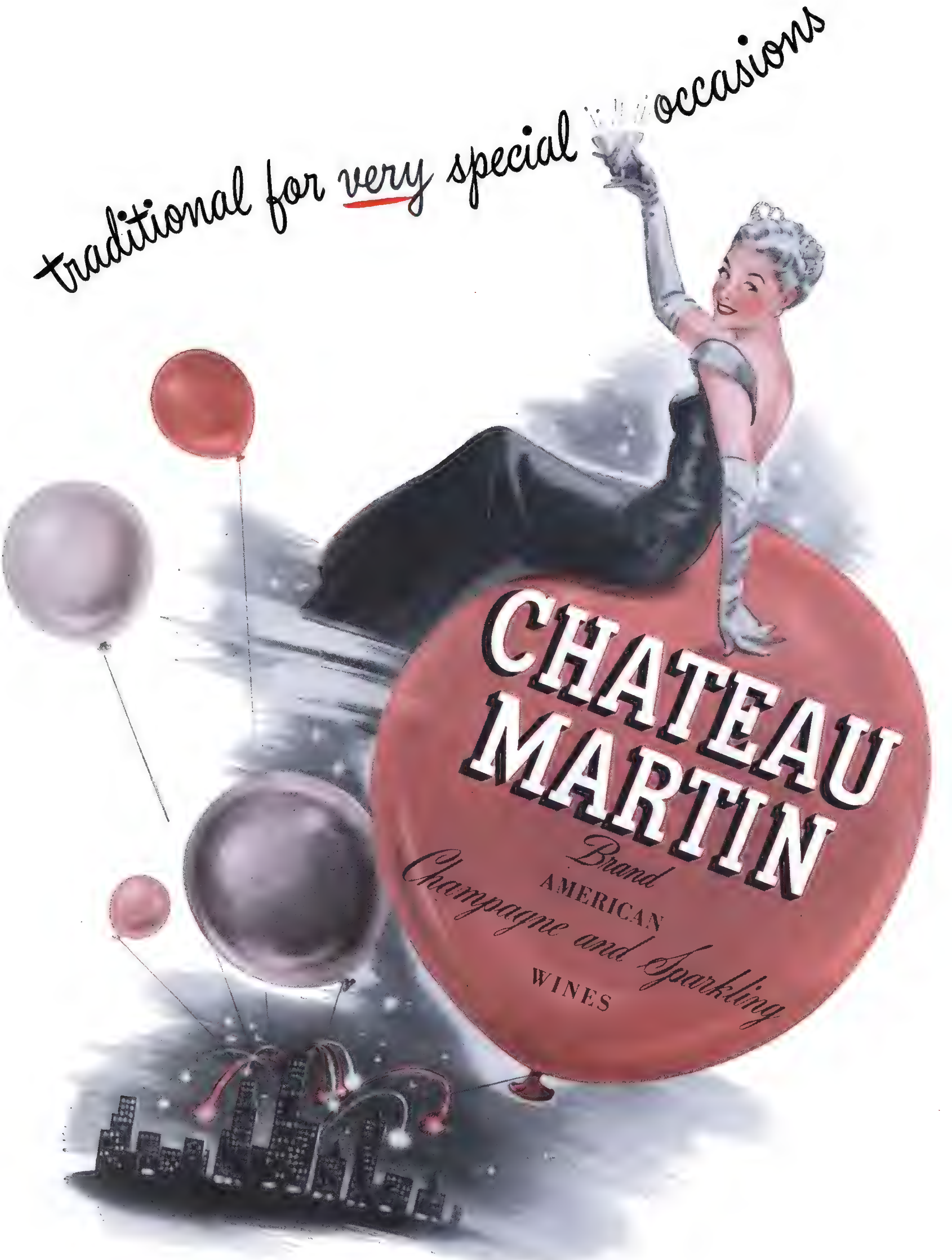
There are also groups of these artists, in various combinations, such as Folksay, with Guthrie, White, Terry and others. And forthcoming releases include a Fats Waller Memorial (under the Signature label) and albums of James P. Johnson, Meade Lux Lewis and poems by Langston Hughes.

Random Recordings

Songs by Burl Ives (Columbia)	Just to note that Asch has no monopoly. Columbia includes one of the best of all—*On Top of Old Smoky.*
Umbriago *Inka Dinka Doo* (Decca—Jimmy Durante)	Just to note that Columbia isn't alone with *its* Inka, here Decca shows up with the same, plus the new sensation, *Umbriago.* Columbia has *The Hot Patata.*
If You Were the Only Girl in the World *What a Difference a Day Made* (Musicraft—Joan Brooks)	A rich radio voice in an oldish and a newish melody; Joan Brooks sings well, probably needs promotion to make her seem more exciting.
Sweet and Lovely (Decca—Crosby)	The Crosby record was made 13 years ago—re-released because the song is popular again. He sang just as well in '31 as he does now.
Swamp Mist—Rex Stewart (Keynote—Stewart's Big 8)	The Big 8 is, I'm told, an Ellington descendant; Cozy Cole's at the drums for one thing. *Swamp Mist* recalls the Ellington of moods and geographical avocations, nicely recorded in a "Hot Record Society" session. The words, which aren't featured, are by Edmund Anderson.

All for Bach

Coffee Cantata—Bach (Musicraft) *Fugue in G Minor* (Columbia—Stokowski and All-American) *Transcriptions* (Victor—Stokowski and Philadelphia)	The *Coffee Cantata* is one everybody talks about and no one hears. It's "secular"—it's comic, it's a little long. But Musicraft serves a good purpose in having such music—in which it specializes—available. The others are brief classics, brilliantly rendered by Stokowski with whatever orchestra comes under his hand.


traditional for very special occasions
CHATEAU MARTIN
Brand
AMERICAN
Champagne and Sparkling
WINES

EASTERN WINE CORPORATION • NEW YORK, N. Y.

Man the Kitchenette

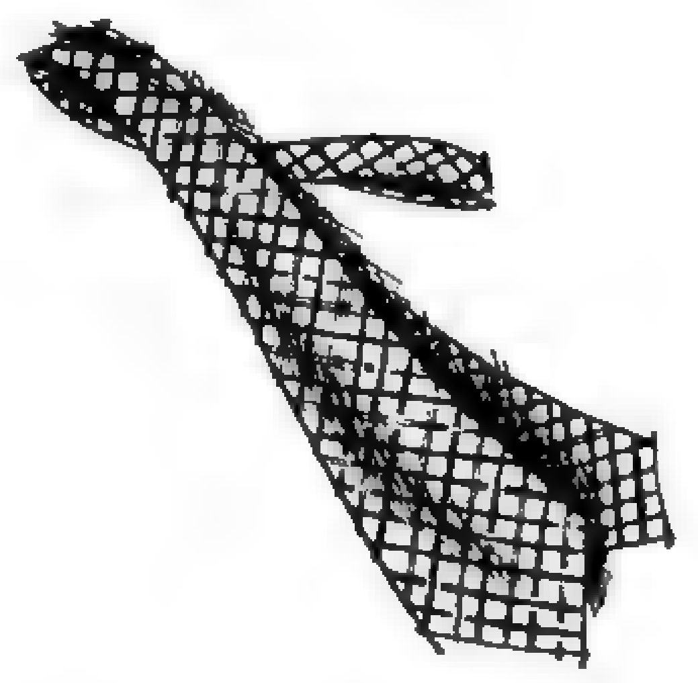
Continued from page 113

rants, the Czechoslovakian and the Hungarian, opposite one another, in the Rue de Surène. I venture to say that they were better than any restaurants you could find in Prague or Budapest respectively. The Hungarian place was the favorite of Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich. Near-by, the Chicago Inn dispensed American specialties to Americans, like corned beef hash, pies, strawberry shortcake and ice cream.

Before I lead you to the Left Bank, I must not forget Fouquet's, an excellent restaurant on the Champs-Elysées, with the café and bar on the famous avenue, and the fine restaurant itself around the corner, on the Avenue George V. Rather expensive. And I would also like to mention the Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque (Rue de la Pépinière), which used to be a busy restaurant on three floors not unlike the "21" in New York; here the chefs came in from the kitchen to serve you very good and copious Alsatian food. Middling prices.

Francis-Grillroom on the Place de l'Alma is memorable, especially to me, because in the company of an old derelict I slept on the chairs of the sidewalk café one night very many years ago when I was locked out of my hotel. It was summer, but the night was cool, and the professional hobo covered the amateur with the pages of *Le Matin.*

One of the best restaurants in the world was the Tour d'Argent, on the Quai de la Tournelle on the Left Bank. Pressed duck was in order here and crêpes Suzette and red wines of ancient vintage. It had old waiters, old, dignified atmosphere; very expensive. Near it on the Boulevard St. Germain is the Brasserie Lipp, where you can get fine Alsatian food and the best beer in town. Opposite this Lipp was the Café des Deux Magots, favored afternoon chocolate and brioche place of Oscar Wilde, George Moore and Anatole France.



Printed wool challis tie marked with red and black Tattersall checks against gold color background.

You know the Dôme and the Rotonde and the Select, three cafés on Montparnasse, which feed well-to-do Bohemians with rather good food, but you don't know Jean's, right next door to the Café du Dôme, a dingy little bistro where there is a marvelous stew every day and good red wine for the lowest prices in Paris.

Also opposite the Dôme, on the Rue Delambre side, is a tiny restaurant called La Crémerie Chaude. Literally for pennies you could get here a fine soup, a well prepared small beefsteak, veal cutlet or mutton chop and a good dessert. Food was served on marble-topped tables, and when it came to paying, old Madame came over and did her figuring with a pencil on the marble top. If after the check was presented you said you had no money to pay, Madame, God bless her, simply erased the check with the aid of the wet cloth she always carried in her hand.

So here you are, Noel. I send you this imperfect little Paris restaurant itinerary because you like to eat well.

Until three years ago you were in New York and you used to come home from your office around six, pour yourself a highball and head straight for your kitchenette to settle down to some serious cooking.

You then would look casually at a couple of French cookery books—not so much to learn a recipe (hundreds of them were firmly embedded in your elephantine memory), but to help you decide which style of cooking best suited your fancy this particular evening.

You stood over the range and with your diabolically dexterous hands manipulated the skillet—so much butter, meat, seasoning and just the proper heat. In the meantime you mixed your beloved *fines herbes* with some more butter, wine and spices in another pan, and presto, you had a superb dish ready in less time than it took me to ask your doorman: "Is Mr. Noel in?"

The intimate dinners at your house came to an end. You got up and left your editor's desk to join the Navy.

It was so sudden that I doubt if you had time to write the newspaperman's "thirty" at the end of your last sheet or wash the dishes at home.

Obviously you have no kitchenette in Paris. Your New York one we will keep waiting for you, however, and so, for a short time more,

Au Revoir, Noel! ##

Greetings from
PHILIP MORRIS
Call for PHILIP MORRIS
PHILIP MORRIS

Fine to give
Fine to get

Season's Greetings from
PHILIP MORRIS

IF YOU CAN'T GET PHILIP MORRIS, REMEMBER, OUR FIGHTING FORCES COME FIRST

Black Sheep No. Four: Ethelda

Continued from page 85

to see—smart hotels, cars, tours, ending with a taste of the Riviera. But after awhile it seemed to her this was only a new version of the same thing, the same old circle, and he wasn't interesting enough to hold her. A chance meeting in Paris with a dancer she had known in New York led her to accept his proposal that they dance together in a Paris night club. That was fun; she was sorry for her discarded lover, but it was good to be alone again. There followed occasional attachments, but they left no lasting impression. Ten years went by, and there were always engagements in revues, in night clubs, in shows, London, Paris, Deauville.

There came a time in between engagements when her money was really low. She was now fed up with Europe; she wanted to go home. She put an ad in the Paris *Herald:* Would some American gentleman stake an American girl to a trip back home? An answer: This American gentleman would be only too glad to do that and only too glad for her company on the voyage back to New York. By the time they approached the Statue of Liberty he would have given her his life. He would divorce his wife—he could arrange that with money—and they'd get married. Well, she'd consider it, and she might do it. In the meantime her most extravagant desires were satisfied by him: an apartment on Park Avenue, clothes from the famous dressmakers, magnificent jewelry, all the trappings of a pampered darling.

By the time his divorce was arranged the idea of life with him for an indeterminate future was more than she could think of. The old story. He came to the apartment one evening to find her gone. A note she left expressed her regret that she could not go on, she wished him well, but she wanted to be alone. He searched the city for her but found no trace. She had taken her car and driven north on an aimless tour. It was summertime and she was alone again, with enough money to live on for a while, and happy.

In Nova Scotia she stopped at a roadside stand. The young man in charge was attractive, a French Canadian. Yes, it was his stand; he fished in season, and he and his sister operated this stand in the summertime; sandwiches, coffee, fish cakes. He seemed flattered by her interest and when she announced her intention of staying over for a few days he took her to the little inn. After a week, during which she spent most of her time with him, sailing, walking, driving, she was back of the counter behind the coffee urn, helping him with the stand. He was desperately in love with her, and to her he was attractive, different from anyone else she had ever met. His interest in the world she came from amused her. Well, why not come back with her? She was driving to the Gaspé and he could come along and make up his mind about it.

They left together, and before they ended the Gaspé trip he decided he could never leave her. She allowed him to stay in the little apartment she took in the Village while he spent the days looking for work. He had little money and no special qualifications, and finding a job proved difficult. Finally, he got one selling vacuum cleaners from door to door. He didn't like it, but he would have done anything to be near her, and once in awhile he sold one. She it was who paid for their meals and entertainment. Why not, she said; she had money and he had none. He talked continually of their marrying as soon as he found a worthwhile job. She listened but said little beyond assuring him that certainly he'd find something one of these days.

And then came the evening that he went to the apartment to find her gone. The janitor told him she'd sublet the apartment and left no forwarding address. He was stunned, and for days searched their old haunts for some trace of her. But no success.

She was now thirty-six, still with sufficient money to idle between jobs. In the season, in Florida, saleswoman in a smart shop, idling during the summer. No longer the stage. She was getting too old for the chorus and had destroyed all her opportunities for more individual effort in a play or musical show. Occasionally an engagement in a night club, because she could wear clothes and handle a song, added to her funds sufficiently to provide a little more leisure.

The same routine patterned the years that followed. When she must have been forty, an acquaintance saw her one summer day behind the counter of a little roadside stand in Maryland. It was summertime, the country was lovely, and she was enjoying herself, she said, dispensing hot dogs and soda pop. It was her first experience in this sort of thing and it was fun being outdoors, meeting people, living a simple life. The acquaintance reported an obviously adoring male in the background, a burly "truck driver type," she said.

Then another day someone saw her demonstrating face powder in a smart Chicago department store—the proper shade to bring out the beauty of one's skin. She was still attractive, a little haggard, perhaps, but beautifully dressed and groomed. She appeared to be bored with her routine and admitted to having been at it too long—six months—thought she'd give it up and rest for awhile.

Why and for what purpose she destroyed every opportunity that ever came her way is a riddle. What she is searching for is anyone's guess, including her own. ⵌ

Action-point comfort

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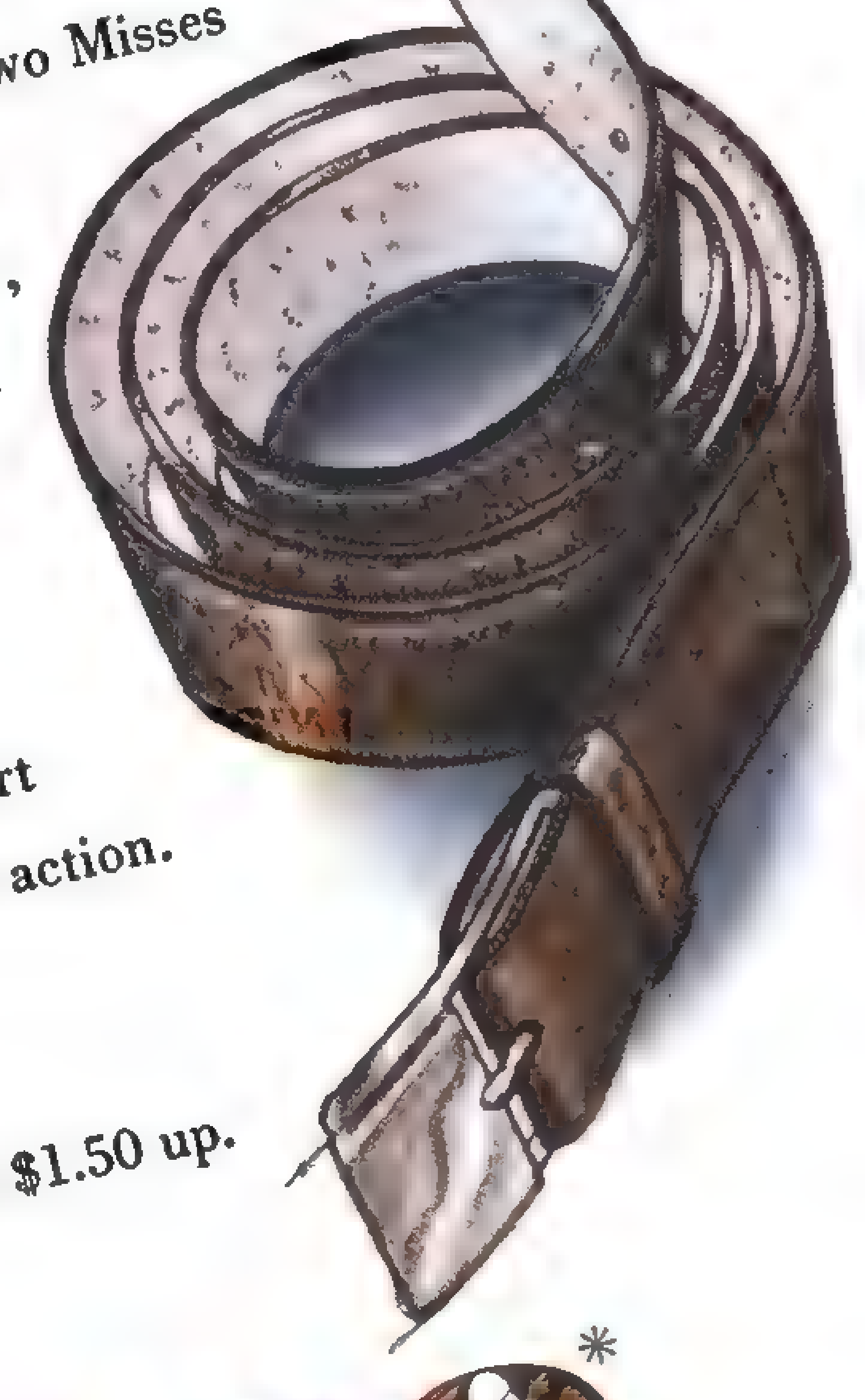
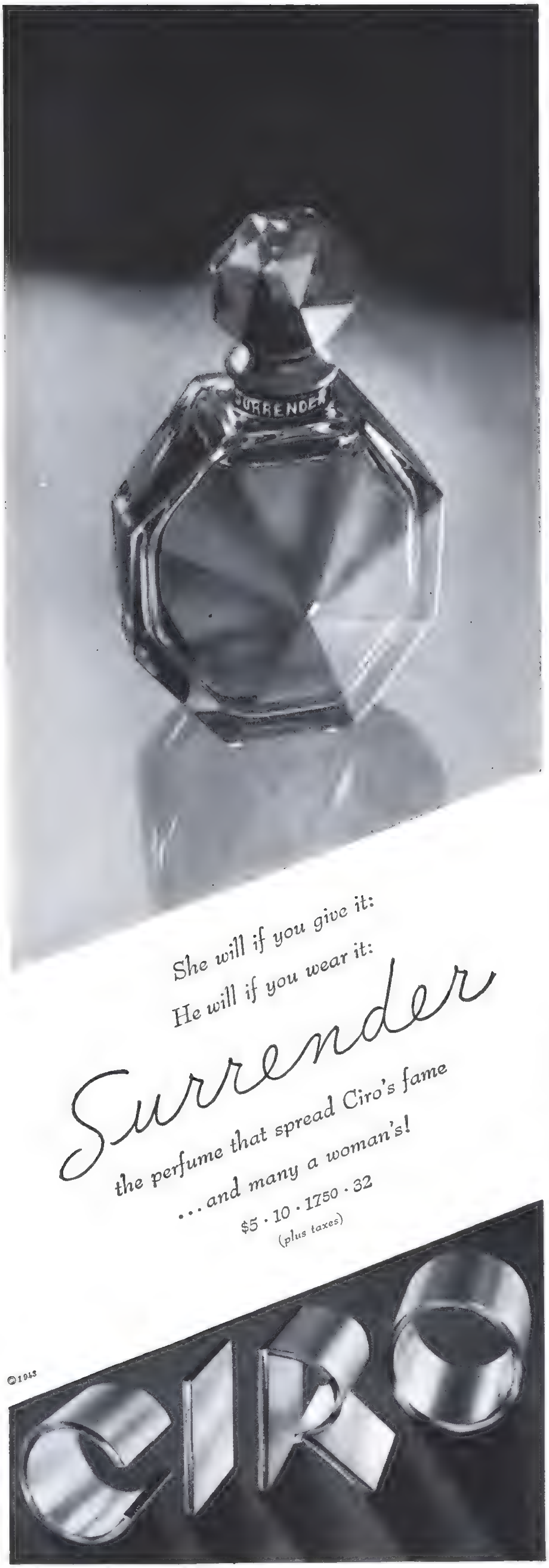
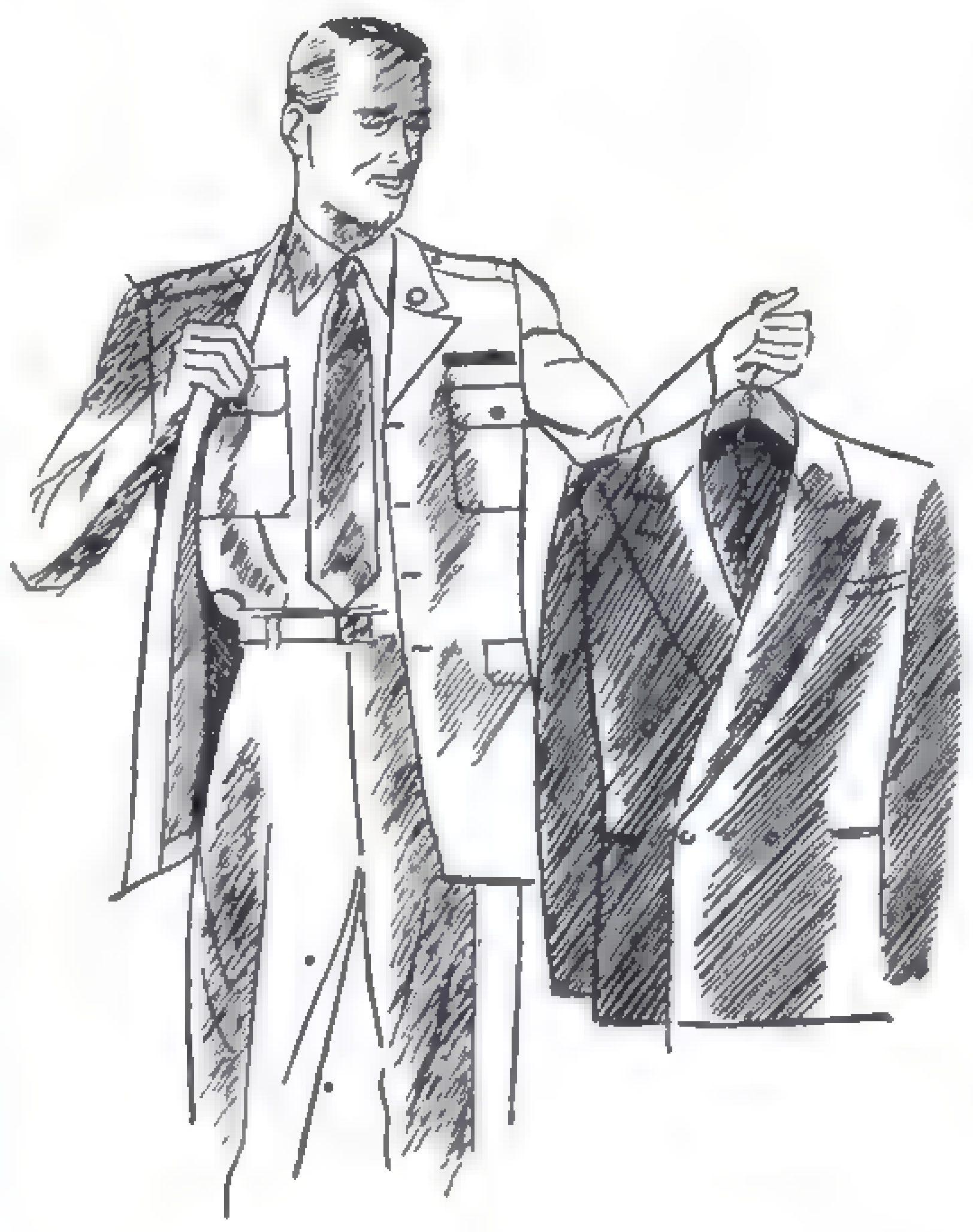




Mustered into Mufti

Blanket reply to men in the Armed Forces seeking fashion counsel on civilian wardrobes

by **O. E. SCHOEFFLER**
WEARABLES

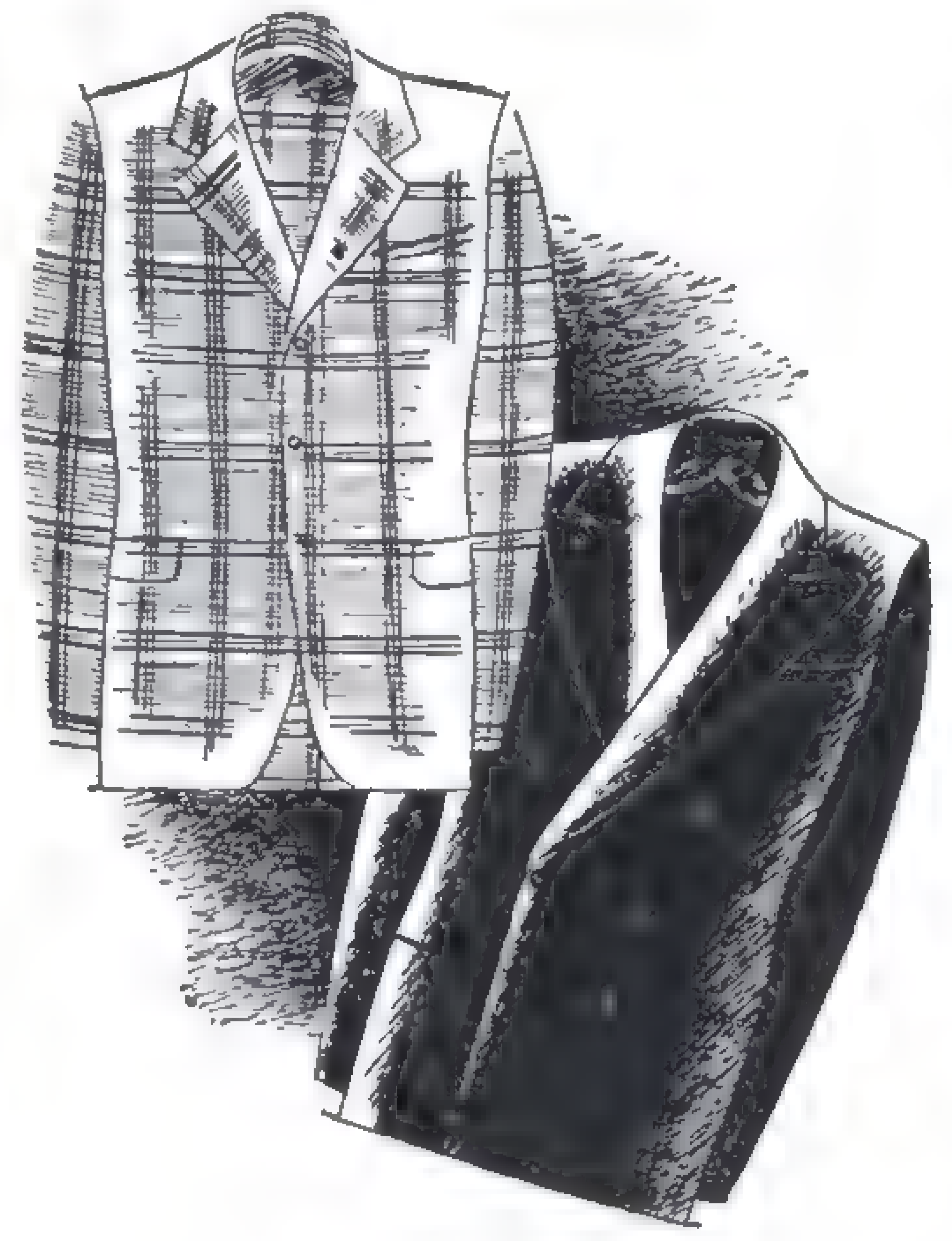


According to communiqués received by this publication, servicemen are of two minds. The first group will march back to civilian life with chests out and shoulders back, highly resolving to exercise regularly. The second school is hell-bent for relaxation and letting waistlines fall where they may. Like the soldier who wrote to the Sound and Fury, they intend to forget things military so completely as to avoid anything khaki-colored, including mustard. Many are young enough to have outgrown their pre-war clothes, while some older men have lost weight under the rigors of camp life and wish to begin with a completely new wardrobe.

A satisfactory suit for business and after business hours should logically be the first purchase. Chalk stripe or plain grey flannel or blue sharkskin worsted suits qualify under this heading.

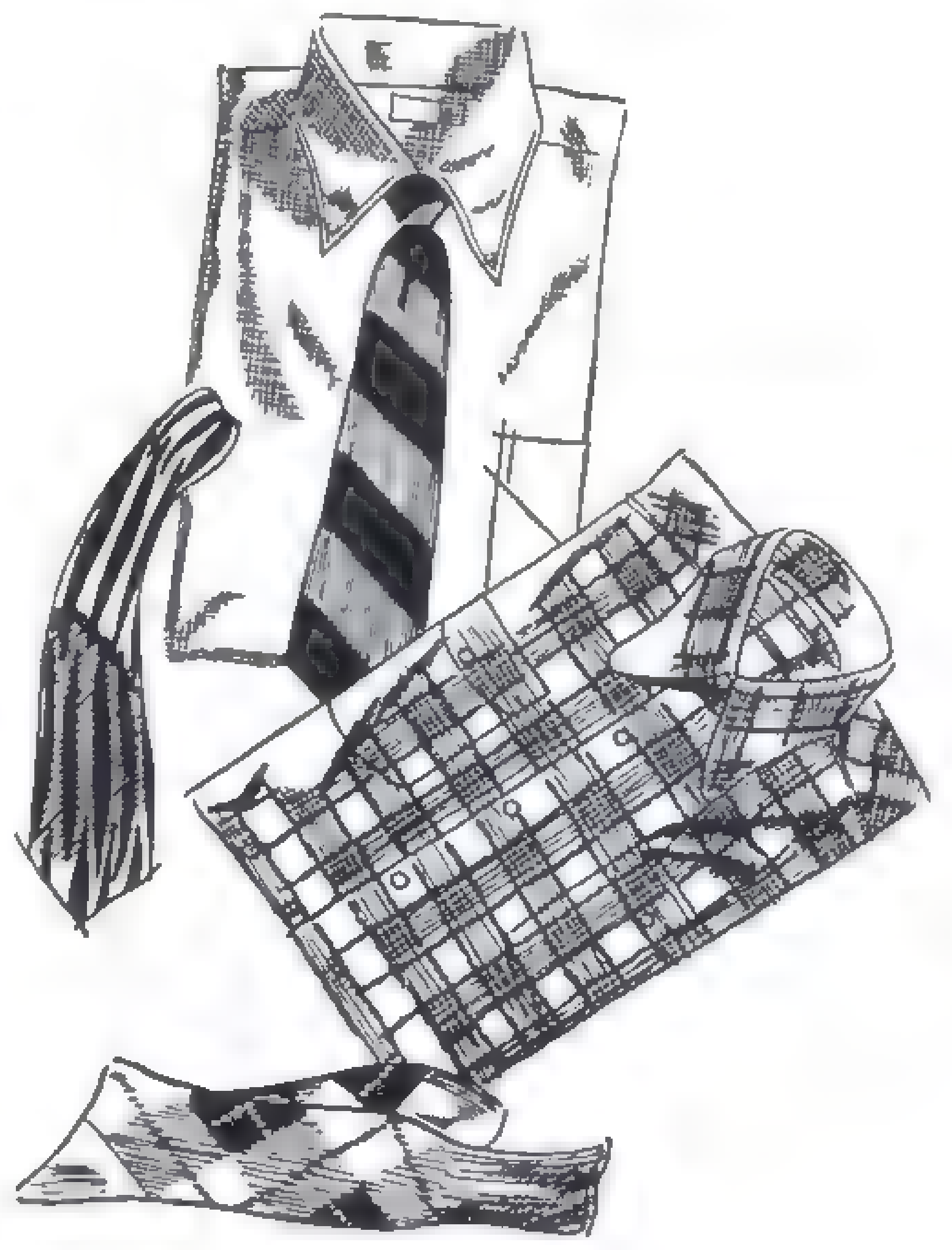
Next on the list is a lighter colored suit which shows herringbone or twill weaves with stripes in grey, brown or blue.

The third suit incorporates a more striking design: the Glen Urquhart plaid. A "must" in spring and summer is the plain gabardine in tan, grey-blue, brown or greyish-green. The crayon stripe suit is a close second.



For sports an odd tweed jacket in a small all-over pattern or striped Glen plaid is best with a basic brown tone. To complement this, a pair of grey flannel slacks is recommended. An alternate style of jacket is the casual tweed with a turn-back, shirt-type collar and easy-fitting body lines.

First choice among topcoats is the single-breasted tweed model showing natural shoulders, full sleeves and either regular or slash pockets. The basic overcoat is dark blue, either single or double-breasted. Servicemen are highly conscious of rainwear, so a fly-front processed cotton or worsted gabardine coat is likely to be among the early purchases.



A snap brim felt hat answers general purposes, and for dress-up occasions the black or grey Homburg has many advocates. The processed cotton hat and lightweight crusher style are outstanding in the more casual types.

Broadcloth and oxford shirts are combined with ties of figured designs. Lisle and wool socks are worn according to the season, the latter in argyle and other striking patterns. Number one on the list of shoes is the brown straight tip blucher with town last. Gabardine and plaid wool sport shirts as well as processed cotton jackets are recommended for sports and "fatigue" wear.

If a dinner jacket is to be included, the single-breasted model is preferred.

With hot weather come suits of lightweight worsted cotton, mohair blends and rayon mixtures.

For specific details see the color fashion pages in this issue. #

For a Man Who Plans
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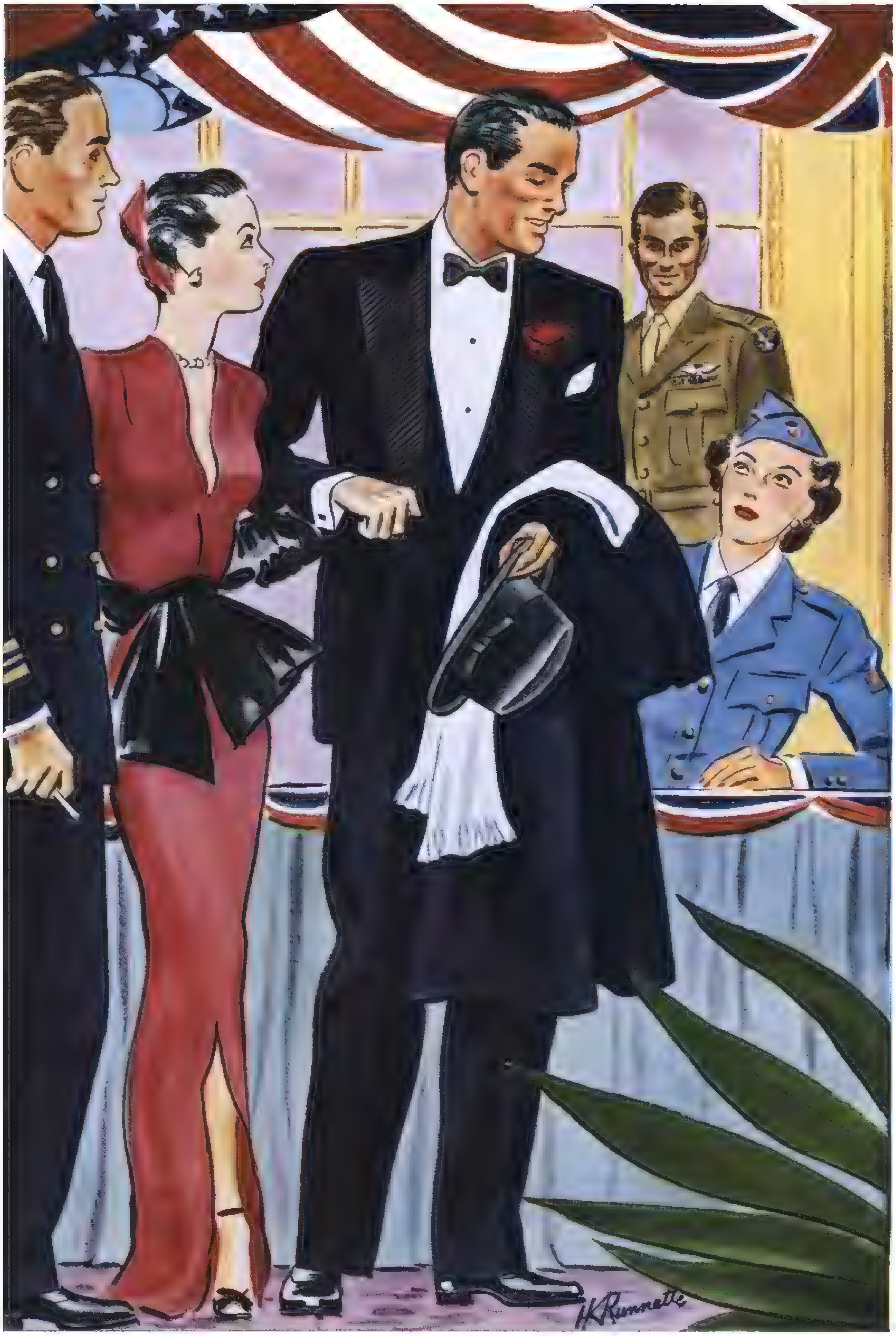

rally in midnight blue

Opinions of many men in the Armed Forces are that they hope to find things at home pretty much as they left them. This goes not only for after the war but for their furloughs or leaves right now. This scene at a benefit to back up the men in the various combat areas, lives up to their ideas of after-dark get-togethers. Women dressed at their best are part of the picture. Men above military age, sometimes reluctant to put on a dinner jacket these evenings, also go formal. This gentleman is turned out in accordance with W.P.B. regulations, which permit only the single-breasted dinner jacket. His is a midnight blue unfinished worsted and the peaked lapels have grosgrain facings. The waistcoat is also midnight blue. Dress shirts with bosoms are no longer made so you have to depend on your favorite shop's supply, or wear shirts you have. Also worn, black studs and bow tie.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

Make it a VAN HEUSEN Merry Christmas!

Here are six wonderful ideas for a wonderful Christmas. Any or all of them are guaranteed to make a man say, "That's just what I wanted!"—and mean it! Better visit your Van Heusen Dealer today.
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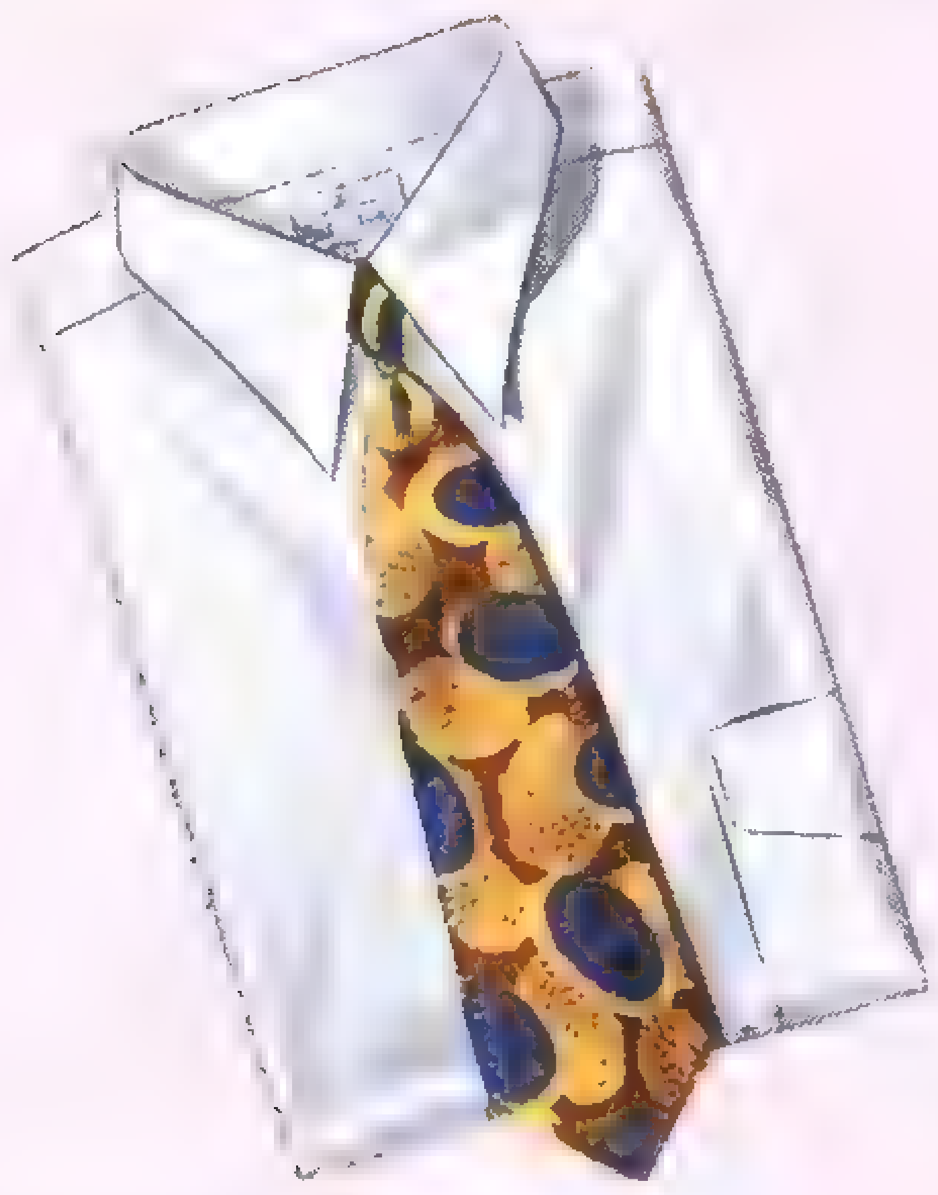
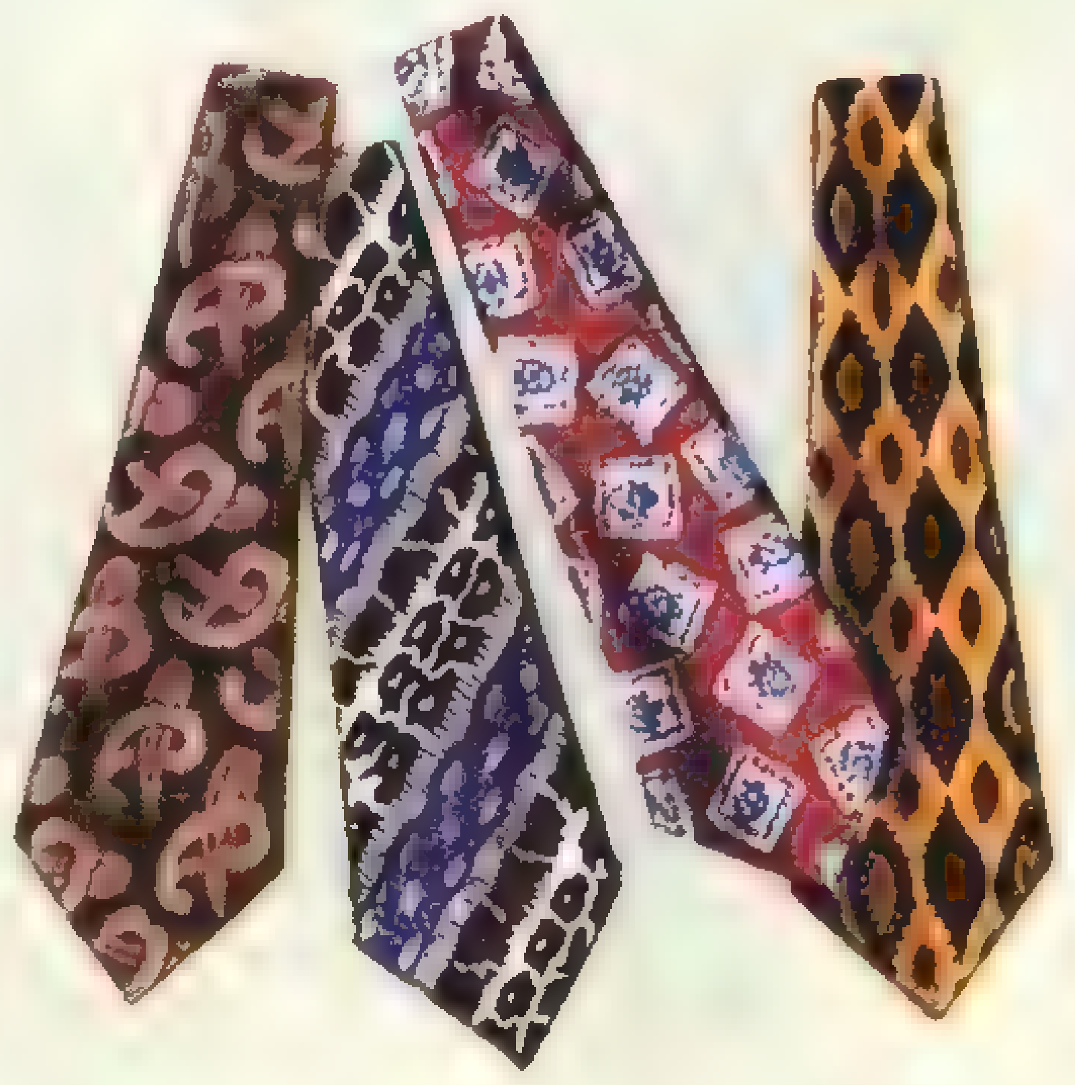
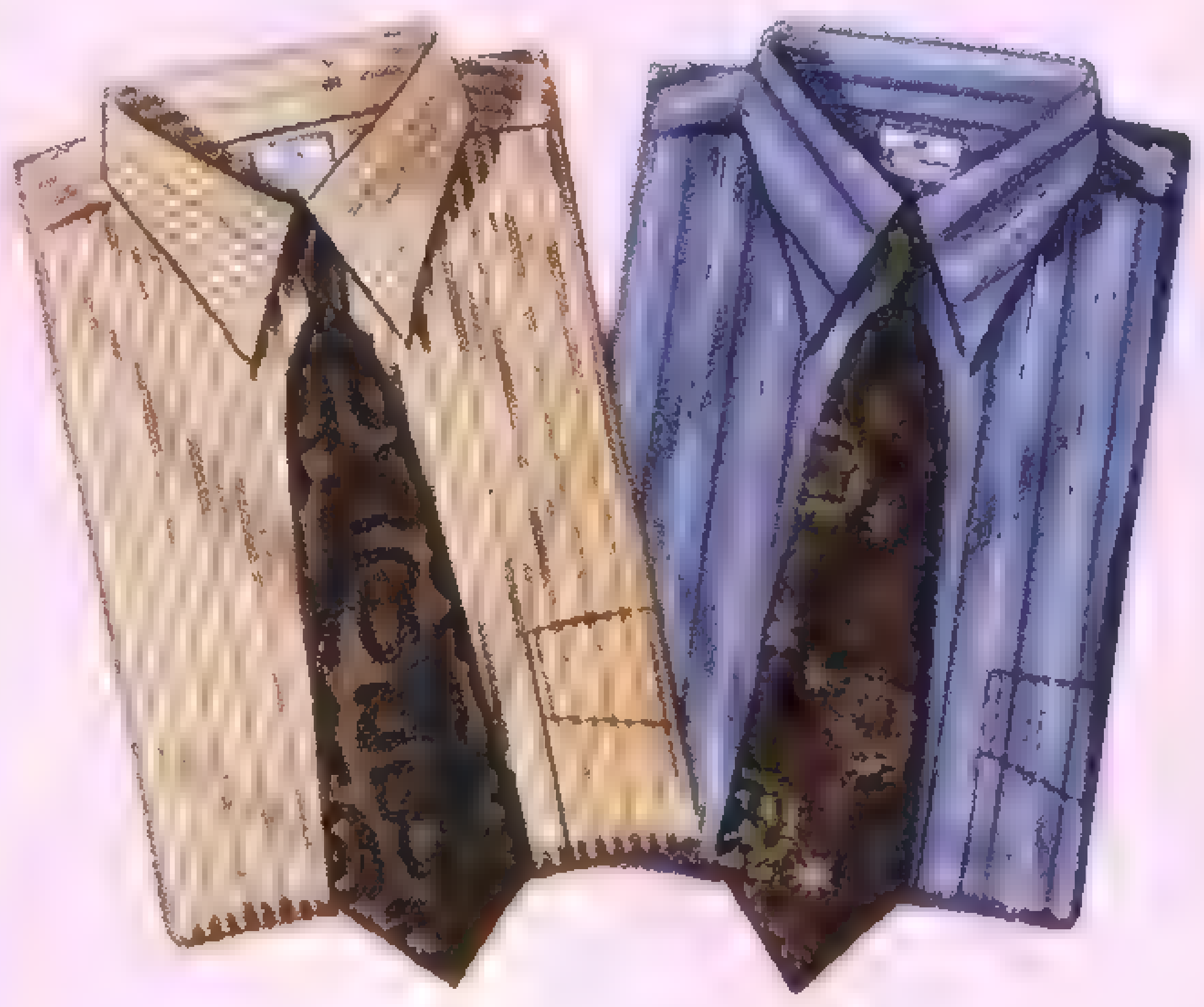


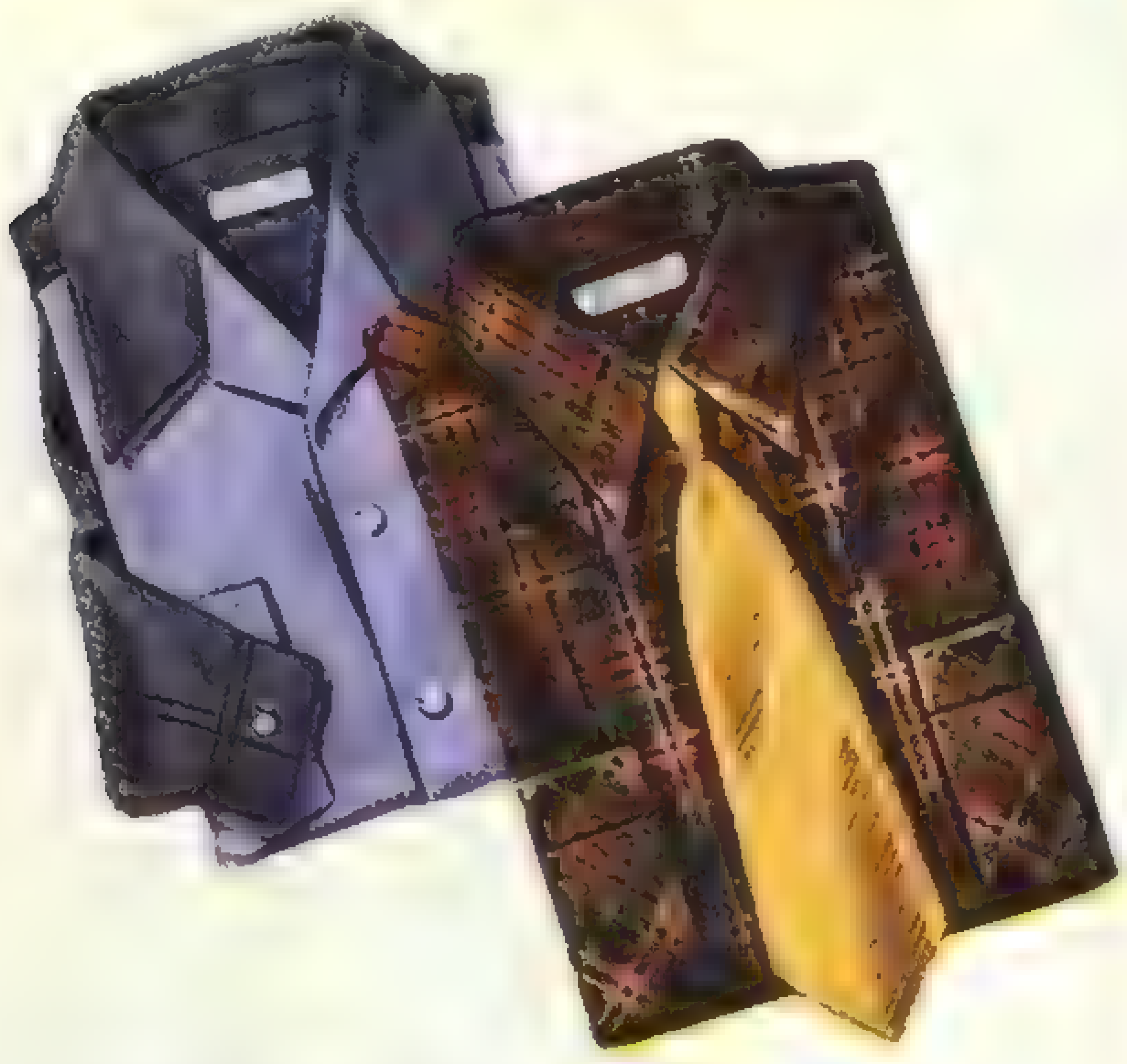
GIVE HIS NECK A BREAK. What's special about *this* gift? It's a Van Heusen white shirt with a Van Heusen collar attached that can't wilt, can't wrinkle...looks starched but *isn't*. It's the one white shirt that's different! . . . . . . **$2.25** and up.



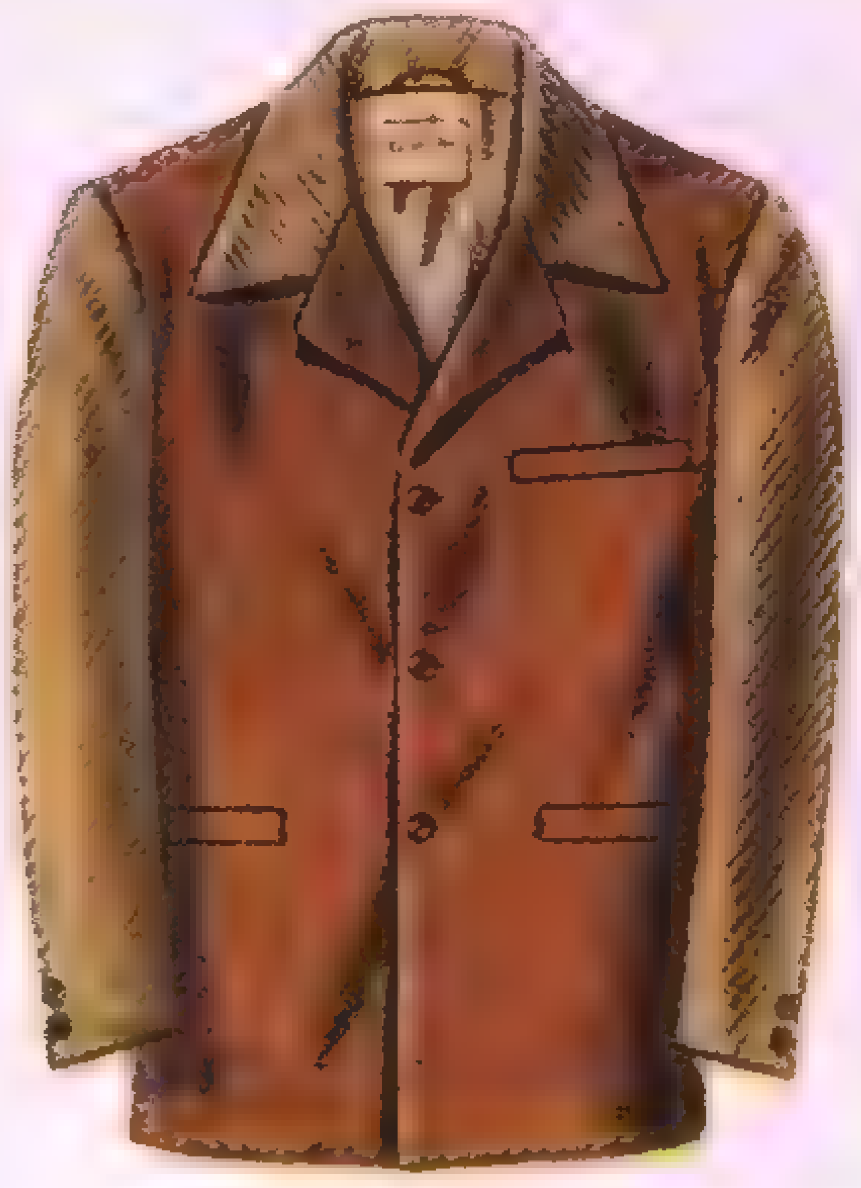
TIES HE'D CHOOSE FOR HIMSELF. One thing you're sure of when you choose Van Heusen Ties: they're styled to harmonize, in design as well as color, with the patterns of Van Heusen Shirts. Wonderful with white shirts too. **$1** and **$1.50**



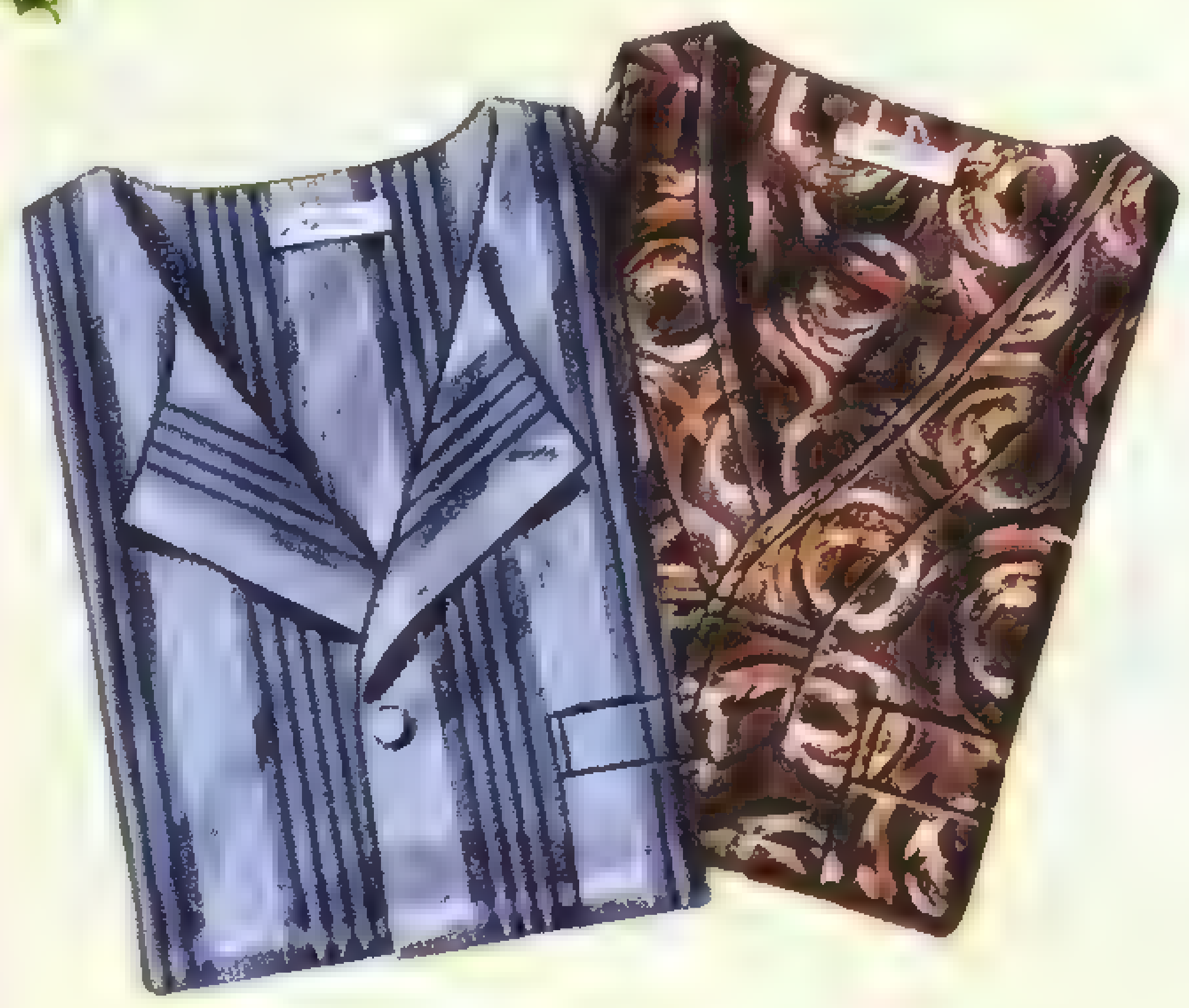
PATTERNS AND COLORS. No man ever had too many shirts. More Van Heusens are always welcome...especially like these. All have Van Heusen collar styling, figure-fit, custom detail. Sanforized and laundry-tested. . . . . . . **$2.25** and up.



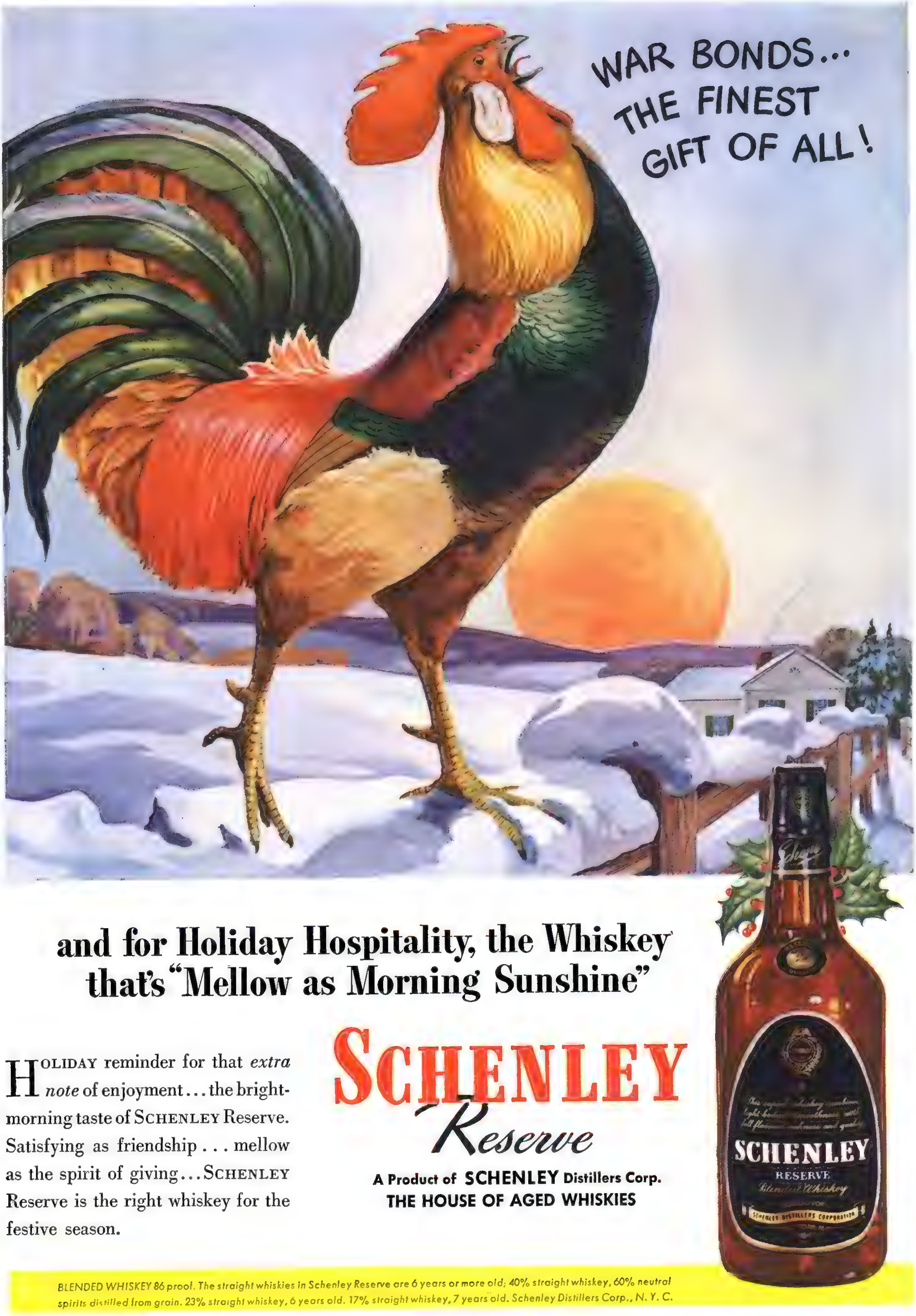
SPORTS SHIRTS WITH A FLAIR. There's real shirtmaker tailoring in Van Heusen Sport Shirts. Many have the California Lo-No collar that looks right open, fits perfectly with a tie. No other gift would please him more! . . . . . . **$2.50** to **$10**



FOR HIS CASUAL HOURS... a handsome, rugged Van Heusen Casual Jacket! These are the nice tweedy ones, in smart new two-tone combinations, with contrasting or matching front and back. Swell with slacks, and wearable all year 'round.



...AND PLEASANT DREAMS! Last but not least—Van Heusen Pajamas! We've got them to suit every taste, in patterns, stripes and solid colors. Fabrics are definitely on the luxury side—yet are long-wearing and washable. . . **$2.50** to **$10**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The War of the Rheingold

Continued from page 65

golden ring—the ring of the Nibelungs—which made its owner the all-powerful ruler of the universe; for by merely twisting it he could have every one of his wishes come true. Am I boring you, Mr. President?"

"No. Go on."

"Wotan called on Alberich and conquered him by getting the helmet from him. As a price for peace he demanded all the gold the dwarf had accumulated. Alberich agreed. Inwardly, he gloated at the stupidity of his conqueror, for did he not still have the ring, by means of which everything he had lost could be reproduced in time? But Loge, Wotan's cunning adviser, knew the potency of the ring and made Wotan tear it from Alberich's finger by brute force. This ended Alberich's power forever. It even killed all his hope for a future comeback."

The President straightened up in his chair. "Continue, please," he said.

Von Paggerbach jumped to his feet. His features suddenly seemed to become alive, and he towered over the President like a vengeful demon.

"Your peace commissioners didn't know the story of Alberich, did they? So they took from us our army, our navy, our industries. We lost everything, everything. But you forgot to take from us our ring. Fools that you were—you left us our research laboratories. All our scientists had to do was to make history repeat itself."

The ambassador stopped. "You don't understand me, Mr. President? I shall make myself clearer. After the first world war you took our navy and restricted our new warships to ten thousand tons in size. Well, we abided by your specifications and built the best pocket battleships ever known. You reduced our army to a hundred thousand men, and we created out of it the best army the world has ever had to reckon with. After the second world war you took from us our army, navy, manpower, even our industries. You made us rebuild what war had destroyed. Our men are now working as slaves in foreign countries. Our factories are closed. But you neglected to take from us our research laboratories. And so, without soldiers, without navy, without guns, we set out to beat you through science. While you made automobiles and television sets and used science to fight disease, our scientists created new diseases. Now they can turn a knob and presto! a thousand men in New York, Washington, Paris or Moscow become homicides. A thousand today, tomorrow a million or the whole world. Mr. President, I have had my say. It is your move." He bowed and sat down.

The President rose from his chair. Standing erect, he faced his caller. "And if I give an order, a million men will march into Germany within twenty-four hours, with no one to oppose them."

"To be transformed into a mob of insane beasts who will slaughter each other. And remember this, Mr. President. The German government has nothing to do with all this. It does not even know the whereabouts of these research laboratories." The baron smiled cynically as he watched for the President's reaction.

The President sat down with a weary gesture. "What are your conditions?" he asked.

Von Paggerbach's eyes shone. "*Their* conditions, if you please. The Peace Treaty of Paris must be torn up. Germany must regain her supremacy. The details are contained in this proposal." He took a document from his briefcase, glanced at it a moment and extended it to the President.

The President took it and held it in his hand, unread. He seemed to have aged years in the last hour and it was an effort for him to answer.

"I shall call a cabinet meeting tonight," he declared in a low voice, after a moment or two, "and you will have my decision tomorrow." ⧻

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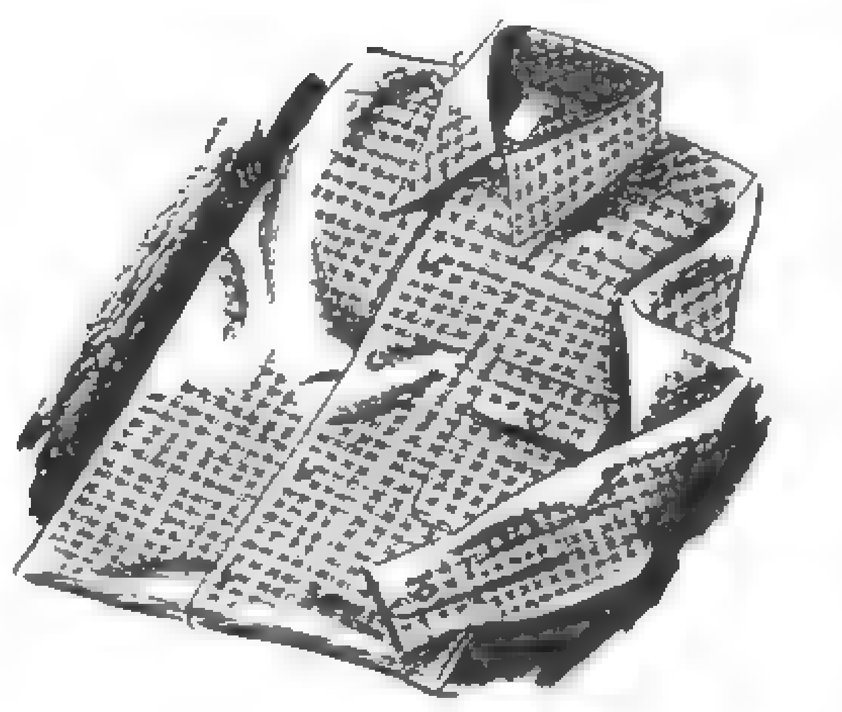
Episode at a Nazi Chess Club

Continued from page 100

that our real object was frustrated. His absorption in the game, so intense that the veins stood out on his forehead, had driven every other thought from his brain.

The interest of the whole room centered on us now. My fleeting fears, truant from the game, remembered that the major and I had no preconcerted code for interchanging the intelligence for which this relentless play was a camouflage. But the play again was challenging all my power to think. Now his other knight was advanced to threaten my king.



Heavy wool shirt, an important midwinter fashion, shows hound's tooth check. Has sleek rayon yoke, collar and cuff linings.

Deep breathing was around me as I studied the board. He had already recklessly thrown away pawns and pieces to get to this position. But what good was it?

He was reduced to his queen and the two knights. He couldn't move that other knight up for a check because the square was covered by one of my knights. So I moved my queen down for that next move which would be checkmate. He had wasted a move and given me the game.

A heavy sigh came from beside me and a voice said, "Hirsch has lost."

The major's heavy brow was furrowed. He set his queen on the square in front of my king. "Check." It was the last move of a desperate man. "Check," he said grimly. I took the queen off with my knight. It was a forced move, I had no choice, but his queen was thrown away. Then up came Hirsch's second knight. "Checkmate!" he shouted in his deep voice.

There it was. I fell back in my chair. My king was blocked in and mated by the massed power of the two knights, side by side.

The stunned silence when the major lost his queen was turned into pandemonium. Dozens of eyes stared at the table.

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tion . . . never saw anything quite like it . . . a most brilliant sacrifice . . .”

One man, a quiet, older officer with greying temples, whispered almost reverently: “Just as Eisenschmidt was defeated in 1890!”**

With a glare so triumphant that it was almost malignant, Major Hirsch arose, clicked his heels in a formal bow to me and turned and strode to the hat stand near the door. I saw the clerk there handing him his coat. He was going! Going without telling me the crucial thing I had to learn! Doubtless the others present attributed my agitation to the chagrin of my defeat. I stared at the major’s back, so haughtily turned toward me, and visualized the tens of thousands of men who would die fighting hopelessly against the Nazi juggernaut at K— because Major Hirsch had failed me. It was more immediately fatal than that—his silence meant that he would betray our Underground. I probably would be seized when I walked out.

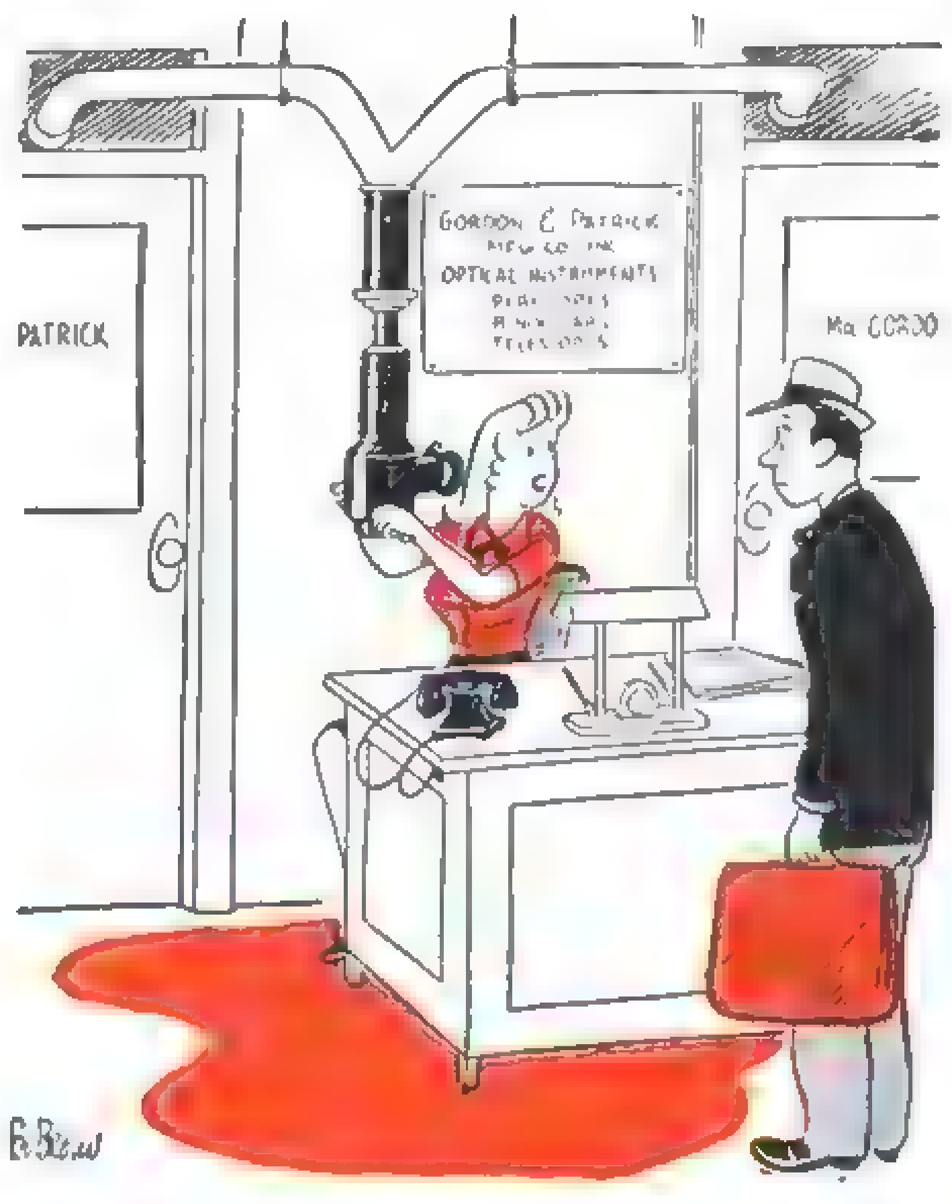
The continuing, amazed comments of the spectators recaptured my attention. “. . . incredible! A finish with the knights. He sacrificed everything to bring up that crushing knight offense.” I gazed, hypnotized, at the carved pieces on the board.

And suddenly I understood! My head jerked up and I saw the major paused momentarily in the door and gazing toward me. And in that second which seemed split from all eternity his face became illumined and his smile was that of audacious men who defy the devils of the world. Then he was gone.

As quickly as I dared I left the club and hurried to the rendezvous with my “contact.”

I grasped his shoulder.

“Tanks!” I gasped. “Send the warning so we can be ready. They are stripping themselves everywhere to throw all their tanks against us at K—” ###


PATRICK
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“Sorry, sir, neither of them is in!”

** *The Clemens-Eisenschmidt game reported in The St. Petersburg Zeitung in that year.*

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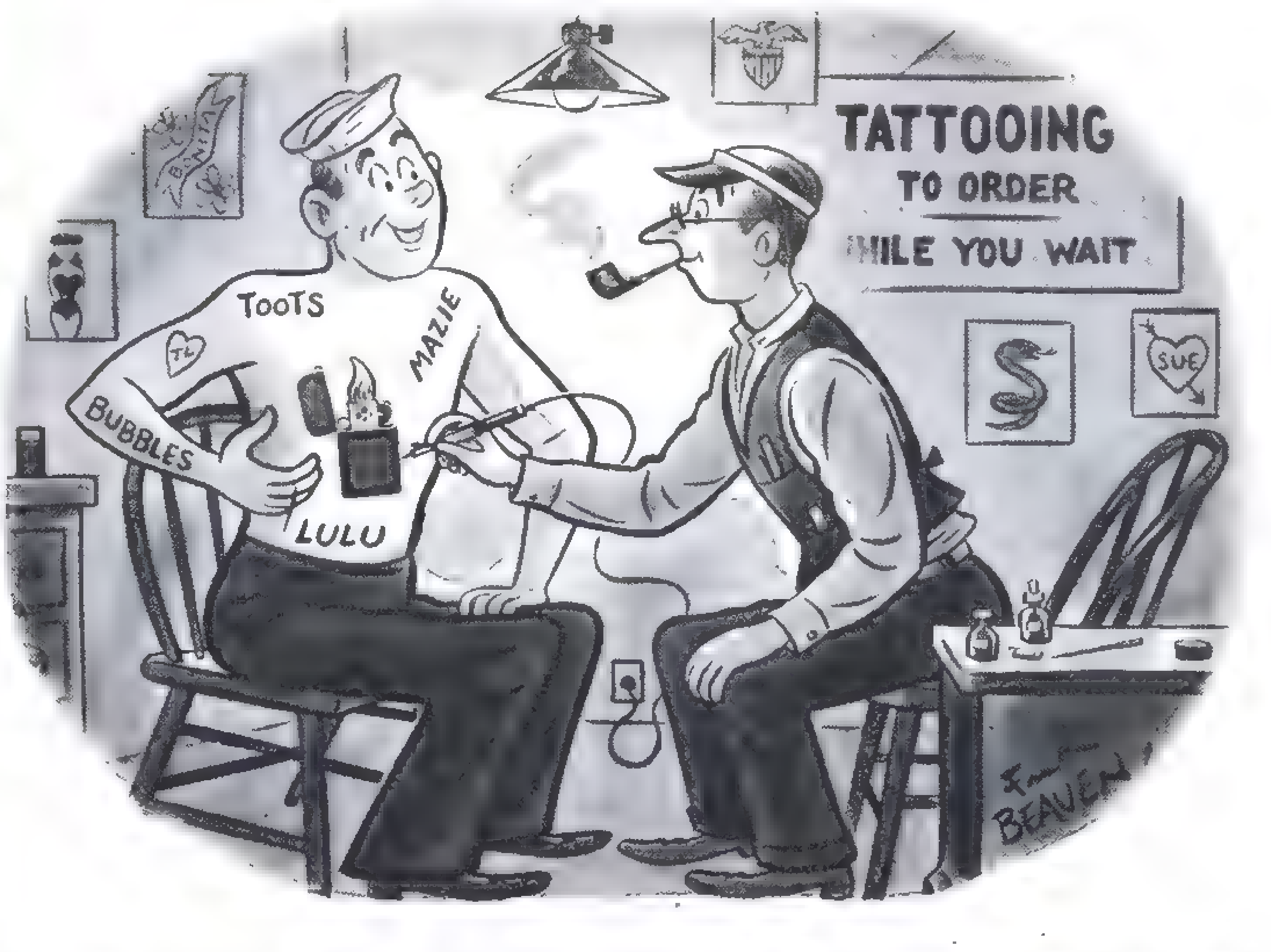
This Man's World

Continued from page 97

have been mornings on my farm when I have awakened to find that my Jersey cows grazing in my pasture beside my own particular rippling brook didn't look exactly like they should. I mean it was rather astonishing to find many of them wearing long, purple beards or white ties with their tails, or smoking king-size cigarettes or playing the harpsichord, and what I say is if a hangover can happen to me why can't it happen to Gregor W. Blotz, the famous impressionist painter, and if he chanced to sit down and paint at that moment, by gum then that's how it looked to him and it's a damn good picture.

But I am on firm ground when it comes to sculpture. For when Hyman Wenceslaus, the sensational Latvian sculptor, takes a block of stone and chisels what looks like an ingrown sweet potato out of it and calls it *Old Peasant Woman Kneeling*, why it still goes on looking like an ingrown sweet potato to me no matter how many times I walk around it with my head cocked on one side. I suppose this is another serious deficiency in me, but there is nothing I can do about it. I cannot get over the feeling that somehow Hyman Wenceslaus and all his brother ilk are leading me up the garden path, as our British cousins say. I mean either Hyman is kidding or he was drunk when he made it, and it is very difficult these days to stay drunk long enough to produce some of the monstrosities which are being palmed off as sculptural art. I must also refer to the passion the modern art sculptors have for making statues of ladies with enormous fannies.

Now the world is indeed full of ladies with enormous fannies. You need only try to get a seat in the subway or the elevated or the bus to realize the intrinsic truth of this. But a guy must be an awful crackpot to think there is anything pretty in one. There unquestionably were Donnas with sizable porches in the Golden Days of Greek and Roman sculpture, but did the boys waste good marble on them? Not on your tintype they didn't. They picked out a gal who was a perfect thirty-six and chiseled their way to immortality by doing a first-class reproduction of her chassis. It just doesn't do any good, so far as I am concerned, for modern or impressionist sculptors to give their stone knackwursts, pretzels or beer kegs fancy names like *Mother Cousin* or *Love's Catastrophe* or *Young Girl with Leather Hair Curler*. It still looks like a knackwurst, pretzel or beer keg to



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me. Also, the more I see of these abortions the more the conviction grows within me that the guys who perpetrate them cannot sculp a lick, because if they could they would do something that had some beauty and rhythm and line to it. But whether they can or not doesn't aid my plight when I am faced with one, because neither my admiration nor my understanding nor my emotions are aroused.

Photographs of them get themselves printed in the highbrow magazines and I turn the page sideways and then upside down and do my level best to be modern and advanced, but it's no soap. I just don't get it. Do you?

Prophecy

The habits of prophecy, once acquired, are difficult to shake loose. Having once been the worst sports predictor and most unreliable forecaster of events to come in the entire country, I find that even now when I have left that world far behind me there comes the desire to stick out my neck again. And since I inhabit this fine space on a kind of lend-lease arrangement, why not?

Boy, my wizard's robes, my pointed hat, my crystal ball. I see —I see—I see a new heavyweight boxing champion of the world. I am declaring that if and when the war is over and Joseph Louis Barrow returns to the ring to defend his title, he will lose it. This is in no sense to be taken as remarks derogatory to the skill, prowess and general worth of Joe Louis as a performer or a person. It merely reflects my opinion that no champion can remain out of the ring and away from combat for several years and return at full efficiency.

It is little use your arguing with me that Louis has kept in the best of condition by Army training and Army life and that he has been sparring in exhibitions. A boxer needs his own peculiar life and his own peculiar kind of training, and no other kind will do. And, above all, he needs constant combat, the constant exercise of his faculties of perception and reaction, the constant use of those reflexes that call for sharp and deadly hitting. The differences in the employment of those reflexes in training or sparring and in actual fight is not fully realized by the average fight follower.

If you will observe Joe Louis in training or in a sparring exhibition, you will see outwardly the same careful killer, and you will see spar-boys crumple under the same devastating punches. But it isn't the same. The reflexes and the blows are still sufficient to flatten the rehearsal boys. But in a fight they actually become a hundred times more sharp and deadly because of necessity and what is at stake. When a cham-

Continued on page 138

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This Man's World

Continued from pages 97-137

pion enters the ring to defend his title against some hungry boy burning with ambition to take it away from him, it is kill or be killed and he knows it, and every fiber of his being reacts to the dangers of the situation.

This cannot be simulated. The actual presence of potential disaster is needed to bring his physical and mental powers to their highest state. Only actual impending catastrophe will release the adrenalin that pitches a man to the performance of the miracles of perfect attack and defense with his hands. And those reflexes need drill and practice and exercise like any muscle to keep them keen and sharp. If they are stale from disuse, they simply will not respond to the danger signals. It is the old story of combat troops who, in five minutes under fire, learn more than in two years of training and maneuvering in the field. They used to say of the desert rats of Monty's Eighth Army that if a soldier survived the first month of the desert fighting he would survive the campaign. It meant that he would find himself so battlewise that from then on he would instinctively and inevitably do the right thing at the right time.

More ring champions have been destroyed by inactivity than any other cause. There simply is no substitute for fighting. When, after a long layoff, they return to battle, they look the same, act the same apparently, but the hundredth-of-a-second edge is missing, the swift unerring reaction that enables them to drive a winning blow through a momentary opening.

I know what you are thinking—what if Louis fights Billy Conn, who will be in the same condition of layoff as Louis? Conn, too, has been in the Army and has been subject to the same kind of life and layoff as Louis. If Conn fights Louis without first taking a tune-up bout, then he is even a bigger sucker than I think he is. And the difference between the two men is that Conn as challenger can afford to take on a fight before he meets Louis while Louis as champion cannot. It's all or nothing with Joe. For if Louis fights a bum it won't do him any good. And if he tries against a good man he risks being beaten for pin money. But even if Conn and Louis fight without any tune-up, I think Conn will win because he is younger and if his two years in the Army haven't taught him the moderation and sense to box Louis dizzy, as he did once before until he got cocky, instead of trying to mix it with

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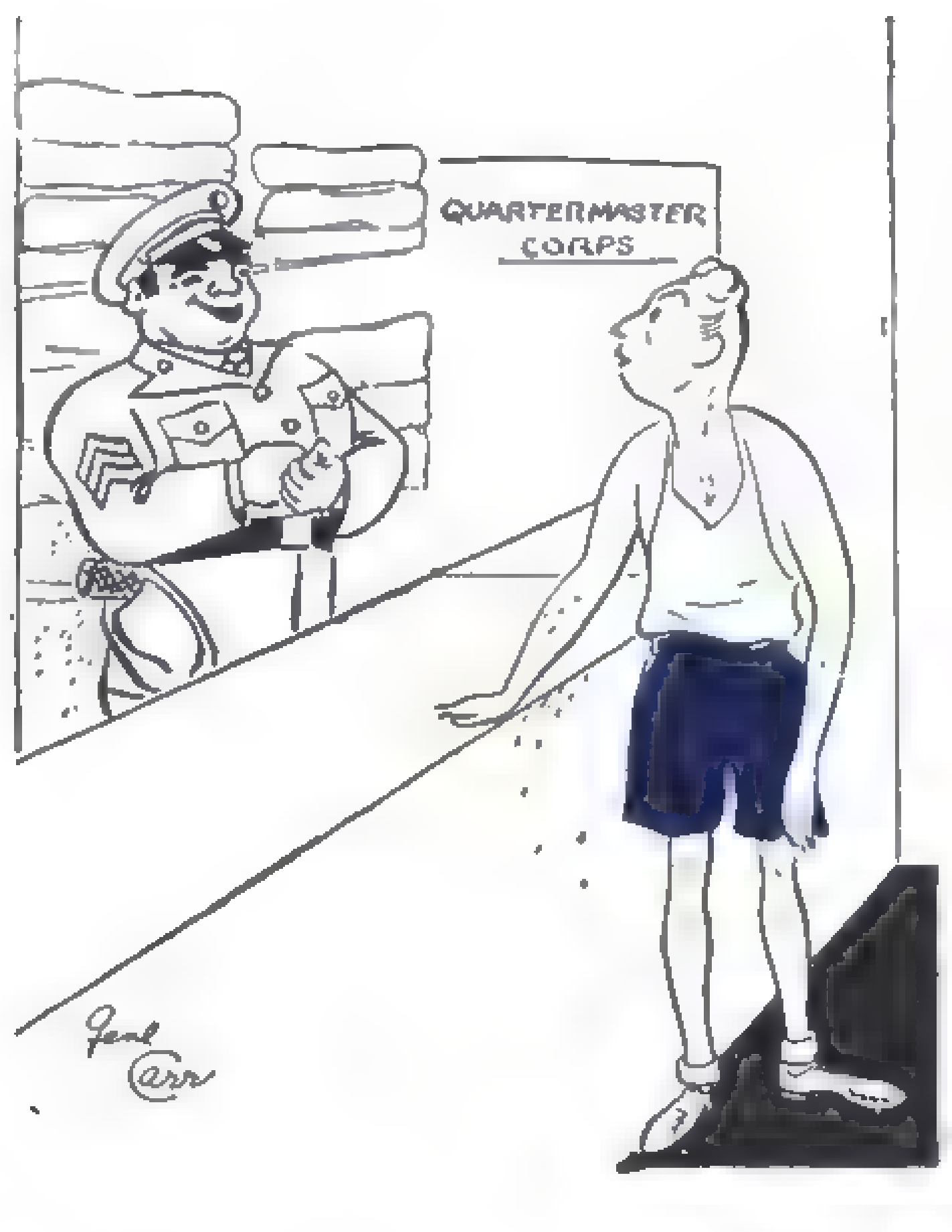
After the plum pudding

When you've finished the last delicious crumb of that sugary-brown plum pudding, settle down in your easy chair, light a Dutch Masters Cigar and enjoy the taste of truly great tobaccos. What a perfect way to end your Christmas Dinner!

DUTCH MASTERS

him, then he deserves to lose and make a bum out of me and my infernal prophecies.

Somehow, though, peering into my old crystal ball, I seem to see as the coming heavyweight champion the hazy form and face of some yet unknown boy fighting his way through soldier or marine or sailor bouts in camp, or on some foreign shore sharpening his weapons with fight after fight, his sights set unerringly on the distant day when he will enter the ring against the champion and leave it the winner.



"Something for yourself?"

Who ever heard of the young Marine boxer named Gene Tunney during the last war? Only those of the old A.E.F. who watched his struggles as a light heavyweight. Not until the war was over did his name begin to figure in the sports pages.

But the champion's seed had been sown far back in the rings of the camps, even as it must be sown today. He may be some fresh, tough youngster of nineteen or twenty years lacing on the red leather mittens for the first time against some campmate in a local tournament, some kid with the magic of dynamite in his fists. Someone will find him. Someone is looking for him. When the war is over the market will be wide open. He will be strong and wiry and tough and perfectly conditioned. He will be burning with ambition. He will be hungry. He will need experience, but he will get it fighting his way up to the eminence of contendership. And when he steps into the ring with the champion at last, his reflexes will be razor sharp.

Then we shall see what we shall see. For so it has been in the past and so it will always be in the game of give and take with leather. This is the romance of the ring—that at the very moment a new champion is crowned there is waiting, living, breathing somewhere the one man destined to knock the crown off the royal block, and in turn some child is cradled whose fate it will be to perform the same service for him. #

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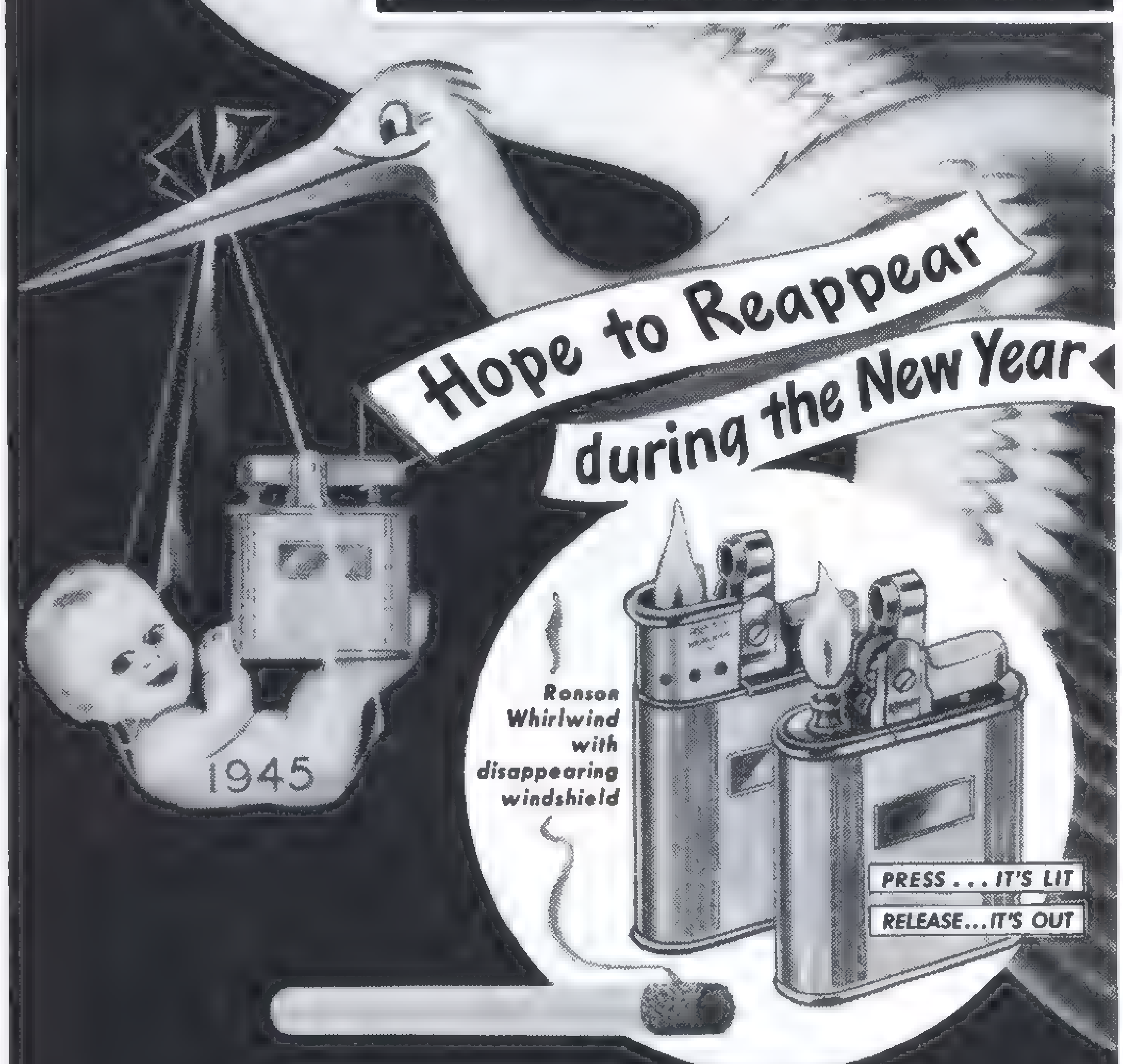
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It shouldn't be long before the legions of civilians who planned on giving or receiving RONSONS this Christmas will be able to realize their hopes. In the brighter New Year we all look forward to, RONSON Pocket and Table Lighters should again be generally available, resuming their place as treasured and useful gifts for all occasions.

But because, today, lighters are indispensable to our fighting men overseas, our entire output has been requisitioned by our government for them. We are proud their preference is for RONSON, due to its day-in, day-out dependability, high quality and enduring service.

Sorry, but no direct individual orders can be filled. However, when huge military needs are met and civilian production is renewed, RONSONS will again be available through regular retail channels.

Here's an Idea...

An idea that those lucky enough to own a lighter today will appreciate. For that thoughtful *extra* gift, why not wrap up a supply of RONSON Accessories. They make *any* lighter serve better and last longer.

Extra-length Ronson Redskin 'Flints' (with the distinctive Redskin coating), Ronsonol Fuel and Ronson Wicks, serve our men overseas. But they are also available to civilians at home, separately and in a kit called the *Ronson Servicer.*

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AS ALWAYS—THE MIDWEST LEADS IN OUTDOOR STYLE AND QUALITY

The Genius of Samuel Morse

Continued from page 88

work to Congress in the hope of Government support.

Up to the preceding fall Morse had worked entirely alone, but during the winter he acquired three partners. Now he found himself involved in the beginning of an endless parade of feuds and suits with jealous claimants.

Charles Jackson, who had been a passenger on the *Sully*, demanded half credit for "our" invention—the same demand Jackson was later to make on the inventors of guncotton and anesthetic ether before he died in an asylum. Associates of Alfred Vail mistakenly claimed that Vail was the sole inventor of the code and even perpetuated the claim on Vail's tombstone in 1911. Another partner, F. O. J. Smith, caused him years of anguish with unscrupulous business schemes.

A series of unhappy accidents alienated Morse from Gale, another partner, and from Professor Joseph Henry of Princeton, whose scientific assistance Morse had publicly acknowledged. "The condition of an inventor," he wrote sadly, "is, indeed, not enviable."

After his Telegraph was perfected came five years of frustration before Congress accepted it, and Morse turned to a new field. In Paris he had become friendly with Daguerre, and in April, 1839, he introduced Daguerre's process to the American public. Morse probably built the first camera in this country, and with his help Professor John W. Draper made the world's first photographic portrait on the roof above Morse's New York University studio in December, 1839. By 1841 Morse and Draper had reduced exposure time from five minutes to a matter of seconds, and Morse conducted enthusiastic classes in the new art, one of his pupils being Matthew W. Brady, the famous Civil War photographer.

In 1843 Congress appropriated 30,000 dollars for the building of the first telegraph line—though many considered the bill so silly that they tried to tack on an amendment diverting part of the money to the support of mesmerism. Morse, appointed Superintendent of U. S. Telegraphs, began a forty-mile line from Washington to Baltimore.

The first plan was to run the wires underground in lead pipe, and Ezra Cornell invented an ingenious plow which in one operation trenched, laid and covered the cable. But when 23,000 dollars had been spent, Morse discovered that his wires could not be properly insulated for underground use. Anxiously he called Cornell into conference. They must stop the trenching, but if the public learned the truth before the problem was solved there would be a scandal. Cornell walked back to the plow, whipped up the eight yoke of oxen and drove his beloved machine into a boulder, shattering it. The "accident" gave Morse an excuse to take up the pipe and string the wires from poles.

In May, 1844, the first line was completed and the famous message "What hath God wrought," was sent during a ceremony in the Supreme Court chambers. The first use of the device was to provide Washington with a blow-by-blow description of the Democratic convention in Baltimore, and when the delegates rose to shout, "Three cheers for James K. Polk, and three cheers for the Telegraph," its national reputation was made.

Morse wanted the Government to operate the new invention, but Congress refused and development of the Telegraph was left to private initiative. By 1846 a New York editorial writer could say proudly, "While England by her government has got with great labor 175 miles of Telegraph into operation, the United States with her individual enterprise has now in successful operation 1,269 miles. This is American enterprise."

As early as 1842 Morse had envisioned an Atlantic cable. Indeed, his own first experimental line was a submarine cable between the Battery and Governors Island in New York Bay which he himself laid from a rowboat. There was to be a great ceremony at its opening, and on the morning of the ceremony Morse was down at the water at daybreak, testing, making sure all was ready. Suddenly, looking out across the bay, he saw the skipper of a fishing smack haul up the cable on his anchor, shake it angrily and chop it off to let the severed ends drop. The ceremony that afternoon turned into a public jeering. For many years the scheme was derided, but finally in 1854 Cyrus Field organized a group of financiers to underwrite the ambitious Atlantic project, and after three failures a successful cable was laid in 1886 by the largest steamship of the day, the *Great Eastern.*

Morse's tremendous energy carried him into politics and made him a vigorous participant in every national fight, though almost always on the losing side. Twice he ran for office as mayor of New York and once for a seat in Congress. He allowed his name and prestige to be twisted to their own purposes by the "Nativists" who were the isolationists of the day; he was stubbornly opposed to the Civil War, and at seventy-two he campaigned furiously against Lincoln's re-election.

He died in 1872 within a few weeks of his eighty-first birthday, grieving that his genius as a painter was not appreciated.

His inventions are now obsolete, superseded by later devices. But his paintings grow more valuable every year and his reputation has grown until he is ranked as one of the world's truly great portraitists. Nothing could have pleased him more. ⧺

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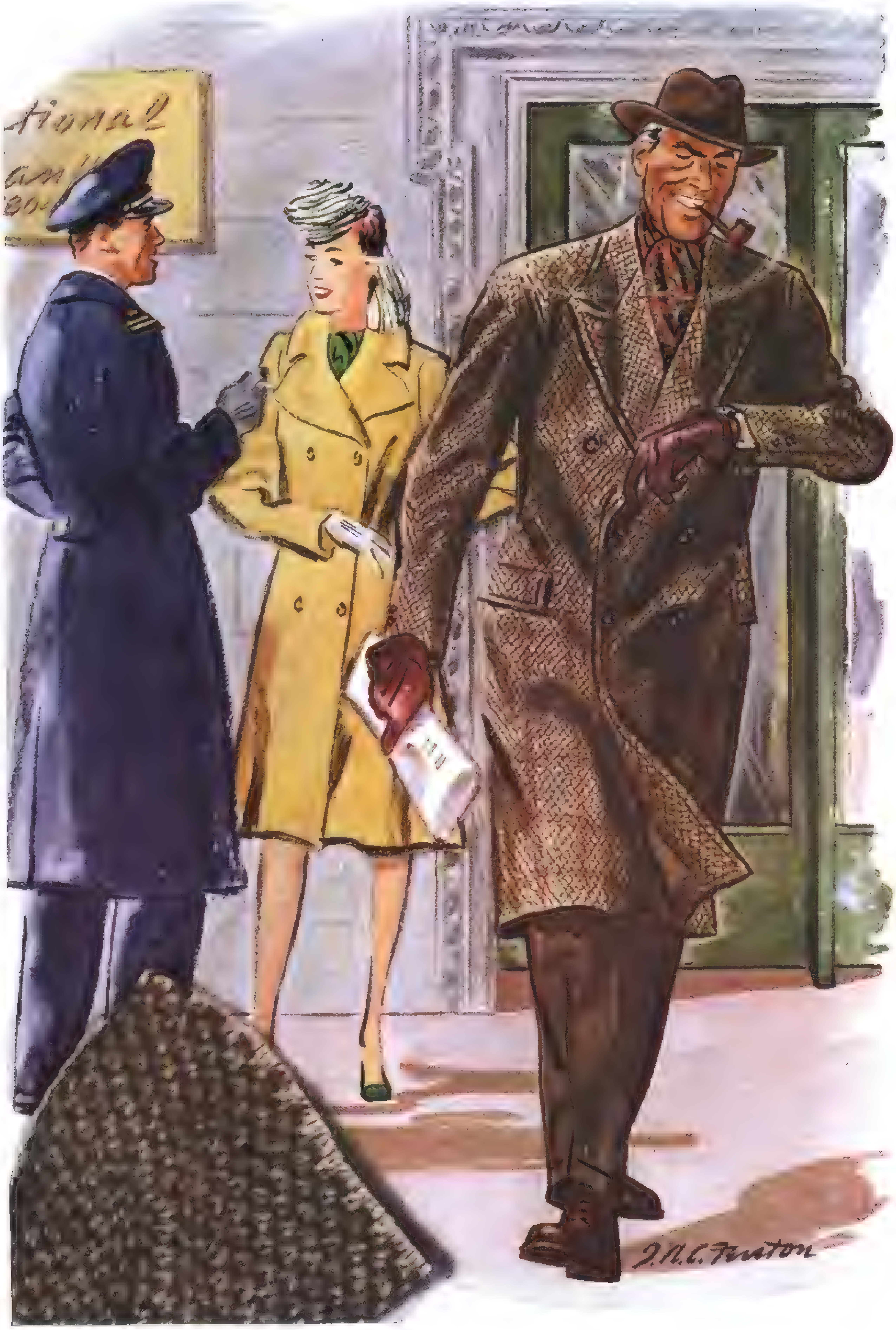
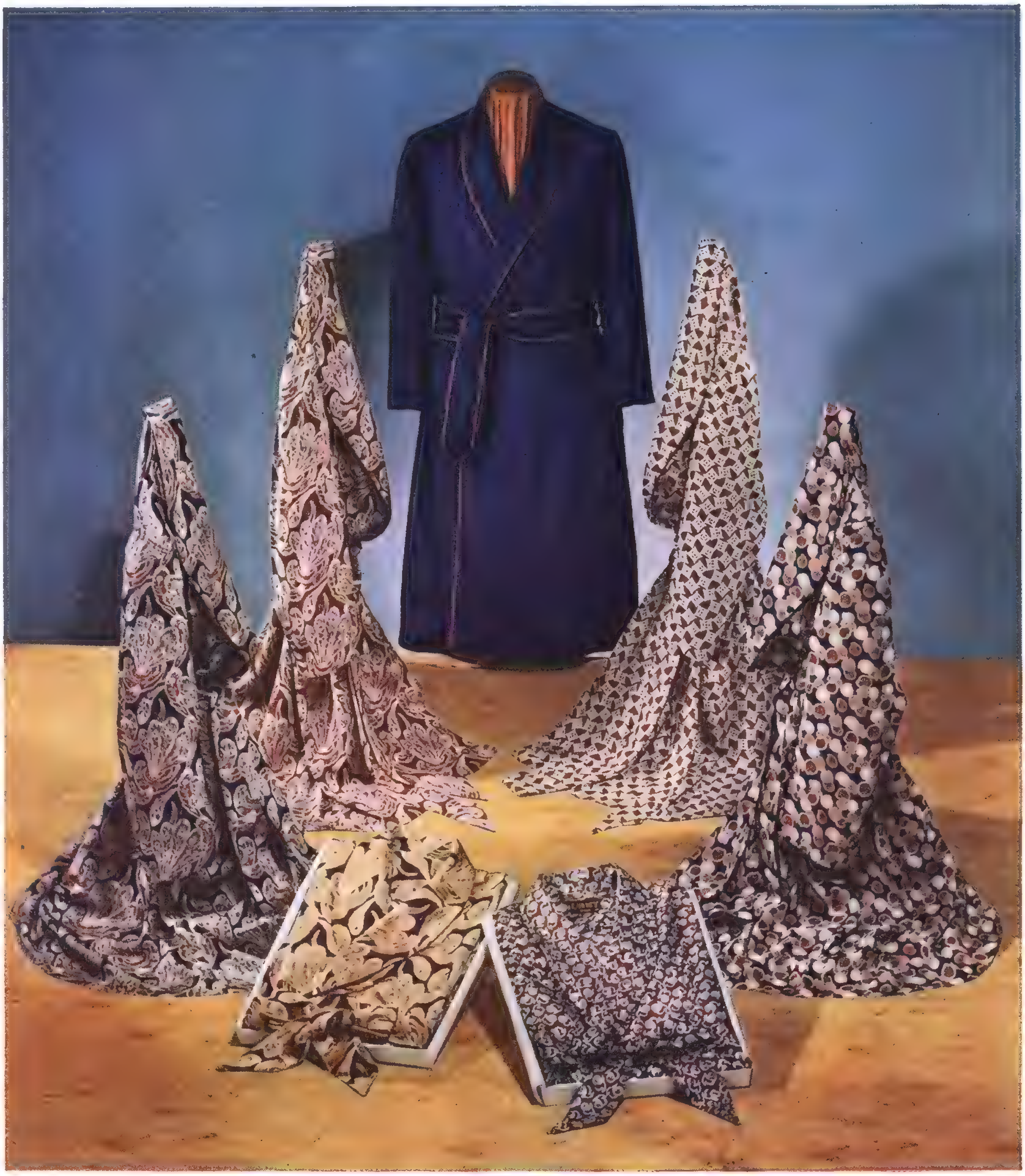


bank on tweeds

Judging by the smile on the pipe smoker's face, he must have made a deposit in the bank. That's one place the government would like to see more people put a larger part of their earnings, because higher savings mean Bonds purchased and protection against inflation. In clothes it's also a matter of investment. Pick garments that are durable as well as fashionable. The tweed overcoat qualifies on both counts. Tweed is a sturdy fabric which stands a lot of punishment. The one worn by this gentleman is keyed to the current fashion pitch. It's a two-tone effect with overplaid design. The sample of the fabric at the bottom shows the brown and tan yarns in barleycorn weave, which sets off the red overplaid. The overcoat is knee length, double-breasted. He also wears a dark brown off-the-face hat, rayon muffler, capeskin gloves, striped worsted suit and brown shoes.



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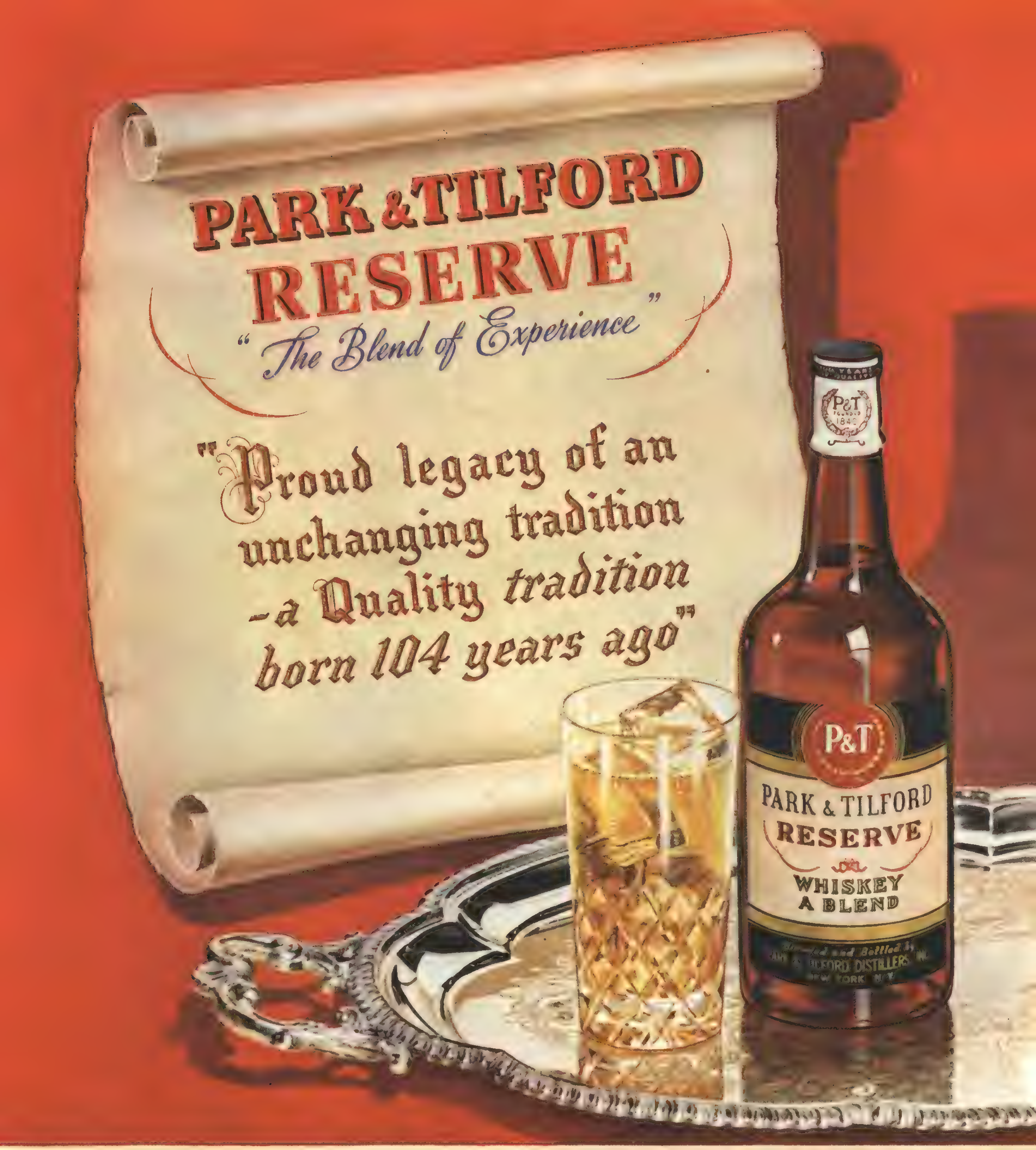
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Spanish Spoken Here

Continued from page 53

I can talk Spanish the operator," said Sam. "Tell her I didn't see my brother Meyer already thirty years."

Irving told her.

"I'm sorry," said the operator. "You will have to carry on the conversation in Spanish or English. And please hurry your call. The lines are needed."

"Irving!" exclaimed Nettie. "Didn't you study Spanish in the school? I remember I gave you two dollars you should buy a Spanish book."

"So talk to Meyer," said Sam, pushing Irving's face into the mouthpiece.

Irving answered, "It's a coupla years already since I took Spanish. Besides, I got kicked out of the class."

"The book! The book! The Spanish book I gave you two dollars you should buy. It's in the closet, cellar, someplace. Get the book. You'll talk from the book."

"I dunno where it is," said Irving, "and besides—"

Nettie flew into action. "I'll look in the closet. You look in the cellar a big box by the dill pickles all fulla books." She shoved Irving toward the basement stairs. "Sam, you hold the phone."

Nettie ran into the front closet while Sam, miserable and perspiring, held the phone. "Mr. Sam Mashoulam?" said the operator. "You'll have to hurry, please."

"Whatsa matter it's burning by you?" Sam snapped. "Wait a minute."

Nettie roared through the closet, tipping over box after box filled with newspapers, magazines, photographs, receipted bills, curtain fittings, candlesticks, baby clothes, citizenship papers and an occasional schoolbook of Irving's.

In the basement Irving was lifting grimy books out of a cardboard box, glancing at them quickly and flinging them to the floor.

"Mr. Sam Mashoulam?" said the operator. "I can only wait a moment longer. War needs the wires."

"All right. All right. A minute," Sam answered. "Nettie! Irving! You sleeping to hell goddam it?"

Nettie emerged from the closet with hair askew, dress ripped and face streaked with dirt. "Not in the closet," she announced. She ran for the basement.

"Argentina they had to call. Meyer they had to call," wailed Sam. "All day I'm standing on my feet they're falling off the arches cutting hair shaving faces trying to make a living I should come home at night to a nice—"

"If you don't begin very soon, I'll have to disconnect you," said

Continued on page 146

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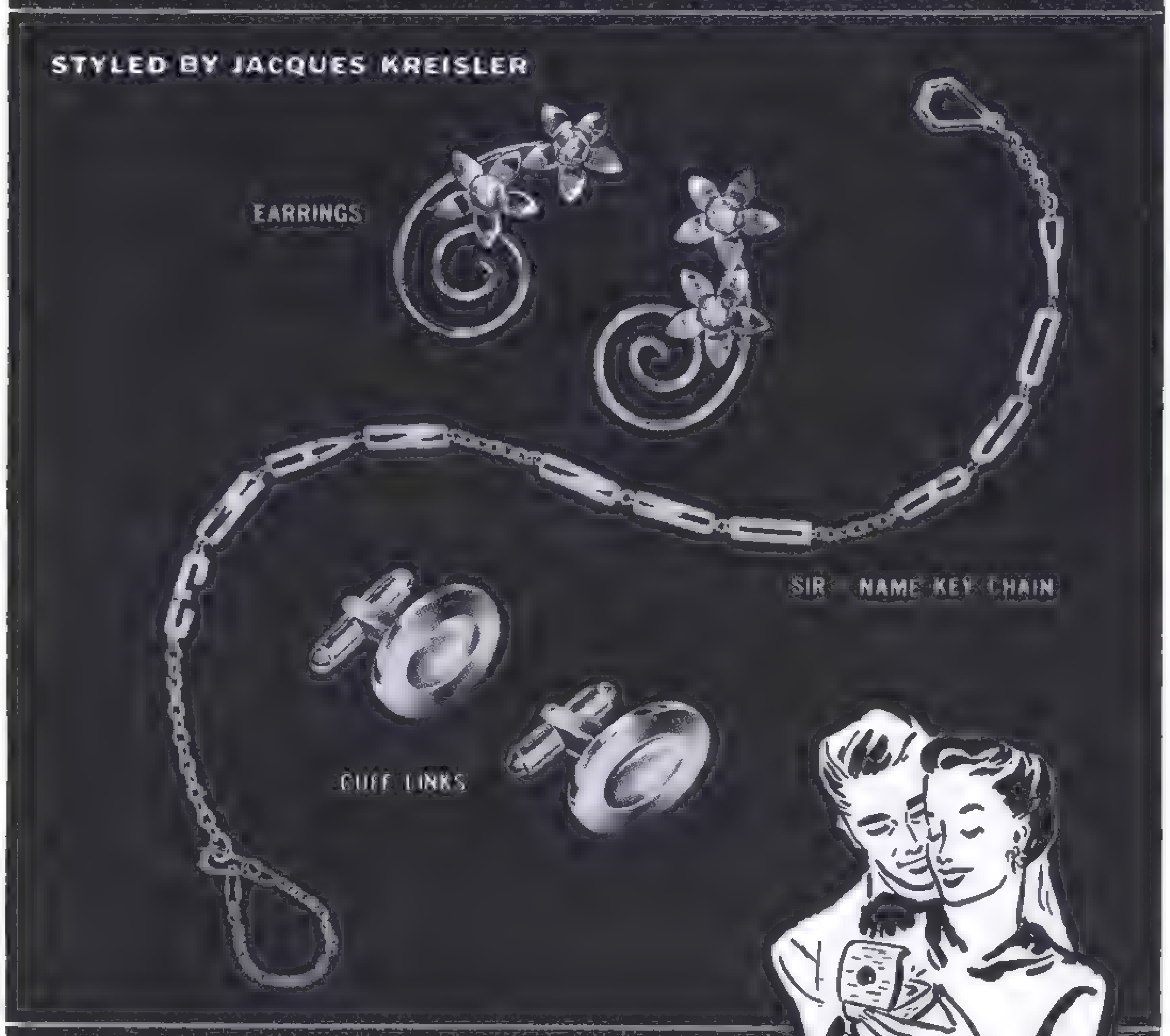

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Spanish Spoken Here

Continued from pages 53-145

the operator after another minute.

"Shut up, you Spanish!" Sam shrieked.

The basement door opened and Irving raced out waving a book. Nettie puffed behind, calling, "We found it. We found it."

Sam shoved the telephone into Irving's hand. "Quick!"

"Hello," gasped Irving. "Okay, connect me with Buenos Aires I'll talk Spanish."

Irving nervously thumbed through the Spanish grammar as the connection was renewed. "I ain't so sure," he said to his father. "It's been a long time ago and besides I got kicked out of the class."

"Here is Mr. Meyer Mashoulam," said the operator.

"¿Sam? ¿Sam?" asked Uncle Meyer in Buenos Aires.

"Salud," said Irving. "Lo Irving."

"¿Irving?" asked Uncle Meyer. "¿Quién?"

"Irving," repeated Irving. "Irving Mashoulam." He turned quickly to the glossary in back of the book. "Hijo Sam."

"Ah, hijo," said Uncle Meyer. He proceeded to ask rapidly how were father and mother and was everything all right and why did they call. He was happy to hear from them, but perhaps, God forbid, something was wrong. ¿Eh?

Irving didn't understand a word. "¿Qué?" he said.

Uncle Meyer repeated.

Irving shook his head. "I told you," he said to Sam, "it's been a long time ago and besides I got kicked—"

"Talk, for God's sake, talk!" Sam bellowed. "You got a book, talk."

Irving looked through the glossary for "uncle." "Tío," he said, "Lo Irving."

"I understand," said Uncle Meyer in Spanish. "You are Irving, the son of Sam. ¿But how does it go with you and your father and mother? ¿Is something, God forbid, wrong?"

Irving shook his head. "Lo Irving," he repeated. "Irving Mashoulam. Lo Irving."

"Lo Irving! Lo Irving!" Sam screamed. "Is that all it says in that book?" He snatched the Spanish book from Irving's hand. "Here," he said, opening the book to the chapter on the subjunctive mood, "say this."

Irving shrugged. "Wear your overcoat," he said in Spanish. "Do not sit down. Long live the king. We want Joseph to study to be a lawyer. I need a bookkeeper who has good handwriting. ¿Do you permit me to smoke?"

"¿What? ¿What?" said Meyer in Buenos Aires. "I don't under-

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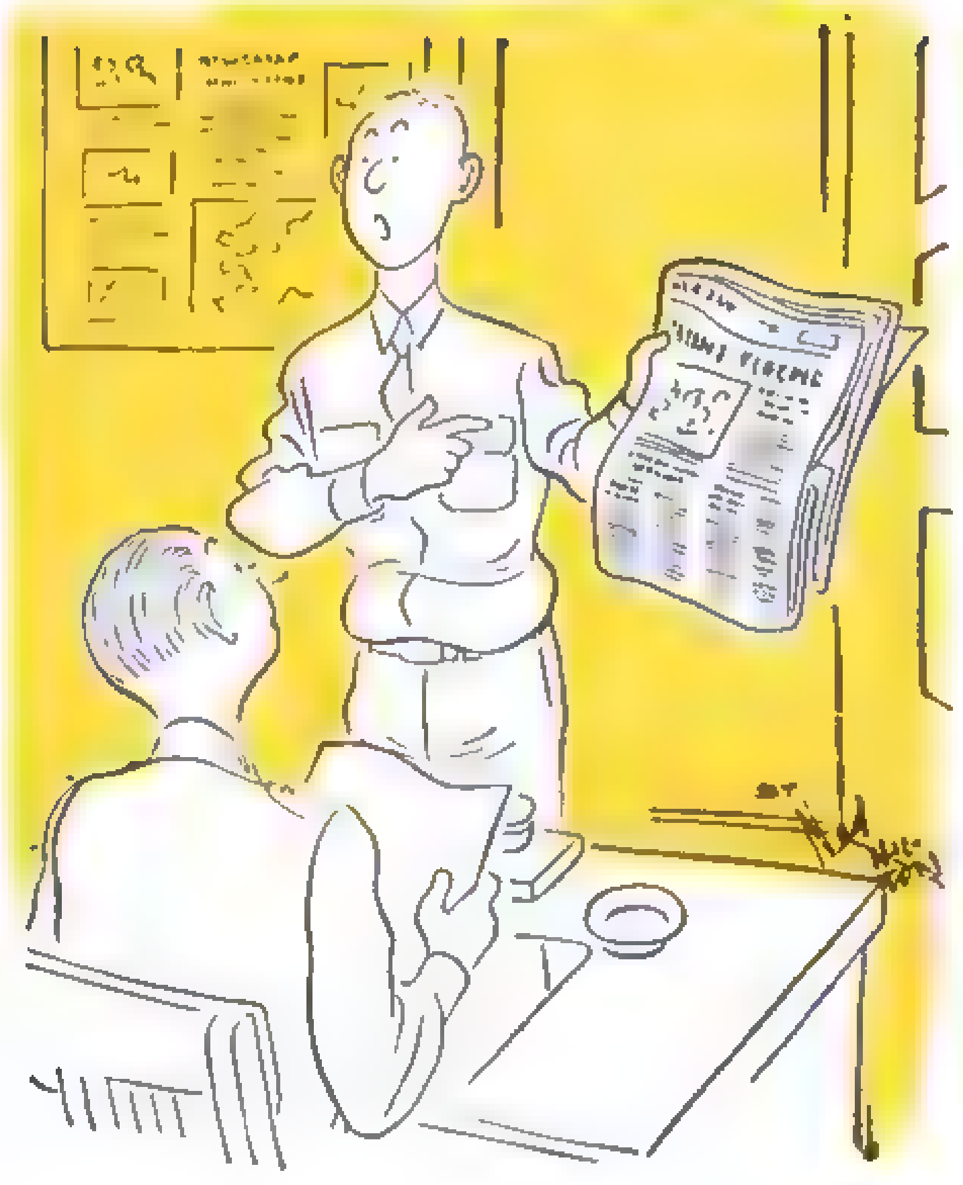
stand. ¿Joseph? ¿Bookkeeper? ¿Lawyer? ¿Smoke? ¿What are you saying? I don't understand. ¿Who is this?"

"Lo Irving," said Irving.

"Again with the Lo Irving!" Sam roared. He tore the book from Irving once more and opened it to the section on infinitive, gerund and past participle. "Read," he commanded Irving.



"Henry Ford says the war is about over—how about my furlough?"

"I caught the car by running," said Irving in Spanish. "The laws are decreed by Congress. Wishing is the business of idlers. Returning to Rome, I ran across Mary. Knowing your lessons is the only guarantee of scholastic success."

Sam nodded approvingly as he listened to the Spanish.

"Sitting and dreaming is not working and doing," continued Irving. "To skate on the ice one must first have the equipment. Watching the impressive historic ruins stood two young women."

Sam turned another page, to the passive voice. "Go ahead," he said.

"The ocean was crossed by Lindbergh in an airplane," Irving told his Uncle Meyer. "The soldier was wounded by a bullet. Mary was invited to the dance. Catherine was not invited to the dance."

"¿What? ¿What?" shouted Uncle Meyer. "¿What is this ghastly joke? ¿Who is this? I spit in your milk."

"One eats well here," Irving went on. "The criminal is taken before the judge. The criminals are taken before the judges. Lincoln was loved by all. Lo Irving."

"Your time is up," said the operator.

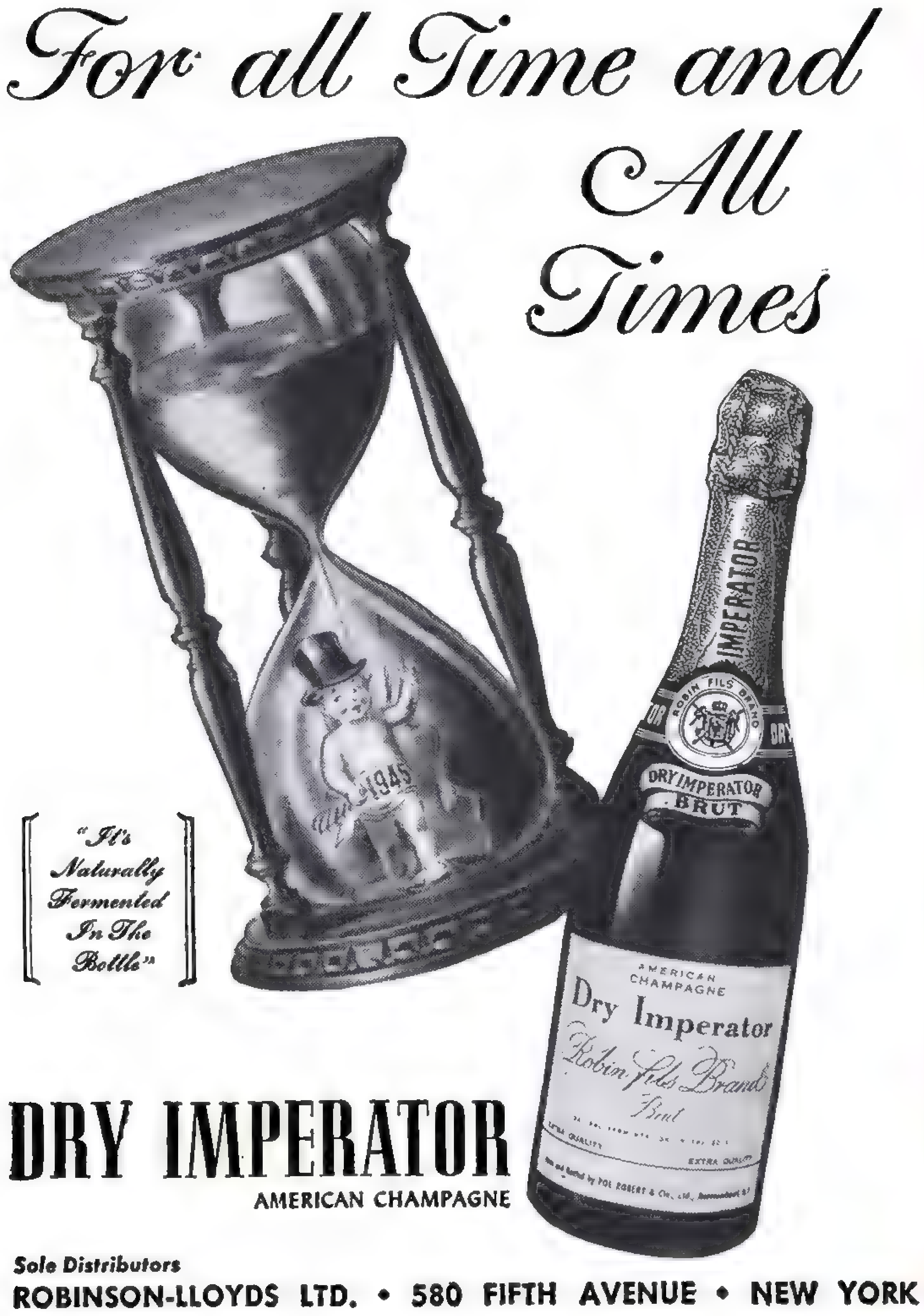
The next morning as Sam shaved Mr. Katz, his first customer, he said, "By the way, I talked to my brother last night."

"So?" said Mr. Katz.

"In Buenos Aires, Argentina," Sam said, laying a hot towel on Mr. Katz's face.

"In Buenos Aires, Argentina!" came the muffled exclamation.

"In Buenos Aires, Argentina," Sam repeated and lifted the towel so he could see Mr. Katz's face.



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Give a Fighter a Future — WAR BONDS

Cigarette of successful men, and lovely women

A Visitor from America

Continued from page 54

plugged in near the dining tables.

The third section of the Palace Café was called "Little Asia" and frequented by professional card-players, traveling salesmen from "the East," Slovakia, Hungary and assorted Balkan countries, and the *Schieber*, men of indistinct origin with frequent if not always friendly contacts with the police—and customs—authorities of many European countries. The *Schieber* were a product of Ostrava's geographical location as "crossroads between Western Europe and the Balkans." They had excellent connections and were able to deliver, at a moment's notice, Polish passports, Bulgarian hides, original Persian rugs from Slovakia, Moravian potatoes (with a special discount if they turned out to be frozen) or Romanian brandy.

Shortly after my return from New York some *chachars* ventured the opinion that I had probably never been in America. Their skepticism was pardonable. Two years ago a native returned from an alleged twelve-month trip to China. It was discovered that the man had spent that year at the Cernauti (Romania) jail for smuggling saccharine.

Having boarded *La Bourdonnais* as a member of the ship's crew, I had neither ticket, passport nor visa to "prove" my journey. I had sent home postcards from New York, but the galleryites pointed out that two *Schieber* in the "Asiatic" section sold postcards from "all civilized European countries and Poland." The customer—say, an executive who took his secretary for two weeks to Paris—wrote his message on a postcard showing the *Kurgaeste* at the Karlsbad colonnades, and in due time the executive's wife received the card, stamped, postmarked Karlsbad, "Digestion improved, wish you were here."

I offered a genuine American five-dollar bill signed by Jimmy Walker, then mayor of New York. This exhibit was rejected. Every *Schieber* at that time carried in his pocket paper money of half a dozen different countries, Polish *zloties*, Romanian *leus*, Hungarian *pengös*, Swiss *francs*, Yugoslavian *dinars*, which he needed for general trading and bribing purposes. Some men owned such exotic bills as Ecuadorian *sucres*, Japanese *yens*, Straits Settlements dollars and Egyptian pounds, though I never found out why. I finally decided to give up and let the *chachars* spread their rumors that I had never been in America, when I got unexpected help from a "real" American. This man, whom I'll call Stephen, wrote me

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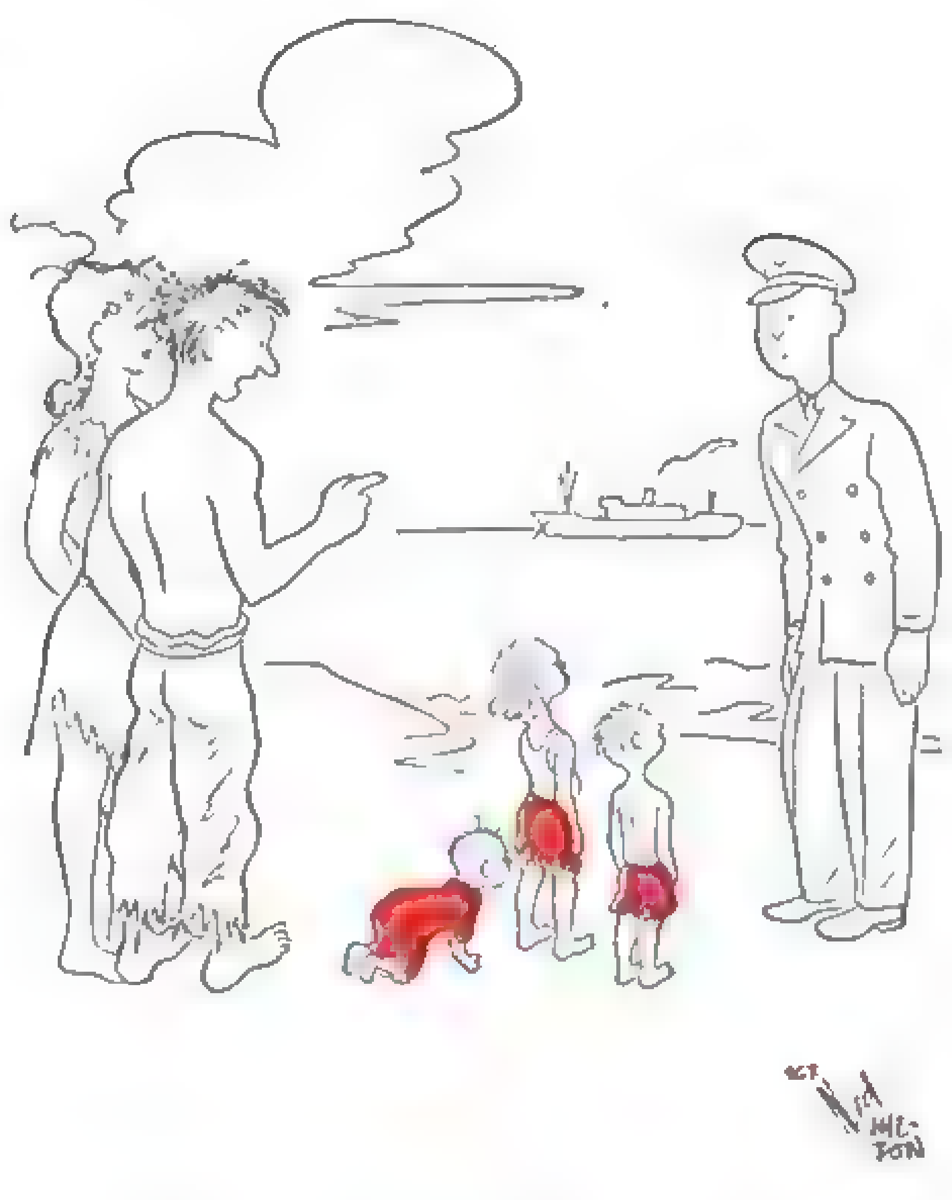
BAMBY FABRIC MADE BY FOLKER

from Prague that he was coming to Ostrava for a couple of days.

Stephen was a casual acquaintance whom I had met on my third return trip aboard *La Bourdonnais*. I had talked to him on the promenade deck and during the intermissions of our evening concerts, but when I got Stephen's letter I couldn't quite recall his face because he looked so much like the man next to you on a streetcar. He was a medium-sized, lean fellow with a plain, friendly face and a mass of red hair falling down over his forehead. He worked as traveling salesman for a big printing press factory in Pittsburgh. He was off to Europe on his first business trip. "We've got an amazing, rather complicated new printing press," he said. "A few people in Europe are genuinely interested. I hope I can swing a couple of deals. If I should be able to sell four or five, I may become assistant sales manager."

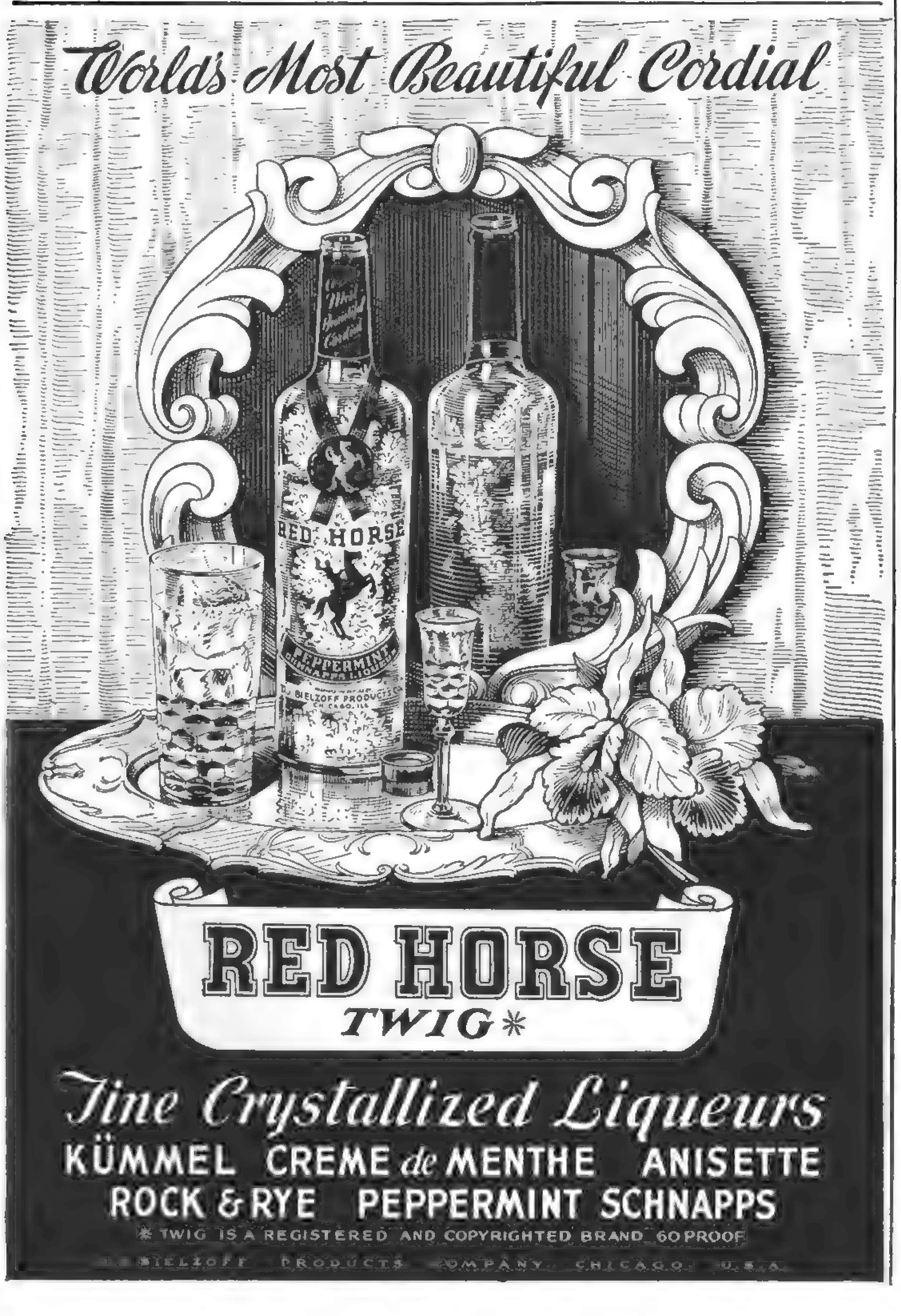


"We've been stranded here one—two—three years"

He was a quiet man who laughed seldom except when he read the funnies. Because of a stomach ailment he was forbidden to drink hard liquor. At the bar he gloomily asked for a glass of milk and a partner to play chess with. He believed in fresh air and exercise and every morning walked seven times around the deck. He was unmarried and devoted to his mother who lived in Pennsylvania and had there what he called a "respectable" auto court. "Only married couples admitted," Stephen said. "I go home every other week to mow the lawn."

Stephen arrived at Ostrava two days after his letter, wearing a *havelock*, a woolen, greyish, thick Alpine raincoat which he had bought in Innsbruck, Tyrol. The *havelock* was half a size too large because the storekeeper in Innsbruck had told Stephen that "they always shrink half a size after the first rain." It was a dry fall and he looked as American in his oversized *havelock* as a Tyrolean yokel after a county fair, and my heart sank. Here was my only proof that I had actually been in America, but

Continued on page 150



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Shaving Bowls $1.50 and $2.50 • SPORTSMAN GIFT PACKAGES $1.50 TO $10.00. Plus tax

JOHN HUDSON MOORE, INC. • 663 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

A Visitor from America

Continued from pages 54-149

the skeptical galleryites would never believe in the first place that Stephen was an American himself.

Stephen was in high spirits. He had already sold two printing presses, one in Zurich and one in Vienna, and he showed me his correspondence with Paul, the owner of Ostrava's largest printing firm. Paul, a former *chachar* who had won success and wealth, still was a faithful habitué of the gallery. He was a great admirer of things American. I suspected that his sympathies were partly based on the financial success of the magazines containing the adventures of "Percy Stuart, Avenger of the Disinherited" which were printed by Paul's firm.

Stephen was to meet Paul next day at the Palace Café. That night I was invited to give a short lecture at the English Club. I asked Stephen to join me. The English Club consisted of thirty or forty Berlitz-School addicts who suffered from the illusion that they knew English. It was forbidden to use any language but English, with a fine of one *koruna* for every non-English word. This harsh rule led to bizarre conversations on such topics as "The Bridges of London," "Mandalay and the Burmese Empire" and "The Age of Wordsworth and Byron." The club's president was Madame Sickl, professor at the local *lycée* for girls, a somewhat withered girl in her third youth who joined a great many organizations in town hoping she might yet find a husband; the first vice president was the wife of a socially (though not judicially) prominent judge; most members were either teachers or lawyers and their wives. I introduced Stephen, and the club members shook hands with him, saying, "How do you do? Thank you, I am very well." Stephen looked startled. Tea was being served. Madame Sickl asked Stephen, "Do you prefer your tea with sugar or lemon or milk or rum or plain?" in her mechanical-sounding voice. Stephen's face turned as red as his hair and I quickly got up to begin my lecture, "One Week in New York."

There was little applause when I ended and the president asked Stephen to say something. Stephen got up, cleared his throat and said, "I'm sorry, folks, I'm really not much of a speaker, except when it comes to printing presses." A fat, apoplectic lawyer who was considered an authority on America because seven years ago he had attended an international Rotary convention, said, "Is that so?" At that Stephen

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MERCHANDISE MART CHICAGO 54, ILLINOIS

turned toward the lawyer and started giving him his Grade A sales talk on printing presses.

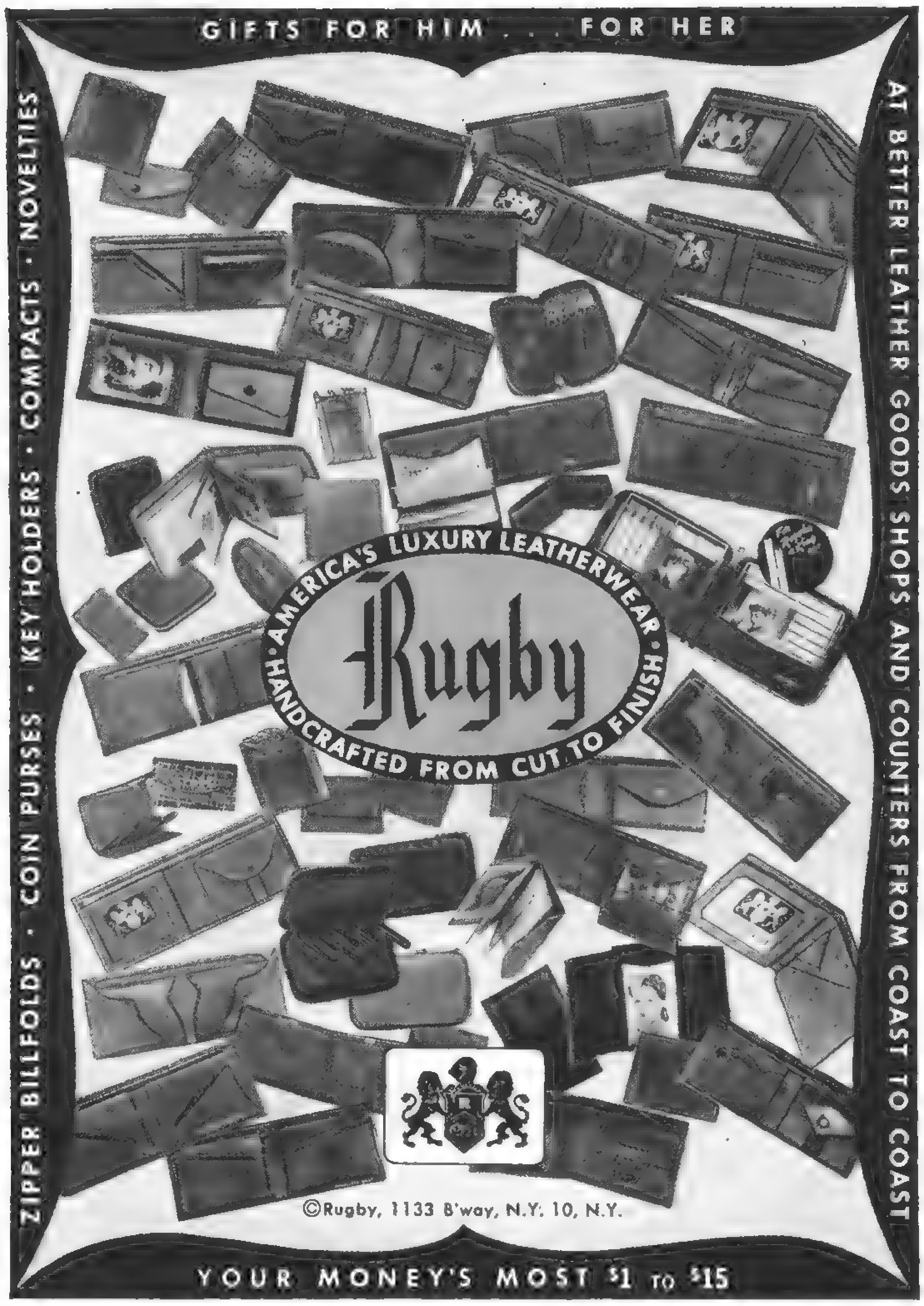
The club members looked blank, the enterprising ones taking out their pocket dictionaries, trying to look up difficult words. The vice president became bored altogether and began to eat chocolate. A girl behind me whispered in Czech, "He doesn't look like an American," and another girl answered, also in Czech, "He doesn't talk like one, either." Madame Sickl interrupted Stephen's talk to fine each of the two girls four crowns for speaking Czech. Stephen got nervous and the fat lawyer declared that Stephen was probably a phony and should be investigated. Some members protested and there was a lot of bilingual confusion. I called Stephen and we went home.

"Mr. Pearce left a call for 7:15 a. m."

Stephen was gloomy. "They think I'm a phony," he said. "Suppose the owner of the printing firm here feels the same way? He won't buy my press and I won't be a sales manager." He paced the floor, keeping his fingers beneath his suspenders. "They keep asking me if I know Al Capone. Hell, what do they think I am—a Chicago triggerman?" Suddenly Stephen stopped pacing and stared at me, standing in the middle of the room, and I stared back. There was silence. It was a great, decisive moment. I said slowly, "Maybe that's the way you should look. Sharp and tough like the people's idea here of an American gangster."

Early next morning I called up a friend whose father owned the town's largest men's store. We made a special appointment during the noon pause when the store was closed to the public. We took my brother along as an expert and, shortly before one, went in through the store's back door so no one would know of Stephen's metamorphosis. Assisted by my brother, a frequent movie-goer and up to the minute on what the well-dressed gangster in America was wearing, Stephen chose a sharply tailored, broad-

Continued on page 152



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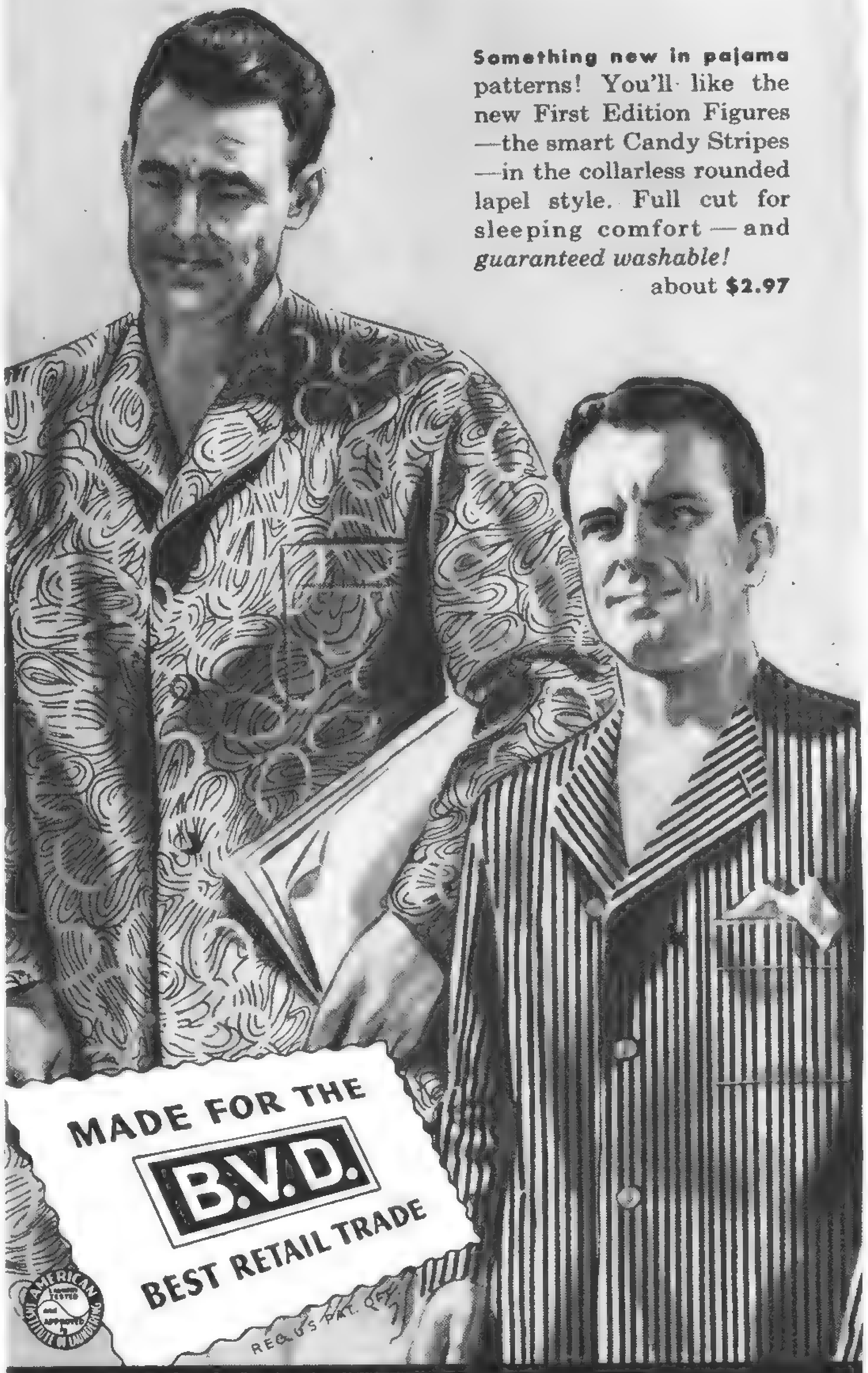

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A Visitor from America

Continued from pages 54-149-151

shouldered, double-breasted suit of wine-red woollen, a light-blue shirt, a yellow necktie, patent-leather shoes and a snap-brim hat. My brother said that Stephen should look "silent and grim," smoking a big cigar. Stephen, after a strong protest, accepted the cigar but he definitely rejected my brother's suggestion that he should carry a "bulging object" in his pocket.

Stephen was an instantaneous success with the habitués of the Palace Café gallery. He kept his hat on, held his right hand inside his pocket, stretched out his legs and munched his cigar. Oskar, the arrogant headwaiter, approached us meekly and asked for our order. Stephen, momentarily falling out of his role, wanted a glass of milk. I hastily ordered "Two double Scotches, straight," explaining to the perplexed headwaiter that in certain circles of the Chicago underworld "milk" was the name for Scotch. Oskar retired and told everybody that Stephen was the real thing, dammit, what a guy. Several prominent galleryites came to our table. A well-known criminal lawyer declared that he had never believed the rumors about me in the first place, by Jove, and how about dinner tonight? There was a critical moment when Oskar brought the drinks. Stephen made a brave effort and swallowed the Scotch, putting the glass down hard on the table.

Paul, the printer, arrived at five o'clock. He was a businessman of what people in Ostrava called "the American school," hard-hitting and fast, but he, too, was so stumped by Stephen's tough appearance that he hardly interrupted Stephen's sales talk. Only when it came to conditions of payment, Paul tried to raise a few objections. Stephen pulled back his hat, gave me a glance and said, out of the corner of his mouth, "Let's go." Paul hastily took out his pen and signed a contract for one printing press.

We had dinner at the Palace restaurant and later went down to the town's fanciest night club, located at the same house. Paul ordered champagne and Stephen emptied three glasses in a row and readily confessed that he had never been near a gun except in Coney Island. I hastily proposed a toast to America, another to the Chicago underworld and a third one to the continued success of Paul's firm. I think Stephen kept talking about his mother's auto court in Pennsylvania and mowing the lawn there, but after three more glasses of champagne there was nothing to worry about.

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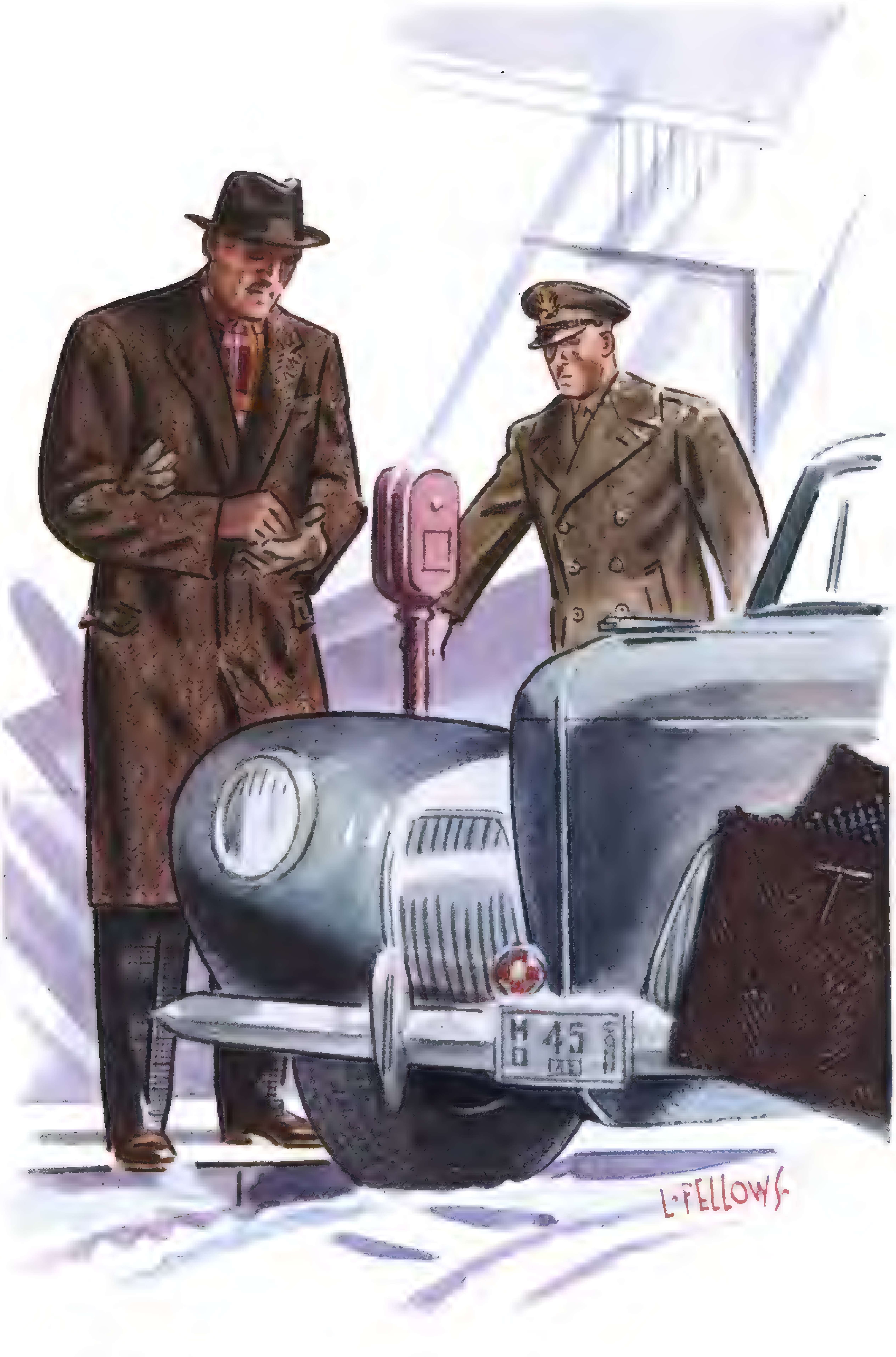

three decrees

One decree in this man's town is to feed the parking meter or get a ticket. A second decree is to conserve your motor power, to keep your car out of the million or so that are being junked prematurely every year. Decree number three is to dress warmly, in good taste. This medico's overcoat, the grey-brown tweed in fly-front model with notched lapels, qualifies for wear in town. His suit in two-tone small pattern effect with a red overplaid is basically grey. This combination answers affirmatively the question, "Does a brown overcoat go with a grey suit?" At the side are pieces of the overcoating and the suiting, reproduced on a slightly reduced scale. The woolen muffler, worn Ascot fashion, shows a maroon ground with blue, yellow and green plaid. His brown hat is an off-the-face model with pinched crown. Gloves are tan pigskin and the shoes are brown calfskin with straight tips.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

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Club COCKTAILS

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Small Business for the Yanks

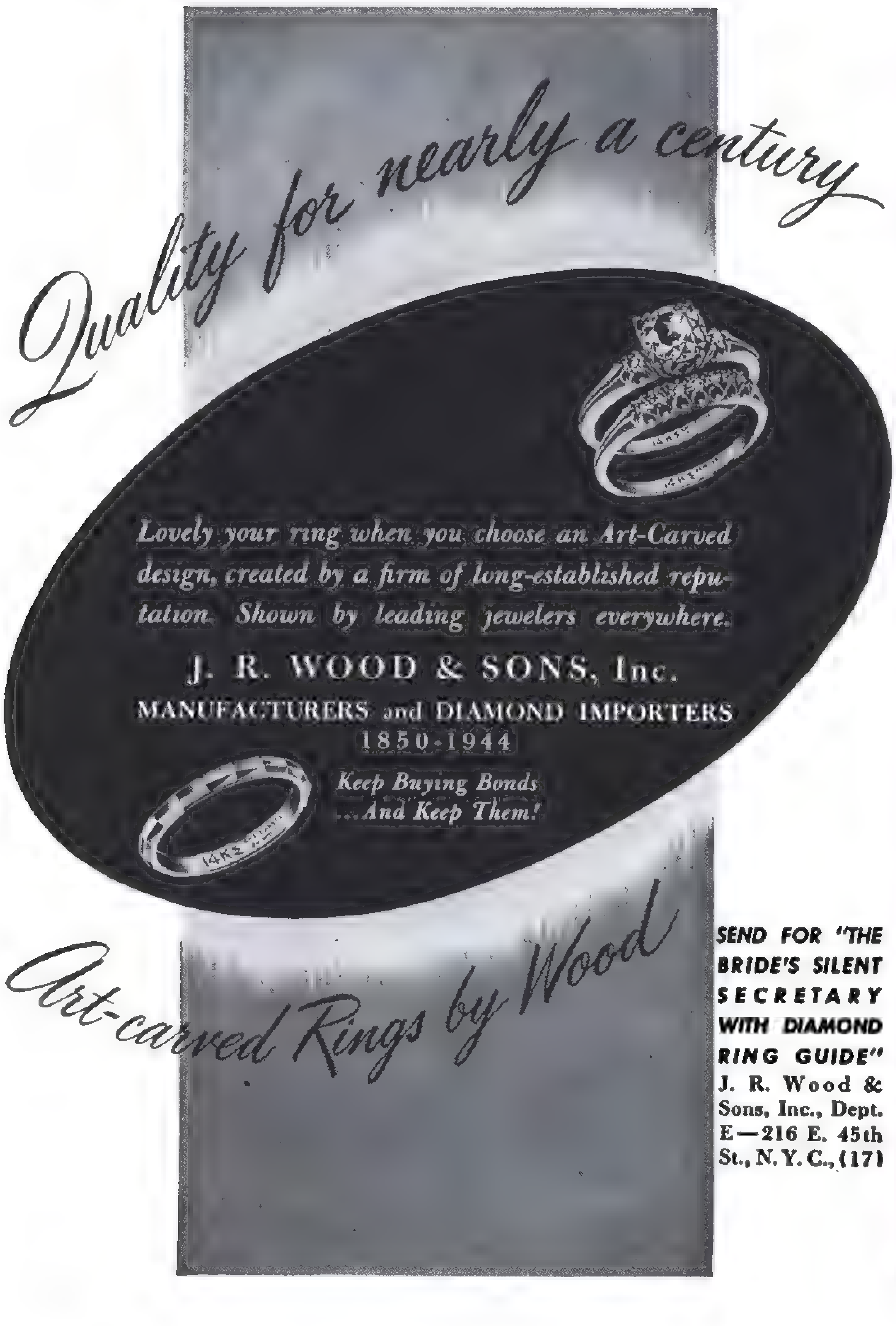
Continued from page 43

things to big-city markets. The vegetables could be harvested in the morning, pre-cooled in the afternoon, loaded in the evening, transported to Chicago or other markets before morning and placed on sale in less than twenty-four hours after harvesting. When the fruit gets there the chances are good that it would sell for at least five cents more per quart —perhaps more. It's a matter of sun-ripened stuff being sold at premium prices. Practical? Lettuce and spinach have been flown from California to Detroit with good results. California flowers are moving east at high air-express rates. Easterners don't buy as many flowers as they might if costs were brought down.

There are some studies, too, on the subject of air transportation of fruits and vegetables called *Post-War Air Transport, Costs and Markets for Lettuce* and *Post-War Air Transportation of Fresh Strawberries and Tomatoes from Florida to Detroit, Michigan.* They were prepared by R. W. Hoecker, Bureau of Agricultural Economics, and Richard K. Waldo of Evans Transportation Research. The reports are hopeful. Studies were made of the feasibility of a private operator transporting fruits and vegetables in season and transporting other items out of season. The lettuce report indicates that lettuce from the Salinas Valley of California could be flown to the Detroit market in the post-war period at about three and three-quarter cents per pound above that of the rail transported product. Experimental sales indicate that air-borne iceberg lettuce from California can be marketed in quantity in Detroit at a differential of five cents per head over surface transported lettuce. The Department of Commerce is now studying products that could be carried on the backhaul and during off-seasons. The transport studies mentioned include information on operating costs, operating problems, on competition with other transportation services, potential traffic and maps showing points of collection and profitable market areas. Both studies can be obtained from the Division of Economic Information, Bureau of Agricultural Economics, Washington 25, D. C. An enterprise like this will probably require considerable cash. Look into that angle before you get in too deep. If you can swing the capital, air transport of fruits and vegetables should be a cinch compared to the stuff flown all over the world. There'll be competition from big boys—but bet some G.I.'s make it.

When you are thinking of what

Continued on page 158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Desert or Bermuda Shorts of MIRON Flannel with Shirts of Verney Rayon

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Small Business for the Yanks

Continued from pages 43-157

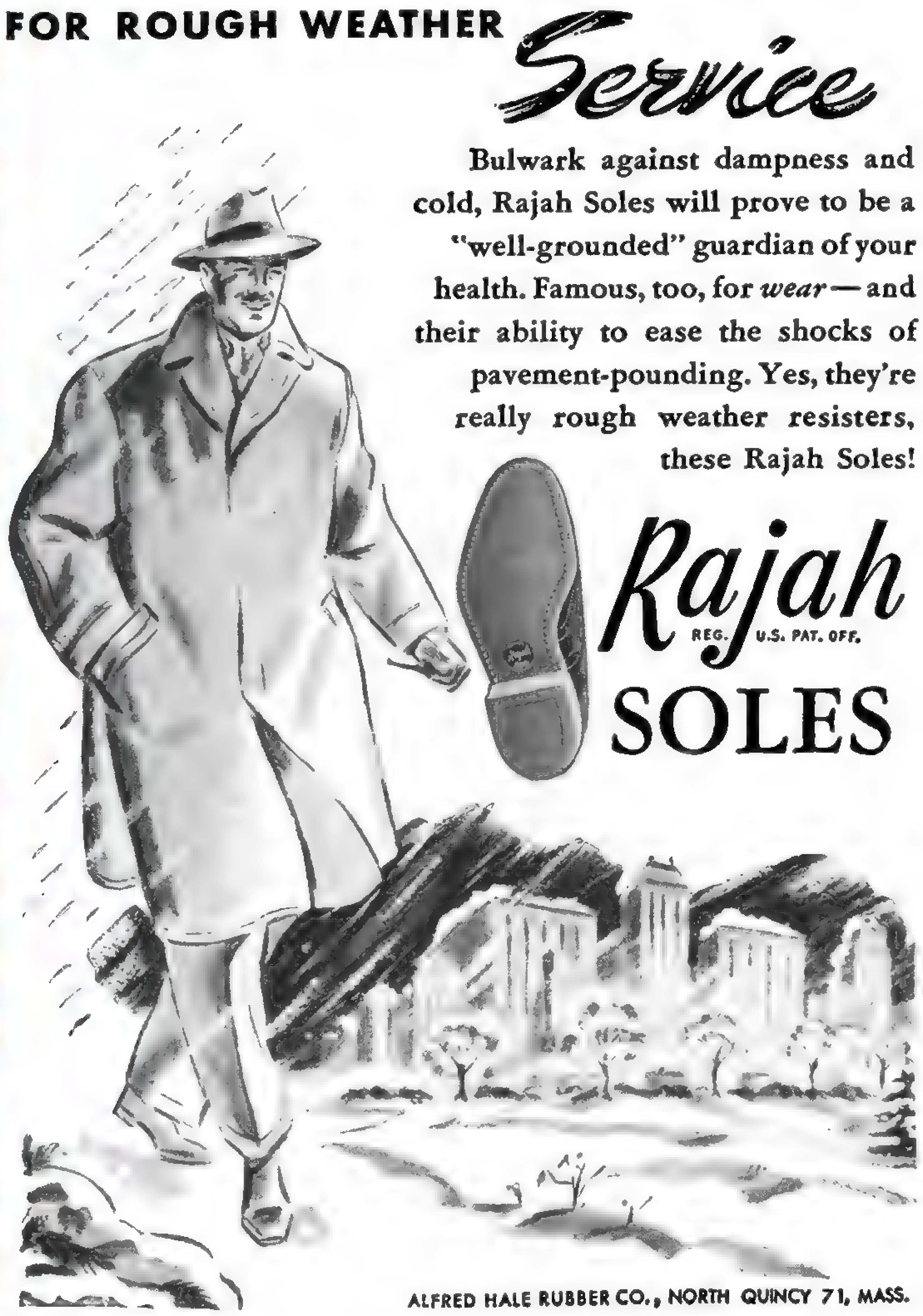
business and where, don't forget small-town America. There are nearly 15,000 towns with populations of 5,000 and under. Most of them (and many of the big towns, too) serve the farmer and other country people. In these towns you will find general stores, hay, grain and feed stores, farm implement dealers, lumber dealers and some of the rest of the usual Main Street stuff. But there are some stores and services missing now that will pop up a few years from now. Farmers aren't satisfied that eighty-two per cent of farmhouses have no running water, ninety per cent have no central heating, eighty-nine per cent are without toilets and wash basins, eighty-five per cent lack mechanical refrigeration, twenty-five per cent have no screens and fifty per cent of the homes are over twenty-eight years old. And there are still 7,000,000 rural homes that need electricity. Probably two to three million of these dwellings will get electricity in the first five years after the war.

Anyone wanting to set up a rural electrical servicing business, or an electrical appliance store offering service features, can act now. Might be a good idea to watch the areas the Rural Electrification Administration is about to electrify. In these spots the farmers will need electricians.

Appliance stores will be missing, too. Once the farmer has power he'll want water pumps, plumbing fixtures, freezers, electric pig and chick brooders, electric churns and milkers, conveyors, radios, water heaters, milk warmers, farm labor savers. The farm women will want washing machines, irons, toasters.

How can a fellow check up on rural areas about to be electrified? One way is to write to the Rural Electrification Administration at St. Louis, Missouri. When a specific spot about to be electrified is found, it can be checked on through one of 800 R.E.A. Co-ops scattered throughout forty-six states. They will be able to tell if the services are really needed and of the problems of selling and servicing the rural market. Don't forget the in-service courses on electricity, electrical contracting and electrical appliance stores, or of the probable necessity of combining an electrical appliance store with some related retail features—like water pumps, for instance. Remember, many of the farmers who have electricity have only had it for a short time and need servicing and appliances, too. So don't neglect the electrified rural areas.

Want to dig into this and find



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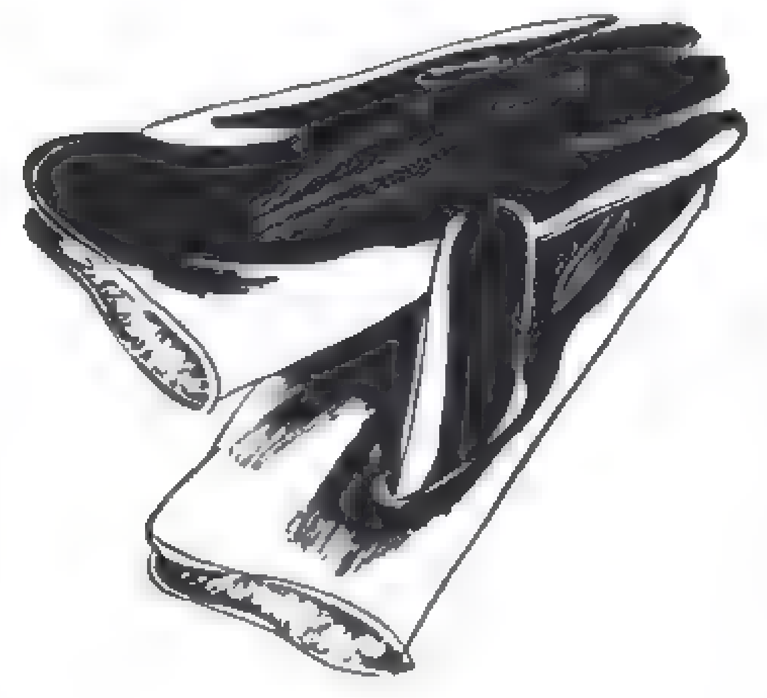
out about the services a rural equipment dealer should give, what the market prospects are and future expansion? *The Farm Journal and Farmer's Wife* has prepared two publications on this subject: *Farm Electrification Through Better Dealers* and *Distribution, the Bottleneck to Farm Electrification.*

The R.E.A. has about 6,000 rural industries tied to their lines. Farm leaders think rural industries are a growing field. Here they use such terms as "vertical diversification" to describe what farmers ought to do to improve their economic position and provide more jobs in small towns and rural areas. The farmers would be better off, they say, by doing more processing of meat, soybeans, potatoes, cottonseed, poultry and vegetables in near-by rural local industries and on farms for direct sale to consumers. To do that farmers and future rural plants will need equipment that will do the job. It's a field for technical men. And also one for the man who wants a small factory like a sweet potato curing plant, a tankage processing plant, a winery, a soybean plant, a cider mill or meat packing plant.

There are other rural industries that will go in areas where there are untapped resources and where farmers and local labor are only seasonally employed. Some of these industries are wooden kitchenware plants, sawmills, brick plants, veneer plants, box factories, cotton gins, hatcheries, gravel plants, cement factories, glass and sand processing plants, rock crushing plants, fertilizer plants and rendering plants.

You can get leads from governors who will relay your letters to appropriate state agencies, state agricultural and technical colleges, mayors of towns, state and local chambers of commerce and county agricultural agents.



Fur linings in capeskin slip-on gloves are points of fashion interest in accessories.

There'll be need for better farm buildings, too. Takes too long to do the chores now. On many farms water is too far from the barn, feed barns are unhandy or buildings inadequate for the job. There's a big job of better farm engineer-

Continued on page 160

* Three parts MYERS'S JAMAICA RUM
Two parts BRANDY
One part LEMON JUICE
Six parts HOT WATER
Stir well. Sugar to taste
MYERS'S RUM
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100% FINE JAMAICA RUM

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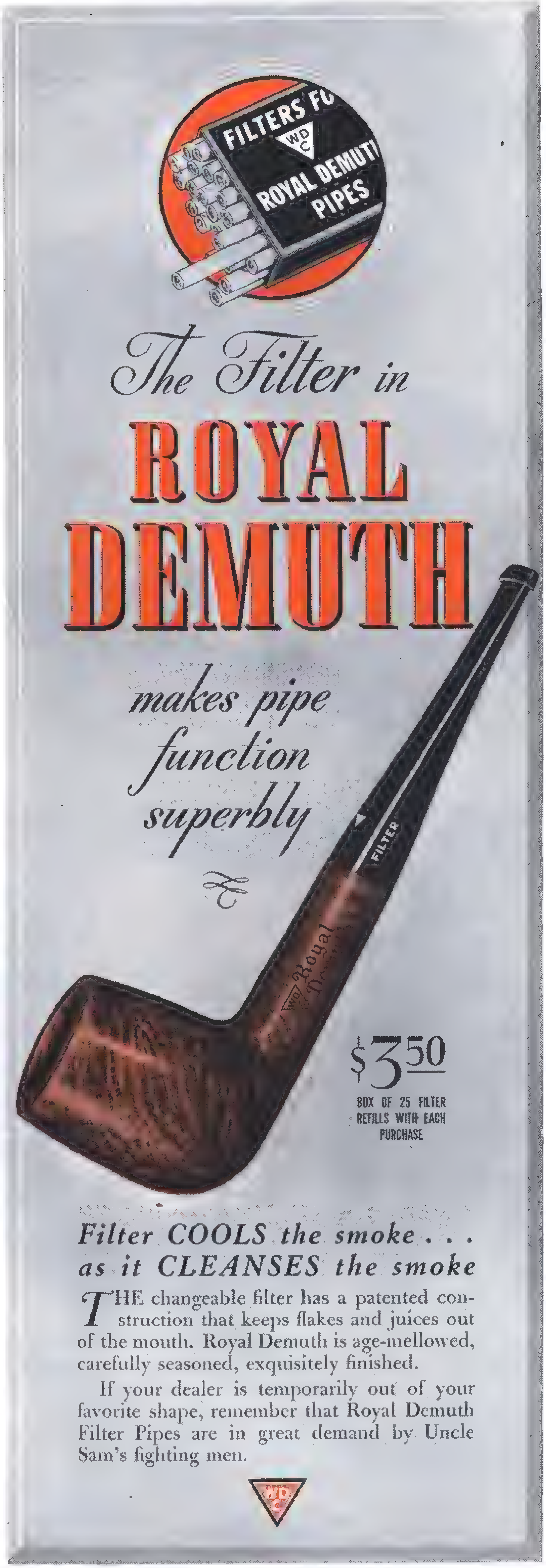

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Small Business for the Yanks

Continued from pages 43-157-159

ing and building to be done. 2,100,000 farms of all classes need new houses; 1,900,000 farms need additions or repairs to dwellings. Also, the farmer is confused by too many recommended plans. And the plans available are too often merely modeled after popular farm buildings. That's a good way to insure satisfaction but a poor one to reduce costs and develop something better.

Young designers with a flare for the practical and manufacturers of prefabricated buildings will have real opportunity for developing good businesses in this rural housing and dwelling field. There's a selling job to be done. Many farmers think the way their grandpas built barns with thick planks and heavy foundations is the only honest way. They're afraid chickens will peck holes through this flimsy prefabricated stuff and the cows kick out the sides. But anyone who really wants to crack this market will come up with some practical plans for prefabricated farm buildings that will give service. And he'll show farmers that it's cheaper and better. Some of the large companies and the light metal boys are planning lighter buildings built of prefabricated sheets. Information on recommended construction for particular kinds of farms can be had from the state agricultural colleges, the Department of Agriculture and farm magazines like *Successful Farming, Country Gentleman, Capper's Farmer* and *The Farm Journal.*

Here's a small business based on forest resources that might fit into the post-war rural farm improvement picture. Good low-cost portable precision sawmills have been developed in recent years. Farmers needing lumber but hesitating with building and repair programs because of high lumber costs might jump at the chance to use their own timber tracts as sources of low-cost construction lumber. Many farms have timber tracts. A portable sawmill could cut lumber to size, right on the place. Some were in operation before the war. Don't move on this until you check on kinds of sawmill outfits available, costs of getting started and other angles with the Forest Service, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. Check, too, on possibilities of developing small businesses by using wasted redwood bark, cascara bark and sawdust. State Forestry Services at Washington, Oregon and California are good sources of information. In a recent survey of farmers in forty-eight states, farmers said they want and intend to get more

This year enjoy the finest

...and one infallible guidepost is the Widmer label. It distinguishes wines which are the pride of vintners who have devoted more than 50 years to the art of fine wine making...wines from the sunny hillsides of beautiful Naples Valley, home of New York State's most highly prized vineyards.

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Vintners of Fine Wines Since 1888
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farm equipment, more autos, trucks, more household furnishings, water pumps, more plumbing, additions to their houses, better farm buildings and would like better services in the small towns. Further, farmers are in the best financial condition they have been in for many years. From 1940 to 1944 agriculture grew from a 49,000,000,000- to a 70,000,000,000-dollar industry as measured by the dollar value of its physical goods.

Farmers have more cash, bonds and less debt than they have had in years. And they will spend some of the money for the kind and quality of services and goods they need and want.

The cement contractors shouldn't neglect the farm field, either. Farmers like cement tanks, foundations, walks, feeding floors, dairy and milk-barn floors. Remember the igloo huts made by inflating balloons and spraying cement over them? The possibility of using them for grain and other farm storage is being considered. The construction of such small out-buildings or similar ones could provide full-time business for small building contractors.

On-the-farm services provide opportunities, too, which often require use of special equipment. They are spraying, fumigating, pruning, well drilling, ditch engineering, land leveling and clearing, trucking, repair services, feed grinding, corn shelling, threshing, ensilage cutting and limestone grinding and spreading.

There'll always be businesses started in the way Mr. G. R. Graybeal started his. *Nation's Business* tells this one. Mr. Graybeal pulled into Roan Mountain, Tennessee, in 1906 and began to look around for a way to make a living in this town of 170 people. He heard that drug manufacturers used wild herbs, roots and berries. So he wrote to a few drug people. One company was interested. He began collecting berries and roots for this company. He spread word among the hill people that he would buy mandrake roots, skunk cabbage, spearmint herbs and sumac root bark. Soon he built a warehouse. Business

Continued on page 162

Quality
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National Tailoring Co.

Today the swing is to quality made-to-measure clothes. Discriminating men and women by the thousands insist on the "National" label for the quality, comfort and fine tailoring features . . . characteristic of National Clothes.

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Give him a cheerful year-ful of
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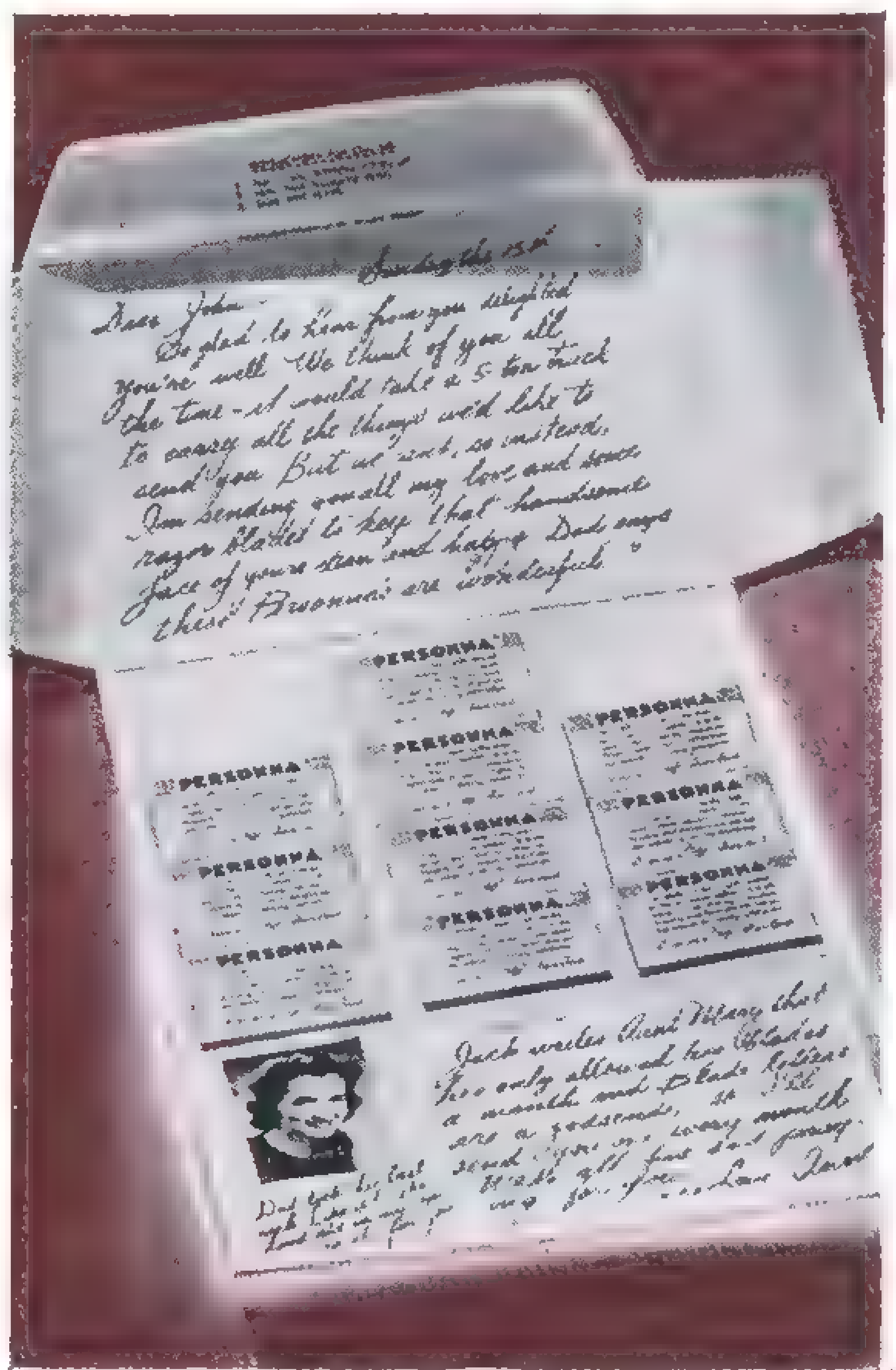

50 Personna Precision Blades $5

High on every man's Christmas want list are fine razor blades. He knows Personna is as much better than ordinary blades as Christmas is better than other days. Here are 50, in a de luxe gift box.

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Send this to your Soldier! This is the "letter perfect" gift. He gets Personna Blades—in a folder that looks like a V-letter, and which has plenty of space for you to write your personal letter to him. Space even for your snapshot. You seal it like a letter. 6¢ postage speeds it *anywhere, any time.* (No request needed.)

10 Personna Blades $1

There are two ways of making blades—in fast mass-production or with slow craftsmanship. Personna are made *twice* as slowly as ordinary blades—and inspected 17 times. Personna are *hollow ground* and *leather stropped.* Then each blade is triple wrapped to protect the keen edge.

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Precision Blades
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PERSONNA Precision Blades

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Smartest Thing in Ski Boots
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Any maid or any man is extra smart in Ski Boots by Bass — smart in the sense that the right ski boots are most important to skiing success. Perfect fit, comfort, balance, the best materials and finest workmanship add to the perfection and freedom of your skiing in Bass Ski Boots. But you *may not* be able to find Bass Ski Boots at your dealer's today, for war conditions have exhausted the supply. So if you are lucky enough to own a pair, take care of them for the duration. If you can't enjoy Bass Ski Boots this season, content yourself with the thought that they will be back — as smart as ever — when complete victory is won.

G. H. BASS & CO., WILTON, MAINE

P. S. — Don't forget Bass WEEJUNS for after-skiing or other leisure-time comfort.

Small Business for the Yanks

Continued from pages 43-157-159-161

picked up and he started buying furs and animal hides. Soon he was buying 100 different kinds of roots, herbs and berries. Now he has more than 5,000 part-time workers scattered through northeastern Tennessee, western North Carolina and southwestern Virgina and sells a good part of the crude drugs used in the U. S.

Probably half the cities in the nation will have at least one Mr. Graybeal who will see opportunity where he is. Maybe a good business out of a family recipe for a drink or cake, a house cleaning service, better laundry service or better baby care centers. The fellows who find out what people want and will buy and aren't getting have the basis for small businesses.

The restless boys will be interested in rugged stuff like Alaska. There will be some small business opportunities there, too. Finding out what people complain about gives a few angles. Some travelers say they don't like the steamship service, the bus services, travel itineraries and high hotel rates. As a playground for folks who want to relax and see nature in the raw, Alaska has a future. And with the new Alcan Highway and improved air transportation and air fields, Alaska's future is catching up with us. Some servicemen may find good business opportunities in hunting and fishing camps, planning travel itineraries, setting up overnight spots and rest camps or running hotels.

Then, too, when new countries like Alaska really start to grow, they're always short of beauty shops, drugstores, movies, newspapers and restaurants.

There already are signs that Alaska will need these things. After the President's recent Bremerton speech, in which he mentioned the future development of Alaska, the General Land Office received 6,000 inquiries in August alone, mostly from servicemen, wanting the dope. Then, too, there'll probably be a somewhat larger military force in Alaska than there was in 1939. The pulp and paper industry is interested in Alaska as a source of pulp and paper, especially newsprint, and there's interest in and need for smaller industries. When there's interest, a good many folks do something about it. When the population increases, watch Alaska's need for small business.

Small industries for Alaska? Might scratch the surface a little on that. Farming doesn't amount to much in Alaska because there are too few roads, marketing facilities and processing plants like canneries that will preserve the

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GRAVES
Superior
DISTILLED DRY GIN
100% GRAIN PRODUCTS NEUTRAL SPIRITS
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
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. . . once again you can enjoy the fine old-fashioned flavor of a Martini, Gin Rickey, Tom Collins . . . the kind you always wanted . . . made with pre-war quality GRAVES GIN . . . the superior, distilled dry gin whose accepted flavor has been consistently famous down through the years!

Quality
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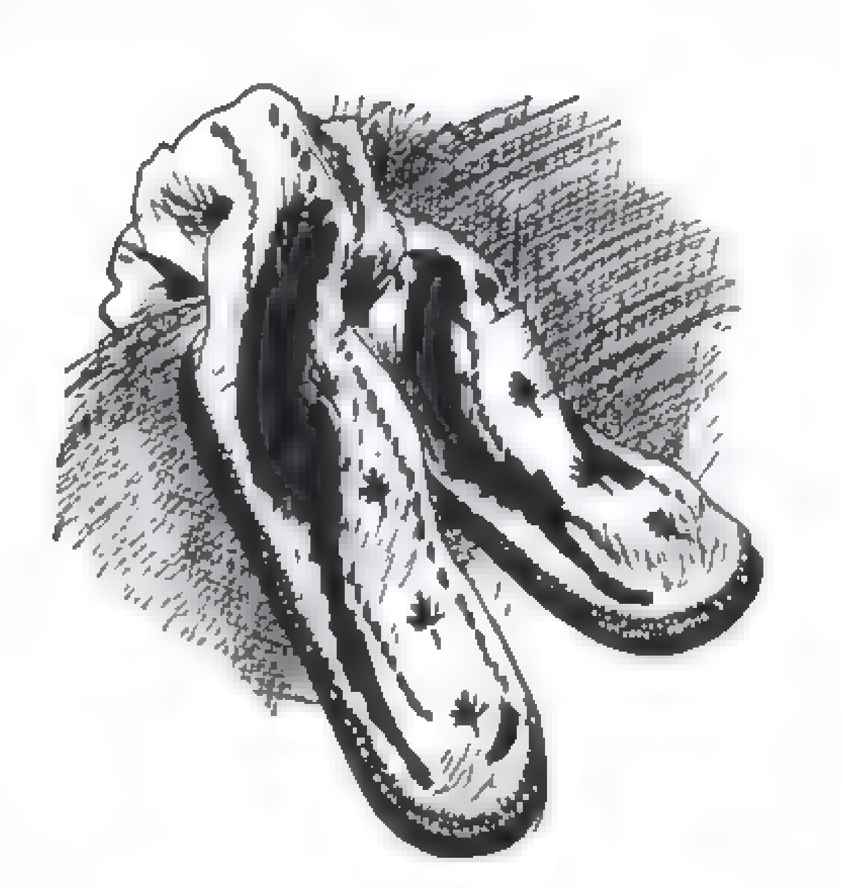
farmers' produce and get it to market. So Alaska eats out of cans from the States at very high prices. A few small food processing plants and better marketing facilities would encourage some farm development and greater year-round consumption of Alaskan grown foods. There's a lot of seasonal labor, too, that would be available for these marketing services and processing, for wood using and treatment industries.

Like boats? Know something about them? In 1939 only twenty persons were engaged in boat building and boat repairing in Alaska, though thousands of small craft operate on its waters. Why should nearly all boat building and especially repair services go to the States? Too, the stimulus for a future boat building industry has been provided by recent government construction and improvement of many small boat harbors in many sea-coast cities. Not much can be said of what has happened since 1939 for security reasons. Government boat building facilities and repair services are now doubtless available. But there'll be private operators going into this industry after the war.



Knitted wool foot warmers with decorative designs have soft felt soles.

So Alaska will be a good spot for some of the little fellows with a few thousand dollars in the sock. The governor says so. For more information, read "Alaska, Its Increasing Importance," in the *Economic Record*, June, 1942, published by the National Industrial Conference Board. Also, the 200-page report on *Alaska, Its Resources and Development*, published in 1937 by the National Resources Planning Board.

The Surplus Property Act of 1944 will interest the G.I. who may want surplus military equipment for use in his small business. The Act gives purchase preference to veterans in most cases. Congress also authorized the Smaller War Plants Corporation to make or guarantee loans to small business enterprises in the purchase of surplus stuff. Veterans will be able to buy it abroad and take it home, too, provided it will be for their own use.

Might be a good idea to know

Continued on page 164

"Taking it" on the chin? Better reduce the Ry-Krisp way!

Delicious Food, Slimmer Figure!
With the Ry-Krisp plan any normal overweight person can cut calories, have meals like this: Chicken, two vegetables, Ry-Krisp, *plus* salad, dessert. Start now. Eat sensibly. Enjoy delicious 23-calorie Ry-Krisp as bread each meal.

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CREATORS OF THE "INVISIBLE STITCH" BILLFOLD

Small Business for the Yanks

Continued from pages 43-157-159-161-163

why a third of all new small businesses fail in the first two years of operation. The two big hazards are downright incompetence and insufficient capital. These two account for seventy per cent of all small business flops. Five per cent fail because of lack of experience. About three per cent are driven out by competitors. Four per cent are swindled. The other nineteen per cent are accounted for by the following: too generous to creditors, extravagance, neglect, gambling and trying too many things. Watch out for them.

Before you risk that loan in an enterprise of your own, better think of some things that you can do to protect that cash. Write or see some reliable businessman in the town where you want to locate. If you know someone in the kind of business you want, all the better. Be sure he is the type who will help. Most of them will. Ask what the outlook is for the kind of business you want. And what about possibilities in near-by towns? Many businessmen looked into situations near-by when they were getting their start and therefore know about near-by opportunities. They can advise about mistakes to avoid and hand out a few tips about getting started.

At this stage you should also be absorbing as much background information as you can. You should be reading the kinds of publications the Department of Commerce, U. S. Chamber of Commerce, National Cash Register Corporation, manufacturers of store and office equipment, trade associations and credit bureaus can provide on selection of business sites, planning your business ahead, expenses involved in retail businesses and many others. Most of these publications are free.

Get acquainted, too, with the Chamber of Commerce people, local credit and better business bureaus and bank officials. They can give much good advice and may know about some untapped small business possibilities.

When you actually decide on a specific spot, get someone who has background in your kind of business to look over the plans with you. Talk also to men in different businesses and get their slants. A few talks with different sorts will do a lot of good. ##

Editor's Note: Copies of this article, together with the same author's previous article, *Farms for the Yanks*, printed in booklet form and including a bibliography of source and reference material on both subjects, are available for ten cents, the handling cost. Address the Editorial Department, Esquire, Inc., 919 N. Michigan, Chicago 11, Ill.

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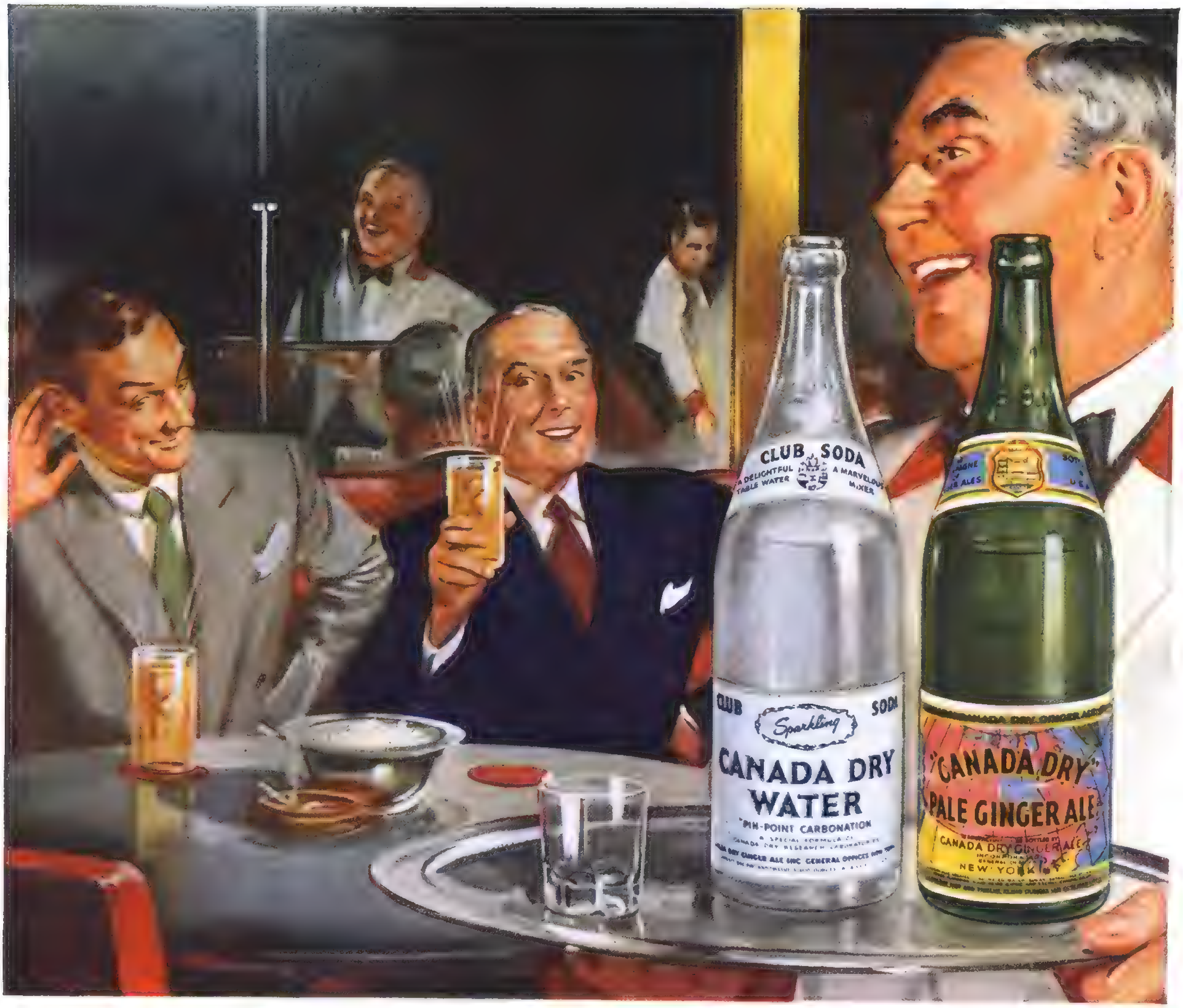
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Next time you're out...listen for the liveliness of drinks mixed with Canada Dry Water or Ginger Ale. They're the preferred mixers in the finest bars, clubs and hotels... and they're so full of sparkle you can hear the zip and zest.

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Canada Dry Water made according to a scientific formula *points up* the flavor of every drink. "The Champagne of Ginger Ales" *adds* the delicate flavor of pure Jamaica ginger to drinks.

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For those zestful Gin and Tonics, Canada Dry Quinine Water will be back after the war.

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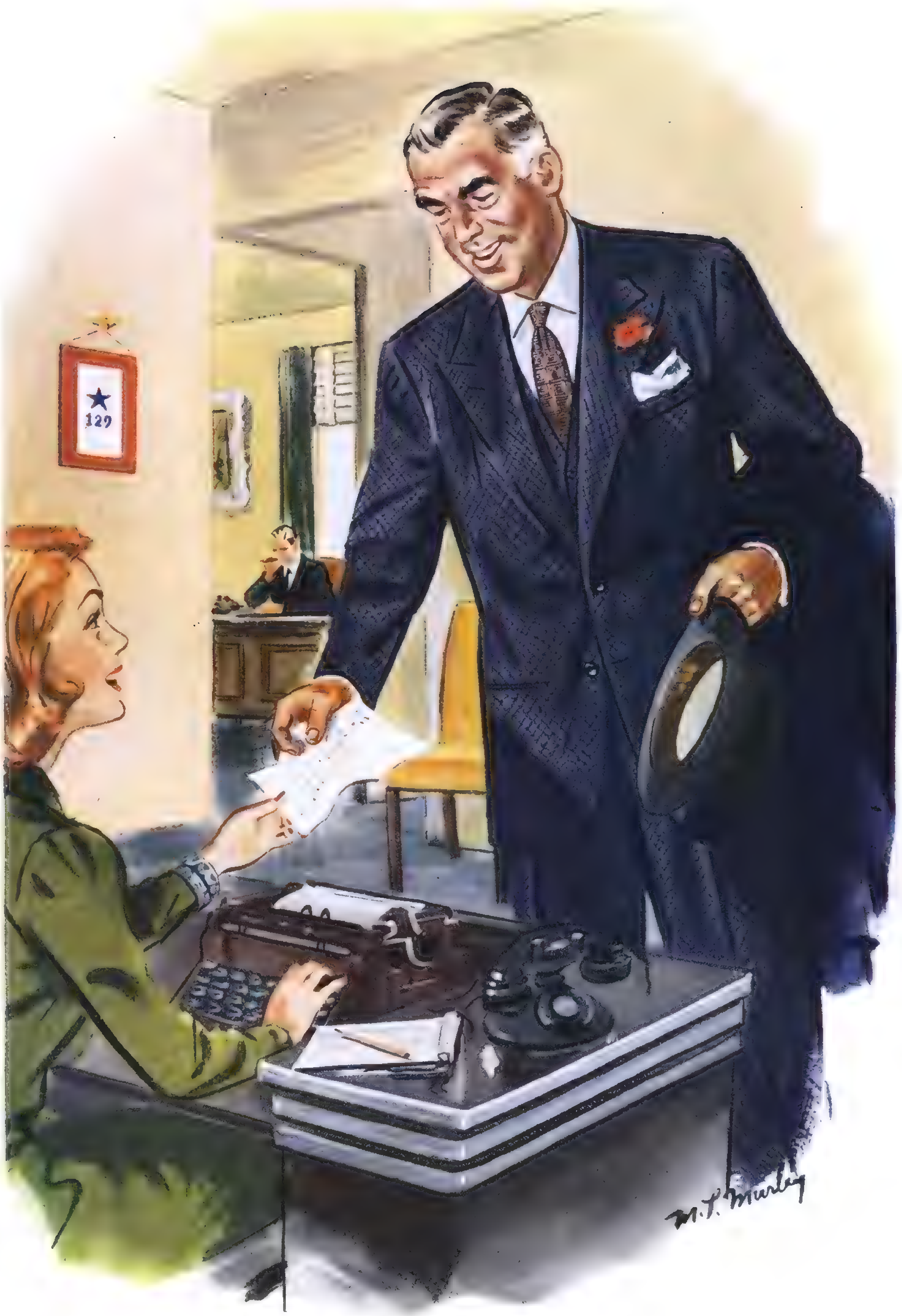

profit with loss

Miss Kelly not only looks like a model but is a model secretary. The hefty executive knows that she will follow through properly after his simple okay. With the help of this efficient girl Friday, he has the details of his office under control. He also has licked the problem of executive avoirdupois. Between us, he depends on his clothes to turn the trick. First of all, notice the blue sharkskin fabric of his suit, which has no bold design to attract attention to his proportions. It's a small weave, almost has the appearance of a solid color suit. Then the jacket has two buttons and long roll peaked lapels which accent the vertical lines. These do much to offset the apparent width at the waist. Men of big build should avoid light colors and striking patterns that emphasize their bulk. He wears a white broadcloth shirt, maroon and grey figured tie, black Homburg hat, dark blue overcoat.

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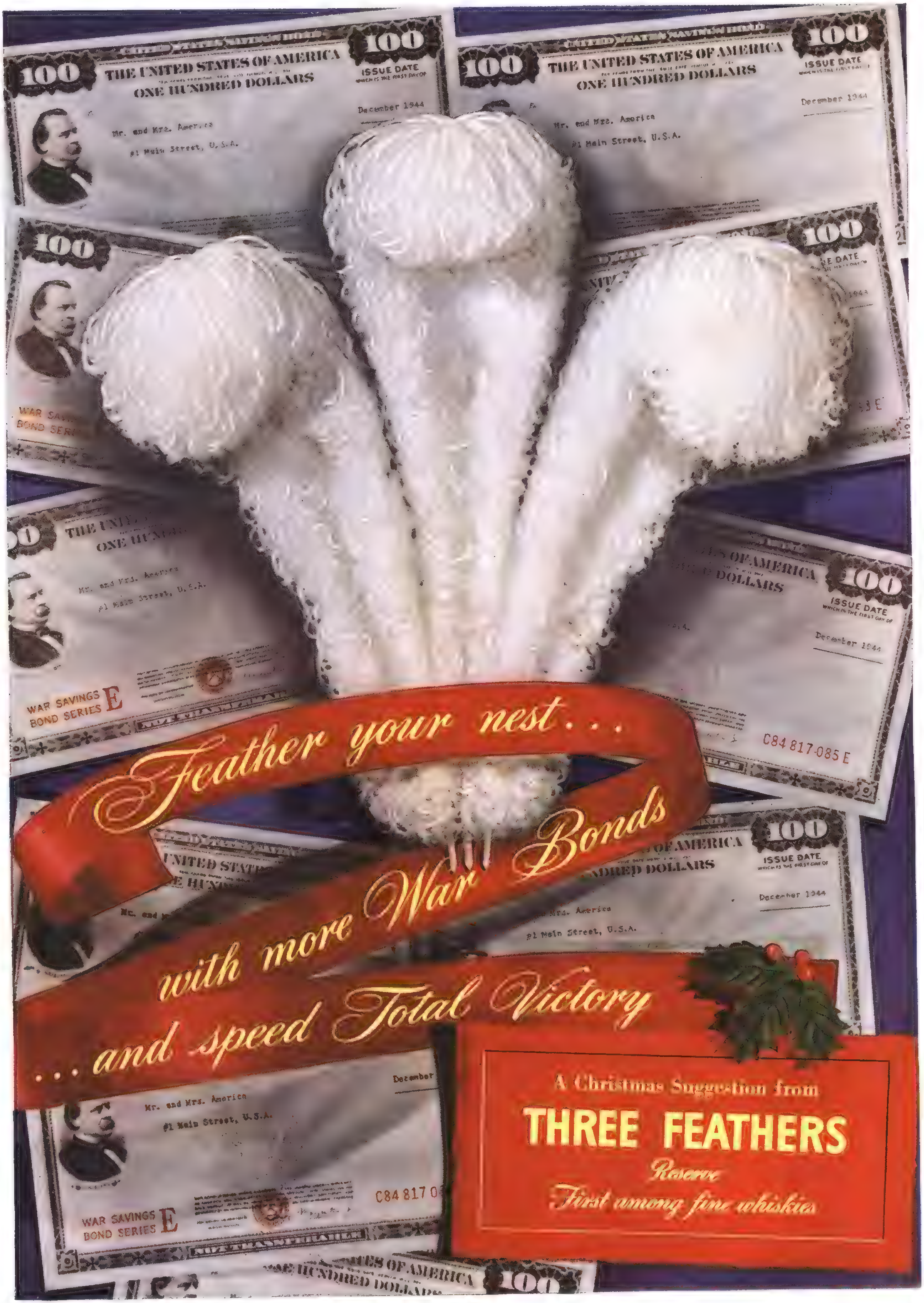
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What Makes a Perfect Lover

Continued from page 69

feminine theatre-goers. Throughout the broad land of America, women will fight their way to the box office when a Benny picture is showing. What Sinatra is to bobby socks, I will be to nylons. Instead of squeals, there will be soft sighs, with occasional wheezing. This may prove annoying to the three or four men in the audience, but that's no concern of mine—I'm in the production end of pictures.

These predictions of Benny as the great lover are not based on wishful thinking. My first opportunity to test the Benny theory of "passionate indifference" came when I was working on the set with Ann Sheridan. The scene we were doing was not a love scene. It was plain, homey. We were balancing the family budget. Ann was sitting across the table from me. I looked up from my ledger into her eyes, but mine was not a look of dollars and cents—it was gripping and possessive. All my searing thoughts were turned loose through my eyes—no holds barred. Ann met my gaze, first in bewilderment, then in understanding. Slowly she rose and walked around the table. She put her hand against my cheek, looked searchingly into my eyes and handed me a roll of Tums.

Although Ann's inability to resist me was proof enough, the scientist in me sought further evidence. I reasoned there was faint possibility that Ann, being an actress, might have displayed slightly more dramatic reaction than the average girl. The acid test was yet to come.

One night I was having dinner at Simon's. That's a very exclusive drive-in in Hollywood—they won't let you in without a car. Well I remember the girl who waited on me. She was Number Eight. She appeared blasé and aloof as she brought me my cheeseburger. She stuck a straw in my coke and walked away.

I summoned my emotions, took another bite of my cheeseburger and directed a penetrating gaze her way. She was leaning against the building, looking vacantly out on Wilshire Boulevard. Inevitably her eyes were drawn to mine, a little smile played around her lips. Slowly, haltingly, as if drawn by an invisible magnet, she walked over to me and said: "Say, chum, ain't you Jack Benny?"

"Yes," I replied. "Yes, I'm Jack Benny. Why?" She dropped her eyes, and there was a moment of pregnant silence. I encouraged her to speak her thoughts. "Don't be embarrassed," I said. "You can talk to me."

She looked up. "Okay," she

Continued on page 170

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What Makes a Perfect Lover

Continued from pages 69-169

answered. "Would you gimme a knock-down to Phil Harris?" What a victory for passionate indifference! There was a girl with nothing on her mind, *and I got her thinking about men!*

I dropped by Warner Brothers the next morning and went to my producer's office—Mark Hellinger. Two hours later, at eight thirty, he came in. I told him all about the new Jack Benny, my theory and the phenomenal success of my experiments. I had hardly finished when he spoke. "By golly, Jack," he said, "you've really got something there."

"I knew you'd think so, Mark."

"Yes, sir," he said. "That story will make one of the funniest comedies you've ever made . . . I'll put a writer on it at once."

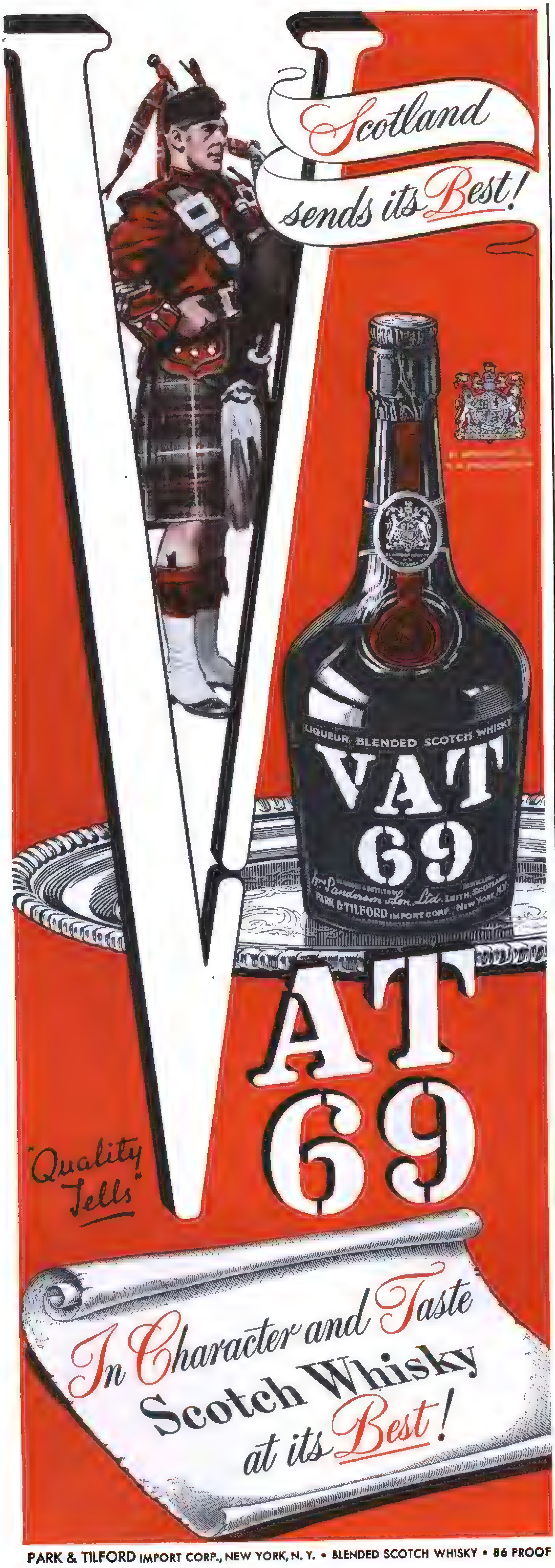
Naturally I was a little hurt at first, but then I realized that my long career as a comedian made everything I said funny. So I hastened to explain my sincerity. Patiently I went over the whole thing again, finally convincing him that I was dead serious. Mark sat quietly for a minute, then rose and went to the water cooler and drew two cups of ice water. He drank one and poured the other over his head. Then he told me I was nuts.

After lunch we discussed it at greater length. Toward evening his eyelids began to droop and I knew he was thinking and beginning to see the wisdom in what I was saying. I pressed my advantage and at last he said: "Jack, the thing sounds wild to me, but I'll see if there's anything I can do. Now can I go?"

"Certainly," I said jubilantly, "can I drive you home?"

"No," he said, "just drive me to the nearest bar and read in the morning papers how much worse the liquor shortage is."

Weeks passed and every day I had to wait longer to see Mark. When I did see him he would have nothing concrete to report. Things work so slowly in the motion-picture industry. One morning when I came in, his secretary handed me a note. It was from Mark and it read, "Dear Jack: Knowing the futility of presenting your idea to Warners, I went to the other studios. Here are some of the reactions. Paramount raised the salary of the man who released you from your contract with them three years ago. Universal wanted to buy the idea from you for a new horror picture, and Republic put three new horses under contract. There is nothing more I can do and nothing I can suggest. Anything further you will have to take up personally with the Warner



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brothers. Happy landings, Mark. P. S.—Don't try to find me, as I am going a long way away . . . I must have peace and quiet."

"Where," I asked the secretary, "has Mr. Hellinger gone?"

"Overseas," she answered. "He's now a war correspondent."

So Mark had deserted me. What a way to treat a friend . . . and suggesting I see the Warner brothers. Seeing them is like trying to establish a beachhead with a baseball bat. If you do get to see one of them he refuses to act without the others and getting them all together is like rounding up a half dozen ants with a garden rake. I have been told that they meet once a year on a secret island off the California coast and give each other Academy Awards. But in the face of all that confronted me, I determined to see them. Not for myself, but in behalf of the American public which was being robbed every day that I remained a comedian.

The barriers that surround Jack Warner are insurmountable—so many weeks passed before my opportunity came. One evening at a Hollywood night club I saw him. I finally got a chance to talk to him in the men's room.

First he told me about the heavy production schedule they had set up, then about how far in advance their love pictures were planned; then about the difficulty of getting leading ladies to act with certain actors; then production costs and publicity problems.

One by one I overcame these objections. Then he hit me with his heavy artillery. "In any event, Jack," he said, "I couldn't do a thing without the consent of my brothers, every single one of them." I knew, of course, that this was coming sooner or later and was prepared for it.

"When are all of you going to get together again?" I asked.

He looked at me a minute—That's difficult to answer. You see, we haven't been speaking to each other for the past two years." With that he pushed past me and was gone, leaving me standing there on that cold tile.

Thus the motion-picture industry pushed me aside. They were probably even secretly laughing at me. I knew then how Edison must have felt, but this was not the end of the trail for me: it was the beginning. Jack Benny Productions is not an idle dream, not a figment of my imagination. It is real . . . very real. Just waiting the right moment to be brought to life. When Jack Benny Productions *is* a reality, the public will be given the kind of lover that until now has existed only in the innermost recesses of women's minds. The era will come, Jack Benny will have his day and the world will know at last the "Perfect Lover." ⁂

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 108

I'd nominate *Cluny Brown* as the surest to please any type of reader.

History has been moving too quickly of late for the correspondents and returning heroes to keep pace, and war reports no longer dominate the nonfiction lists. Nevertheless, a reader who can choose among brand-new books by master correspondents like Pyle, Reynolds, Belden, Tregaskis, Hailey, Gunnison and Wertenbaker, certainly has nothing to kick about.

Compare the books of any one of these experts with the stuff from the last war like *Over the Top* and see what a transformation has been effected in front-line reporting! And while you're at it, you might look over ex-Ambassador Gerard's well-intentioned but bumbling *My Four Years in Germany* and then turn to Sumner Welles' hard-bitten and illuminating *The Time for Decision.* Diplomats, too, are dusting off the cobwebs! *The Time for Decision* is not the easiest reading in the world, but studied in conjunction with Edgar Snow's *People on Our Side* (the current "imperative" book choice of the Council on Books in Wartime), it will give you a necessary and thoroughly adequate background for understanding the most pressing problems of the post-war world. If enough people read books like this, the efforts of gents like William Bullitt to rebuild Soviet Russia as our "greatest enemy," and thereby let the Ratzis out of the bag again, will appear in their true and frightening perspective. When F.D.R. coined the slogan, "Books Are Bullets," he certainly wasn't thinking of his wandering William.

Sports lovers will get a kick, I think, from Warren Beck's *Final Score.* It's the uncompromising story of what happens to a national football hero when the crowds are no longer chanting his name.

The year also saw the publication of outstanding books on John McGraw and the St. Louis Cardinals and an *Encyclopedia of Sports* by Frank G. Menke that is a real treasure house of information.

Cartoon and "gag" books having proved their enormous popularity last year, it was a cinch that they would be overdone this season.

Of the books of humorous anecdotes, Bob Hope's *I Never Left Home* and Gene Fowler's *Good Night, Sweet Prince* stand out like a house afire. Modesty forbids my rating my own *Try and Stop Me.* H. Allen Smith's new collection is now on the stands and will soon be followed by *I Look into My Eight Ball,* a product of the Earl Wilson whose bawdy and hilarious columns in the dailies have been bringing blushes to the cheeks of hard-

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boiled city editors. Of the cartoon collections, I particularly recommend Peter Arno's *The Man in the Shower*, Richard Taylor's *The Better Taylors*, Gardner Rea's *The Gentleman Says It's Pixies*, Lariar's *The Best Cartoons of the Year 1944* and Sergeant Baker's *The Sad Sack*. There's a new George Price album out already.

The extraordinary appeal of collections of this sort today is exemplified by the sale of the little *Pocket Book of Cartoons*—over a million copies in less than a year! Booksellers hope the humorists will restrain themselves a little in the matter of titles; it's pretty tough, in the middle of the holiday rush, to remember things like *You're Sitting on My Eyelashes* or *Lost in the Horse Latitudes* or *The World Ends at Hoboken!*

The year 1944 had more than its share of "autobiographies" by movie and stage stars and other public figures, obviously ghosted and prettified, popular for a few months and then forgotten. I honestly cannot remember the names of a half dozen that made the best-seller lists for a fleeting moment last January and February—including one that I published myself. The W.P.B. has a list of such inconsequential piffle that it uses as a squelcher for mavericks who holler *too* much about their lack of paper.

Harold Ettlinger's *Fair Fantastic Paris* was published the very week that the French capital was liberated. It's a flavorsome and nostalgic word picture of the side of Paris that Americans know best, without bothering to dig very far beneath the glamorous surface. You'll love one story about a reporter on the *Herald* who got completely fed up with the sappy handouts about the comings and goings of royalty and society bigwigs and slipped the following into print when nobody was looking:

"The Prince of Wales visited the children's section of the British hospital yesterday. He smiled graciously at all the little girls and boys there, but one little boy did not appreciate the favor of the Prince's visit.

"The Prince went up to the little boy and said, 'Little boy, what is your name?'

"The little boy said, 'What business is it of yours?'

"That was not very polite and it made the Prince very angry. It made him so angry that he took his cane and bashed the little boy's brains out."

The end of the story is that the reporter, of course, was fired. Shed a tear or two for unrewarded genius!

Simeon Strunsky, who writes the brilliant *Topics of the Times* column that appears on the editorial page of the New York *Times* every morning, is the author of a book about New York that appeared at about the same time as the late Mr. Ettlinger's volume on Paris. Strunsky's book is called *No Mean City*, and never did a suitor paint his beloved in

Continued on page 174

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 108-173

more flattering tones. It ignores all the old platitudes and obvious aspects of the big city and concentrates effectively on the sort of things that O. Henry brought out in his matchless sagas of Bagdad on the Subway. *No Mean City* is an excellent choice to hang on the Christmas tree—or jam down the throat—of a "New York-may-be-all-right-for-a-week-but-I-wouldn't-be-seen-dead-living-there" specimen.

Memorable remarks of the literati in 1944? I've jotted down a few that seem well worth repeating.

"I know a fellow," reflected J. P. Marquand, "who is as broke as the Ten Commandments." He added, "But he's still so conceited he does crossword puzzles with a fountain pen." "Propaganda," explained Walter Lippmann, "is that branch of lying which nearly deceives your friends without ever deceiving your enemies." "My publisher is so crooked," quoth one author whose name I dare not give, "that every time I shake hands with him I count my fingers."

Shortly before his own death, Irvin Cobb wrote, "An epitaph is a belated advertisement for a line of goods that has been permanently discontinued." Oscar Levant defined an epigram as "a wisecrack that has played Carnegie Hall."

A famous Hollywood scriptwriter analyzed a family reconciliation: "My wife lost her head and ran out of the house. I lost mine and let her back in."

Rex Stout, asked for the secret of successful writing, explained it thus: "It's just the knack of being able to hit the right typewriter keys."

Robert Sherwood, invited to sit in on a gambling orgy, replied firmly, "Only the brave chemin de fer."

Joseph Hergesheimer proclaimed, "I have lost sixty pounds—and offer no reward for its return." Herbert Swope said that the only people qualified to use the editorial "we" were those who had tapeworms.

Bruce Barton told a class in a business school, "A lot of fellows who complain that their boss is dumb would be out of their jobs if he were any smarter." "I love to be interviewed," confessed Gracie Allen. "It gives me a chance to tell reporters exactly what I think about things I never think about." Robert Linscott cautioned a young author, "The comma, my son, is the comfort station of the printed page."

And so the humble book reviewers wrote "finis" to their year's labors and scurried homeward, content in the knowledge that not another new book would appear until Tuesday morning, January 2, 1945. Thirty-three were scheduled for that day. ⌗

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Satan Up a Side Road

Continued from page 45

work all day and sin all night and can't hardly wait for Sunday."

"How de church doin'?"

"Humph," Sister Gee snorted. "Hit ain't no church, Lawd he'p 'em. De mens shoot dey pistols right in de air and de ladies git a fifth er gin and walk de road like a man. Gamblin' wid spot cyards and dice. Skin and Red Dog! Seven-Up is too slow for dese gamblers."

"Like dat, huh?"

"Worse and mo' of hit. Ev'ybody all de time quar'lin' and argyin'. Womens quit dey mens and de mens quit dey womens. I reckon hit ain't been so much downright evil in one place since ole Sodom and Goo-mirah."

"Whyn't you preach a lick or two?" the Splitter demanded.

"And git a hard name amongst de neighbors?" Sister Gee shrugged. "Live and let live, I say, ontwell I gits my barn paid for."

"Yo' barn?" the preacher repeated. "I didn't know yo needed no barn."

"I don't," explained Sister Gee. "But de bossman say ev'ybody got to buy a barn for Uncle Sam's war. So he been takin' fawty cents a day f'm we's pay and all we gits is some green paper dat look a little like foldin' money."

"Dat ain't holy," said the Sin-Splitter. "When de man sell you a barn he ought to gi' you a barn."

"I don't raley need no barn," Sister Gee pointed out. "I be's raley tryin' to he'p Joe D buy him a farm. He my youngest sister's boy and he fixin' to buy some land."

"F'm de guv'mer man?"

Sister Gee laughed. "Nawp," she reassured him. "A little twenty over next to mine f'm Mister Robbit Lewis. Th'ee hund'ed cash is what Mister Robbit Lewis want for hit and hit wuth mo'n dat. Joe D and Burny-deen was over hyar wagin' to save de th'ee hund'ed, but Burny-deen got to ailin'. So I comed over to work in her place and she went to stay at my house and keep de gyarden clean and all." She sighed deeply. "I'll be glad when Joe D git dat money saved up. I hones to git back to my house whar de godly kin walk wid de righteous unashamed."

"Amen," said Samuel. "How much do Joe need?"

"He lack might' nigh a hund'ed," Sister Gee said sadly. "He'd a' had hit, too, only one night he got dronked up and gambled off a heap." She smiled with motherly fondness. "I laid him out wid a swish-ellum club for dat. I tole him to stay away f'm dat Pee Wee boy."

The Splitter's mind jumped. "Pee Wee? You mean a dirty yaller-complected no-good wid a razor track on his face and a Angola limp in de lef' foot?"

"And squinch eyes," she added. "A no-good plum to de ground. He sell homemade gin and run

Continued on page 176

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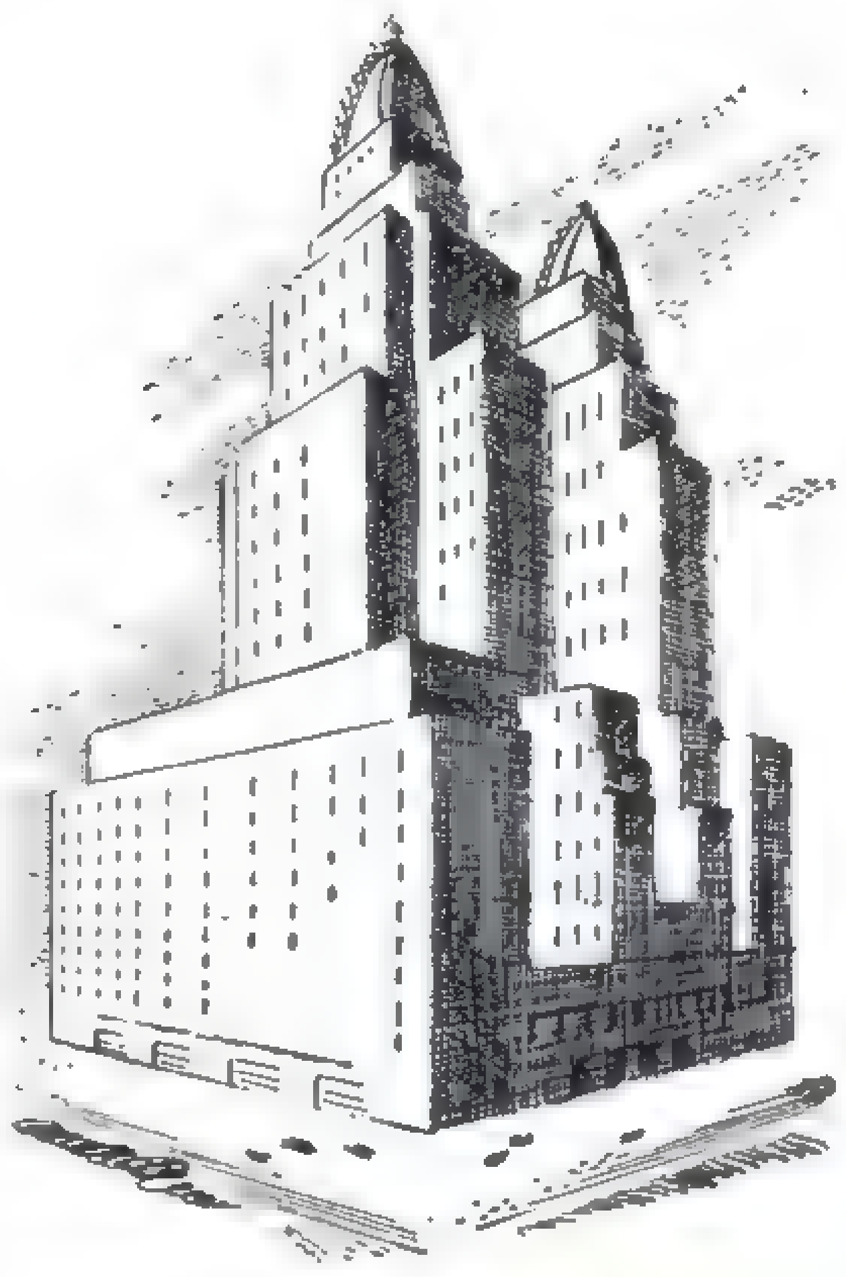
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Satan Up a Side Road

Continued from pages 45-175

a Red Dog game on payday."

Sin-Splitting Samuel meditated while these bits of information began to make a pattern. A breeze stirred, bringing with it a few drops of rain, suggestive of the long winter to come. The preacher tried to conjure in his mind a picture of his own warm hearth in his Plain Dealing shanty. Instead, he saw only old Satan, horned of head and forked of tail, screeching and yi-yi-ing and pouring solid money into the hands of Pee Wee and Burny-deen while the godly toiled for day wages.

"Sister Gee," Samuel announced, "de time is now! Hit's time for de blind to see and de dumb to talk, and hit's time for de lame to take dey bed and walk."

"Amen," said Sister Gee. "You's speakin' wid de tongues er men, but I ain't got de motion."

The Splitter did not hesitate. "I been blind but now I kin see. I been dumb but now I'm fixin' to preach de word. And you and Joe D been lame but you's fixin' to drag hit on back to Dry Hill." He stood up impressively and thundered, "Now!"

Sister Gee nodded. "Amen," she agreed. "I'll go wake up Joe D and ax him do he want to leave out."

"Tell him," the preacher said, "dat de stawm is beatin' agin his house built in de sand, and she's about to blow down. But wharfo' shall de Lawd send a tempest and shall dwelleth on de rock!"

He leaped upon Balaam's back. "Lif' up, mule, and drag hit on down de road," the Sin-Splitter ordered. "I and you is fixin' to make righteousness take place."

Balaam hoisted head and tail and struck out in a rocking singlefoot. There was no slackening of pace until the preacher and his mule reached the defiled home of good Sister Gee. There, he circled the house and walked into the open back door of the kitchen.

The dull glow of a smoking kerosene lamp in the front room cast queer shadows. The house reeked from a combination of odors from the lamp, alcohol, juniper juice and a lack of fresh air. Burny-deen and Pee Wee were at a table, bottling gin and talking. Although the Splitter had made no effort to come in quietly, his arrival was unnoticed.

"Yeah, dis stuff is too much trouble," Pee Wee was saying. "I knowed a man in Angola which peddled cay-cone—you jest tote hit around in yo' pocket, wropped up in paper. No bottles and no trouble. And you gits good money."

"Whyn't us make dat?" Burny-deen wanted to know.

"You don't make cay-cone, fool," Pee Wee told her. "You buys hit f'm de man."

"Which man?"

"De man in Shrevepo't."

"Well, le's go buy some," sug-

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gested Burny-deen. "I ain't bought nothin' in Shrevepo't since I and Joe D started savin' up for his farm."

"Forgit about Joe D, gal," Pee Wee said crossly.

"He my hosband," Burny-deen objected.

"A hosband don't mean nothin' to me," said Pee Wee. "You country gals ack like fools."

Sin-Splitting Samuel could stand it no longer. "Sinners!" he roared. "Dis house b'long to a holy sister and hit's pyore stinkin' wid sin!"

Pee Wee and Burny-deen whirled and beheld the lanky preacher in the shadowy light, forbidding and fierce. Burny-deen screamed and "drapped," whimpering and praying. Pee Wee snatched a small "Saddy night" pistol from his pocket.

"Pull de trigger on dat little pearl handle," the Sin-Splitter warned, "and you'll shoot yo'se'f." From his coattails he pulled out his old leather-bound Bible and held it above his head. "Badder mens den you tried to kill dis Book," he challenged, "but de Lawd froze dey finger befo' dey c'd pull de trigger."

"You agin!" Pee Wee exclaimed. "I ain't aimin' to let nobody mess in my business. Git out befo' I shoots a hole in yo' gizzard."

The next thing Pee Wee knew lightning struck him! He went down and lay still on the floor. The Splitter picked up his Bible which he had hurled at Pee Wee's head and slipped it back in his coattail. Sin-Splitting Samuel's edition of the King James Version, weighted as it was with a slug of lead in the spine, had overwhelmed many a sinner. And the Splitter never missed when he literally "chunked de Holy Word."

When Pee Wee came to, Samuel was standing over him, holding the pistol lightly in one hand and his hat in the other. Burny-deen, still whimpering, sat up slowly. The preacher was talking.

"I'm fixin' to haul off and preach a lick er two at y'all sinners. And I cain't never preach ontwell I takes up a collection."

Pee Wee gulped. "You mean you's fixin' to burgle me wid my own pistol?"

"I mean," the Sin-Splitter said sternly, "I'm fixin' to take up a collection for de Lawd's work. He don't trust sinners, nor neither do I. So I and de Lawd takes we's cash in advance. Drap hit in de hat, Pee Wee."

"You fixin' to burgle me," Pee Wee repeated.

"Most gen'ally," the Splitter told him, "I ain't got to hit a sinner wid de Sperrit but once. Jest turn yo' pockets inside out."

"You better do hit," Burny-deen suggested. "He jest looked at me and I fell out cold."

Pee Wee emptied his pockets. What fell into the Sin-Splitter's hat included a straight razor, a pair of brass knuckles, eight dollar bills and some loose change.

The preacher eyed the collection. "Dat ain't right," he said. "Sister Burny-deen, would you

Continued on page 178

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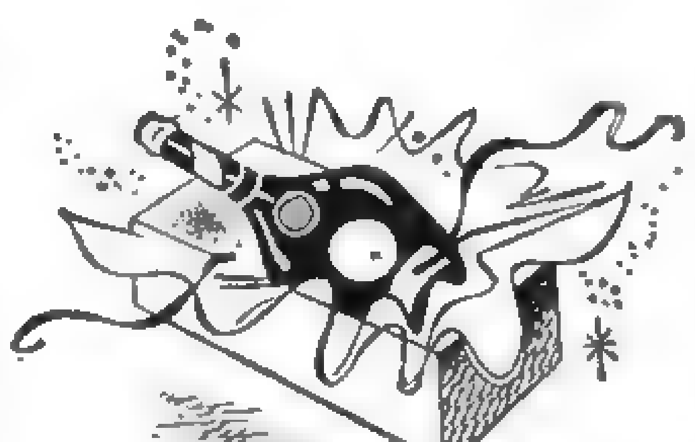

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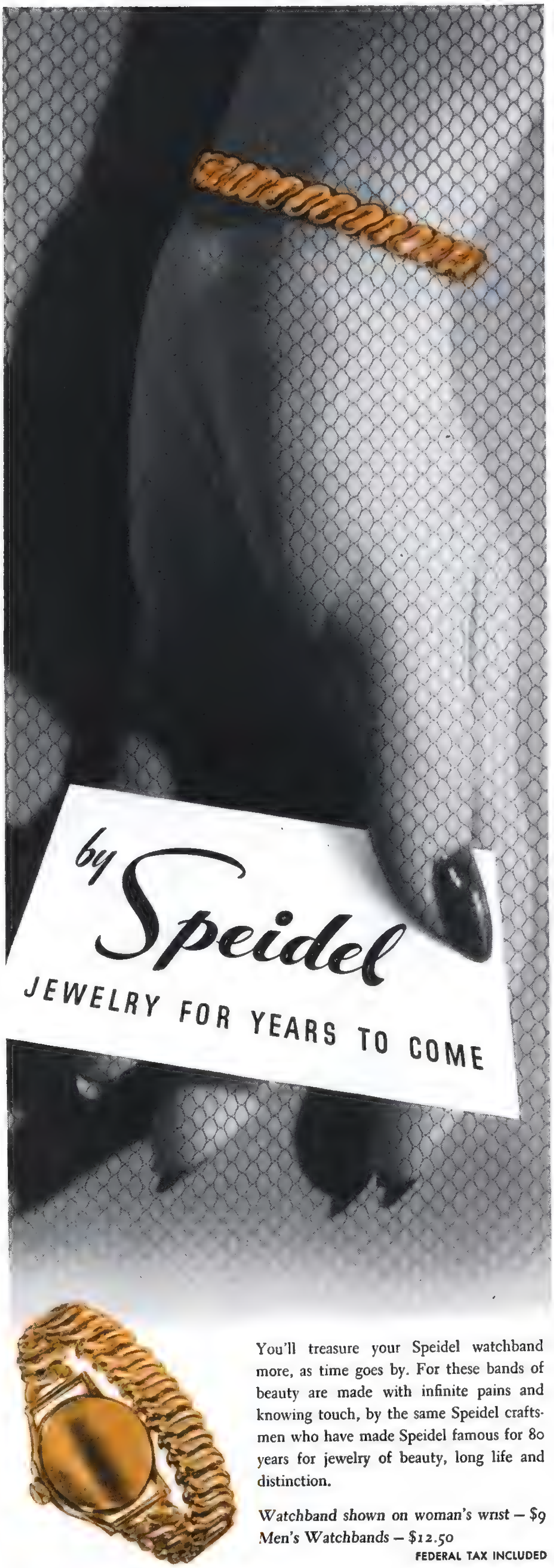

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Satan Up a Side Road

Continued from pages 45-175-177

fish in yo' bosom front and dig up a little money for de Lawd?"

With considerable speed Burny-deen fished out a tobacco sack. "Hit's about fo' dollars and some-odd," she said.

The Sin-Splitter shook his head. "'T'won't do," he decided. "De sermon I'm fixin' to preach to y'all sinners gonter cost a heap mo'n dat."

"I ain't got no mo'," Burny-deen wailed.

"Hit ain't enough f'm you," the Splitter said, "but hit'll have to do. Now, you open up de doors and windows and let some er de Lawd's fresh air in hyar. I never smelled such sin and 'niquity."

Burny-deen moved fast. "Now," the Splitter instructed her further, "go drag a hoe f'm under de house and git out in de moonlight and start choppin' weeds. Ef'n you hits de job stiddy f'm now to daylight, you might save yo' soul f'm de devil and yo' hide f'm a good beatin'. Cause Joe D and Sister Gee due to drap by about sunup."

The Sin-Splitter turned to Pee Wee. "You been makin' mo' money doin' evil den de righteous make workin' for de guv'mer. And you tried to buy yo' way to glory wid a measly little ole eight dollars and some odd."

"I wan't tryin' to buy nothin'," Pee Wee growled. "You pulled a pistol on me and burgled me out'n eight dollars."

"I hit you wid de Holy Word," corrected the Sin-Splitter, once more drawing his battered Bible out. "Don't make me hit you wid de Sperrit two times. Sin come high, Pee Wee. You been sellin' homemade gin and dat's agin de Law. You might not be skeered er ole hell, but you sho' is skeered er de Law, 'cause you knows how a chain gang do you. Likewise you been runnin' a Red Dog game wid crooked spot cyards."

"I done gi' you all I got," said Pee Wee. "You seed me empty my pockets."

"And I and de Lawd hyared you when you was talkin' 'bout fixin' to sell cay-cone. Ef'n me and de Lawd tell de High Sheriff dat news, you know good as me you'll git put *under* de chain gang."

Pee Wee was frightened. "I ain't got no mo' money—"

"Hysh lyin'," the Splitter raised his Bible menacingly. "A money-smart rogue like you don't tote his money in his pocket. Now, whar at is hit?"

"Don't hit me wid dat thing agin," Pee Wee pleaded desperately. "Hit's under de bricks in de hearth."

"Dig hit up!"

Cringing, Pee Wee scrabbled in the bricks and presently drew out a coffee can.

"Drap hit in de hat," said the preacher.

"Man!" Pee Wee protested

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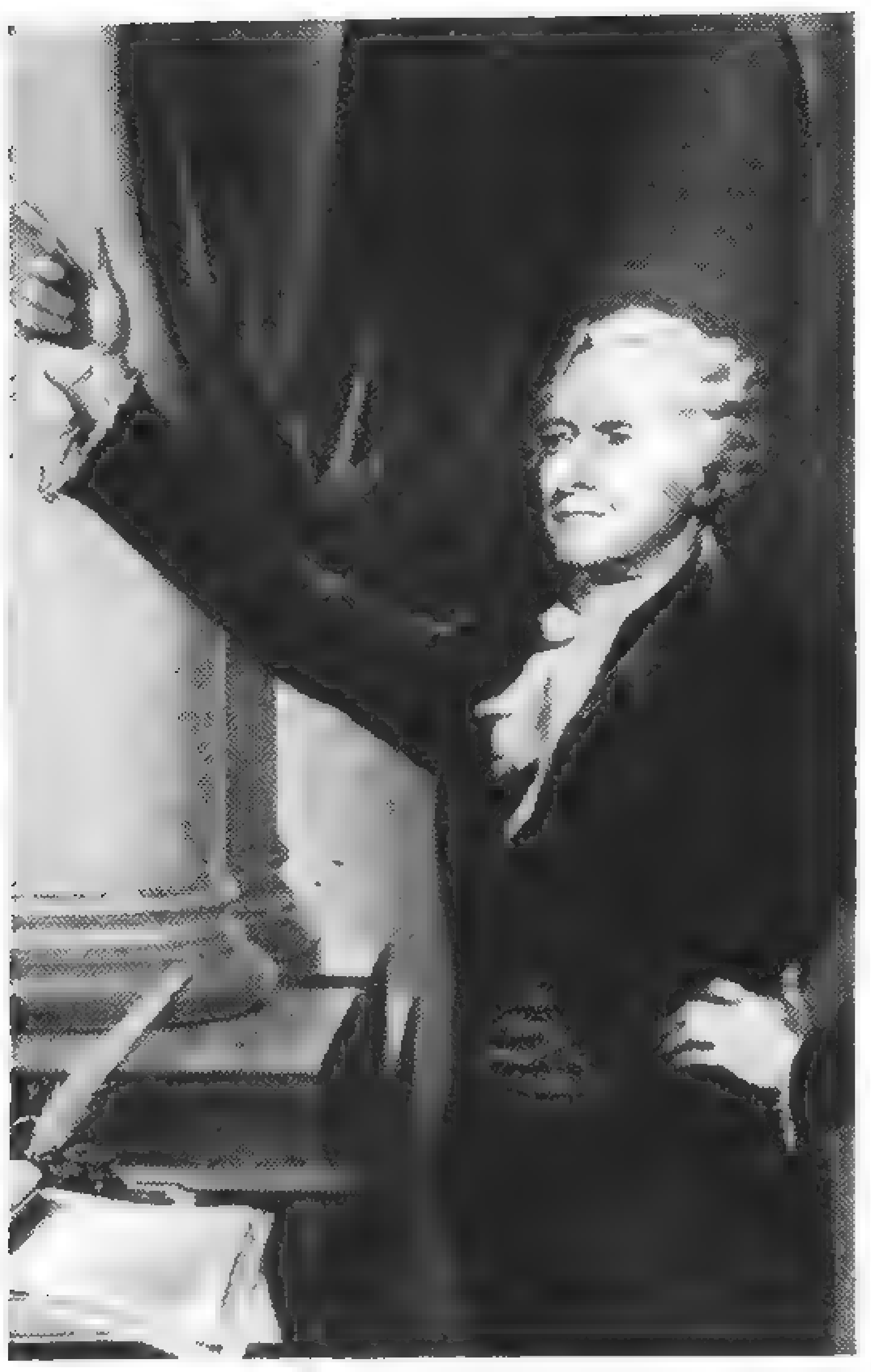

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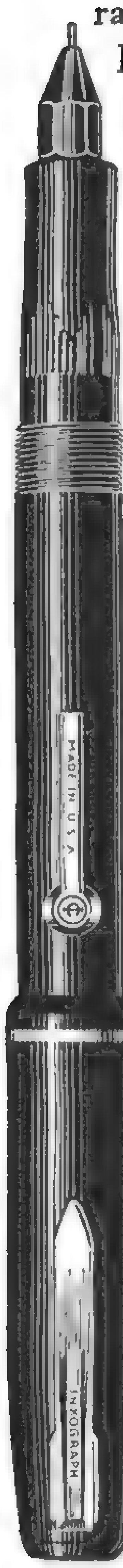
Men are still moved by the magic of words, as they were in Hamilton's time. But today patriots have better pens —Inkographs . . . fast acting, easy flowing, with a hard ball-like point immune to pressure, a barrel at ease in any hand . . . pleasing to the eye . . . durable for years.



Inkographs are preferred by men in service. If your dealer is out of stock, try again. The name Inkograph on the barrel marks the genuine. Sorry, no mail orders—only dealers can supply you.

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INK-O-GRAPH $2
Inkograph Co., Inc., 200 Hudson St., N.Y.C. 13

feebly. "Hit's mo'n th'ee hund'ed dollars in dat can."

"Drap hit!"

"And now kin I go, please, suh?" Pee Wee begged.

"Naw!" snapped the Sin-Splitter. "You got things to do. Start pourin' dat gin and stuff out de back do' and git dis house cleaned up or I'll knock yo' haid off wid dis Bible. I ain't preachin' now. I'm tellin' you."

The Splitter trailed the limping Pee Wee until good Sister Gee's house was free of liquor and the floor scrubbed. With the preacher dogging him Pee Wee worked fast.

"Now, den," said the Sin-Splitter, waving his pistol hand toward a chair, "set down. I'm fixin' to preach about th'ee hund'ed dollars' worth of sin out'n yo' soul. Ef'n you listen hard and work hard and pray hard, de Lawd might bless you."

Pee Wee was skeptical but he had no choice.

"You's evil plum on down," the Splitter said, "but you's so squinchy you can't do no evil onless you got money. Dat's 'amen' talk?"

Pee Wee nodded, in spite of himself.

"Well, now," the preacher continued, "I'm fixin' to let you make yo'se'f some money. Joe D is quittin' his job over at de powder mill tonight, and you better be on hand axin' de boss-man for dat job, come sunup. I'm goin' to drap by some er dese days and revive dat sinful place and ef'n you ain't workin' and makin' powder for Uncle Sam, I'm gonter speak wid de High Sheriff about dat gin and cay-cone. Onderstand?"

"Yassuh," said Pee Wee miserably.

"Now, git!"

When Pee Wee had gone, the Sin-Splitter took the money-filled can from his hat and set it carefully on the table. He pocketed the fourteen dollars and some-odd which had come from Burny-deen's tobacco pouch and Pee Wee's pockets. Then he put on his hat and went outside to where Burny-deen was still chopping weeds by moonlight.

"Pray hard and let yo' light so shine," said the preacher.

"Yassuh," agreed Burny-deen contritely.

"And when yo' ole Aunty git hyar, tell her de can on de table is her and Joe D's heavenly reward for 'twilin' in Uncle Sam's vineyard whilst ole Satan walked to and fro in de land."

"Yassuh."

"And ef'n you ain't got dat yard cleaned up befo' Sister Gee git hyar," the old man said, "I bet she gonter beat yo' years off."

When Balaam struck his running walk back toward the highway, Sin-Splitting Samuel's soul bulged with righteousness. The night was not yet over and he had whipped old Satan to a standstill, collecting fourteen dollars and some-odd change for his trouble. Many a time he had preached longer and collected less. ⧻

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI

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For nearly 150 years wine connoisseurs throughout the world have extolled Harvey's as the choicest of Old World wines. It is an unsurpassed testimonial . . . your assurance of incomparable quality when the wine you serve or order bears the name of Harvey.

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ALSO HARVEY'S SHOOTING . . . select golden sherry, full-bodied, medium-sweet
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Well—we wouldn't go so far as to say a clean chin and a smooth cheek will make you irresistible. But we believe that by avoiding "5 o'clock Shadow" you will improve your prospects. To stay face-neat *all day,* shave with a genuine Gem Blade. Sturdy, super-keen, Gems give more shaves per blade! Made by the makers of your Gem Razor, Gems fit precisely, shave perfectly. Try Gem—today!

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GEM BLADE

RAZORS and BLADES

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KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE INFANTRY . . . THE DOUGHBOY DOES IT!

Greatest Gold Strike in America

Continued from page 63

Scottish-Ontario, had electrified the near-by silver camps at Cobalt and Elk Lake. The financial district of Toronto was stirred and a mild excitement spread to Glasgow and London. Wilson's find and then Hollinger's precipitated a rush into the Porcupine.

The Timmins brothers were first. Hollinger signed up with Noah and Henry Timmins for options on his strike for a total of 150,000 dollars—2,000 dollars down. The Timmins boys, formerly storekeepers in the river town of Mattawa, later at Haileybury, didn't sit in their silver strewn offices at Cobalt, where they had become silver kings, and send a crew in. They jumped aboard a train themselves, shot up to Mileage 222, Kelso, end of steel, and got through over thin ice and new snow with a load of tools and machinery.

Now the gold rush really started. Prospectors, miners, syndicate agents, financiers, sharpers, expert engineers from the gold fields of the world, all headed for Porcupine. In the Winter of 1909-10 headquarters for many syndicates were set up at 25 Broad Street, New York, and on Broadway and in Boston, Montreal, Glasgow, London, even Kittery, Maine—near which lived at the time a young man named Harry Oakes.

But the big center and first jumping-off-place was Toronto. Out of Toronto every night sped the Cobalt Limited, sometimes in two sections. Men waited for days for a section or a seat. They got off at Cobalt, rode on over the new rails to Kelso and started in over the trail.

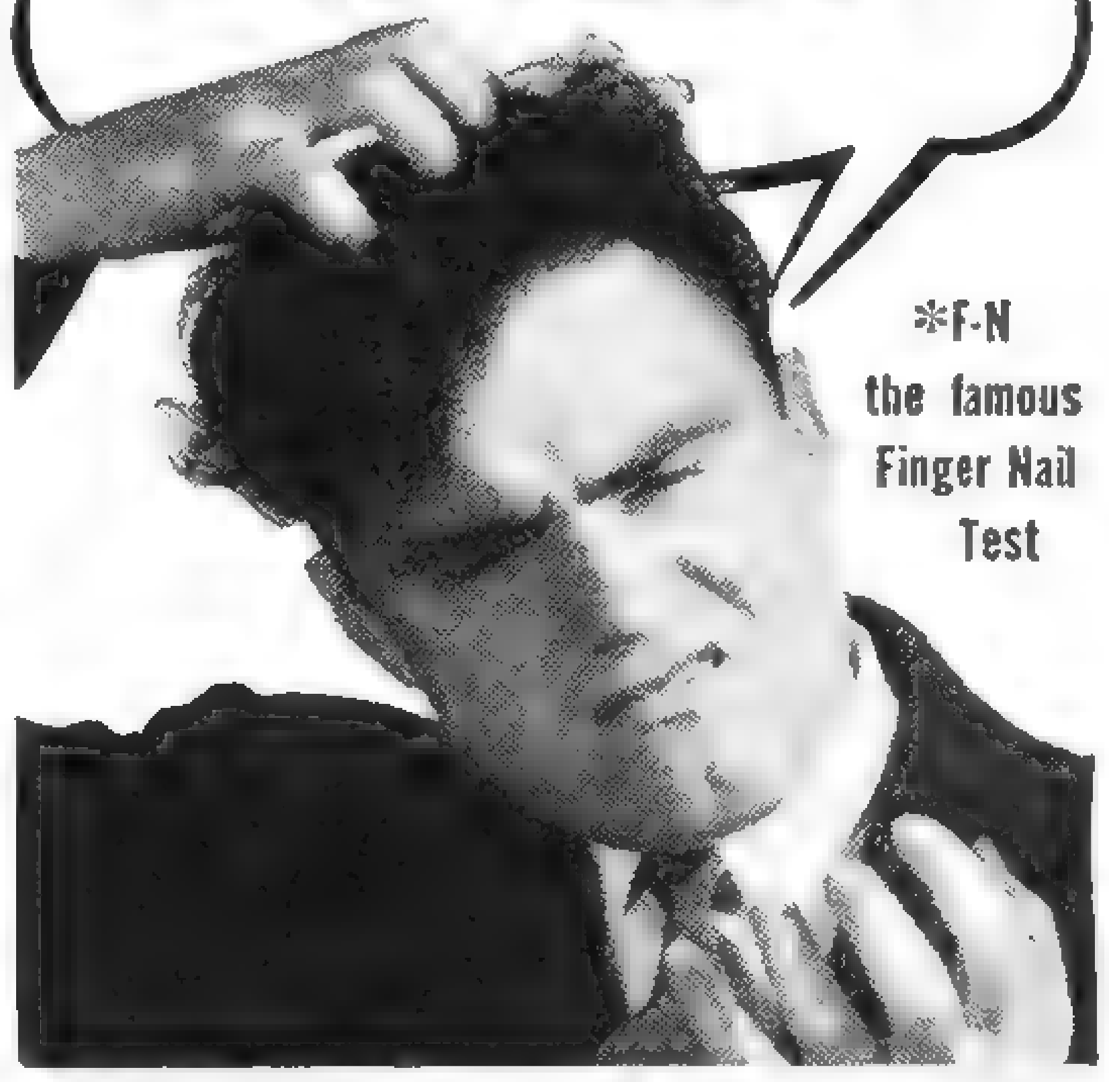
The town of Porcupine had sprung up during the winter. South Porcupine was at the southwest end of the lake. Pottsville was a suburb of Porcupine. The tide of prospectors swept in. Forest fires began to spring up almost at once, as greenhorns were careless with their smokes and campfires.

Strikes began to multiply. The Croesus mine was announced by an eighty-pound sack containing 10,000 dollars' worth of free gold. The claim had been staked by George Tucker of Cobalt for a Dr. Taylor. But it was on land that already had been surveyed. George Layson checked the error, restaked the claim and it went into litigation. Tucker lost. Layson and Dobie, his partner, bolted two sheets of boiler plate over the shaft.

One night a muffled explosion blew off the iron plates. In the morning it was found that an estimated 20,000 dollars in high-grade ore had been taken out of the shaft. There were no arrests. Those who knew who did the job sympathized with them.

In the height of the rush, with chunks of free gold on display

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE *F-N TEST?



*F-N the famous Finger Nail Test

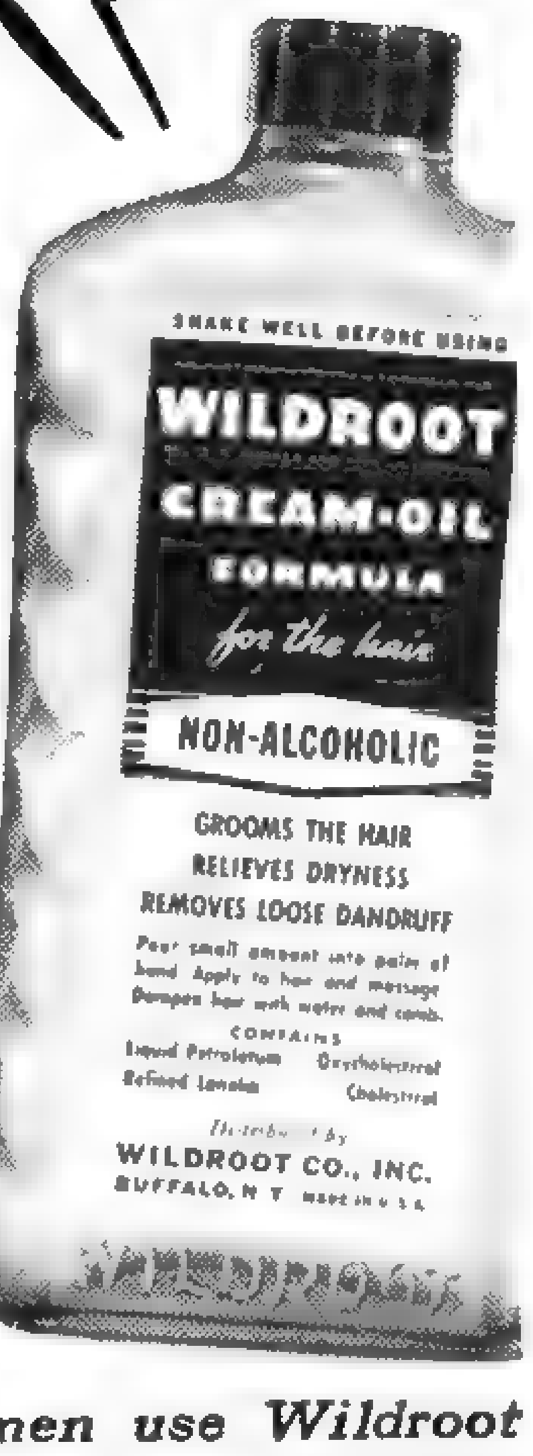
1. It's F-N, the test for men! The "Finger-nail Test!" Scratch your head and see if you find dryness or loose, ugly dandruff. If so, you need new Wildroot Cream-Oil Formula. Relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff! Buy the large size.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

2. Keeps your hair well combed all day long, and without a trace of that greasy look! And grooming without grease means no more stained hatbands, no greasy pillow slips! Your hair looks good and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS REFINED LANOLIN!

3. Refined LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it closely resembles the oil of the human skin. No wonder 4 out of 5 users in a nation-wide test prefer it to the preparations formerly used. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil goes a long, long way. Get it today from your barber or druggist.



SPECIAL NOTE TO WOMEN...

Thousands of women use Wildroot Cream-Oil to remove loose dandruff, relieve dryness, and help beautify the hair. Try it before a shampoo... also after a permanent wave to relieve dryness. Excellent for training children's hair.

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Extra Dry American Champagne

To celebrate Christmas, the day of days, enjoy the drink of drinks—Renault Extra-Dry American Champagne. Use it just as it comes from the very bottle in which it was fermented, or mix it to make a delightful punch, according to one of the famous recipes contained in Renault's 24-page Wine Recipe Book, a copy of which will be sent to you free. Address Dept. 31, L. N. Renault & Sons, Inc., Egg Harbor City, N. J., where American Champagne has been produced for three-quarters of a century. Renault American Champagnes and California Gold Label Wines are distributed through McKesson & Robbins, Inc., New York.

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Enjoy Renault—the Wine without Fault

everywhere, the engineers still hedged and shook their heads. The Rand experts refused to believe that there was going to be much depth to these deposits. The geologists were puzzled. This hard rock country was strange, there was nothing like it in any other country.

United States capital at first was shy, because of "those Rand experts." Not until International Nickel officials became interested did big capital loosen up. A syndicate agent offering an option for 90,000 dollars was laughed at by a banker. A famous speculator, ready to gamble on anything, brushed off an offer of a Porcupine property which since has paid 129,000,000 dollars and still is paying. Hollinger stock went on the market at five dollars a share, in a few weeks crept up to six and a quarter.

Few of the early prospectors made fortunes. Sandy McIntyre, a typical sourdough wanderer, struck the vein that became the McIntyre Mine that has produced 125,000,000 dollars to date—and died on a pension, by his own account. Benny Hollinger was offered 125,000 shares of Hollinger stock for his half interest but preferred 150,000 dollars cash. Jack Wilson is making a living running a tourist camp at Espanola, Ontario. George Bannerman lives a quiet life in Porcupine and is not a rich man.

The Timmins brothers were the first to become millionaires—and multi-millionaires. With John and Duncan McMartin and David A. Dunlap, the Timmins' lawyer, they formed the Timmins-McMartin-Dunlap Syndicate to develop the Hollinger.

Forest fire was the menace of the Porcupine. The camps and towns began installing powerful steam pumps. Timber was cleared away around the town limits.

In 1911 the towns had grown to a population of around ten thousand. Porcupine called itself "Golden City." South Porcupine was "The Payroll City," and its main street "Golden Avenue." A telephone line came in; Miss Marie Gibson was the first operator at the central at Pottsville.

July came in and with it the railroad, to its first terminal at Golden City. Porcupine started celebrating a week in advance. The weather was dry and hot, the sun like a red ball, a haze hung over the land. The new Exchange at Golden City was crowded. Hollinger had gone to 16 dollars and 25 cents a share.

The morning of the 11th of July, red-eyed, fly-bitten citizens awoke to a day hotter than any yet experienced, the sky a dull grey, the sun smoldering, the smell of smoke was in the air. Sporadic forest fires had sprung up here and there, driving bush prospectors into town. The smoke began to be a nuisance. Before noon a great, twisting, climbing spiral of it was seen rising far to the west.

The celebration went on. The train shunted to a siding in South

Continued on page 182

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For freedom on the job . . . for leisure comfort

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Secret de Suzanne
the fragrance of intrigue!
Every drop of this fascinating fragrance holds a masqued potency...
Suzanne Perfumes
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SUZANNE

Greatest Gold Strike in America

Continued from pages 63-181

Porcupine. Two boxcars were loaded to the roof with dynamite.

The river seemed a protection to Porcupine; it was wide. But the fire jumped it as if it weren't there and sped along, from west to east. It whipped up its own wind, a red-hot gale that traveled ninety miles an hour and dried up creeks and swamps.

Miss Gibson kept the wires hot out of Pottsville—until the fire melted them. Then she made her escape, heroine of one of the worst forest fires in Ontario history. It swept into South Porcupine like a hurricane. People and the animals from the woods rushed into the lake. Constable Murray, a giant, stood on the dock until it burned under his feet, helping women and children into power boats from Golden City. Jim Sullivan was the last man out of the town alive. He got in a canoe and was blown out of it into the water when the two cars of dynamite exploded.

The fire licked up Pottsville as if it were nothing, jumped the lagoon, swept up the west side of Golden City's Main Street and passed on, leaving the west side of the street intact. At the end of that terrible day some seventy bodies were found, others were discovered, whole or in part, later; some were gone leaving no trace. The Army rushed in a trainload of soldiers, doctors, tents, cots, food and blankets.

The gold was safe in the ground. Porcupine rose from the ashes and mining soon was back in full blast, but no one, no matter how he might be crazed over gold, would ever forget the strange, tragic cortège that came up the lake from the West Dome Mine where twenty-five had died. Their coffins were piled high on the decks of small barges, towed by powerboats to the new cemetery on a hillock west of Pottsville.

Porcupine boomed again and gold came up in an unending stream. Golden City grew to be a city and so did South Porcupine. Forest fires broke out again and again but the towns were ready for them and staved them off. A new city grew—Timmins, the metropolis of Porcupine. Today it is a modern steel-and-concrete industrial center of 30,000 population, terminus of the T. & N. O. The streets and stores and homes are brilliantly lighted and the hugest locomotives in the world wheel up from the South with the needs of a highly civilized community and steam back heavy with bars of gold.

All save one of the richest strikes were made in the Porcupine district, and that one is notable because it was made by a penniless prospector who died a multi-millionaire, Sir Harry Oakes. When he was plain Harry Oakes, a native of Maine, he started up into the gold country

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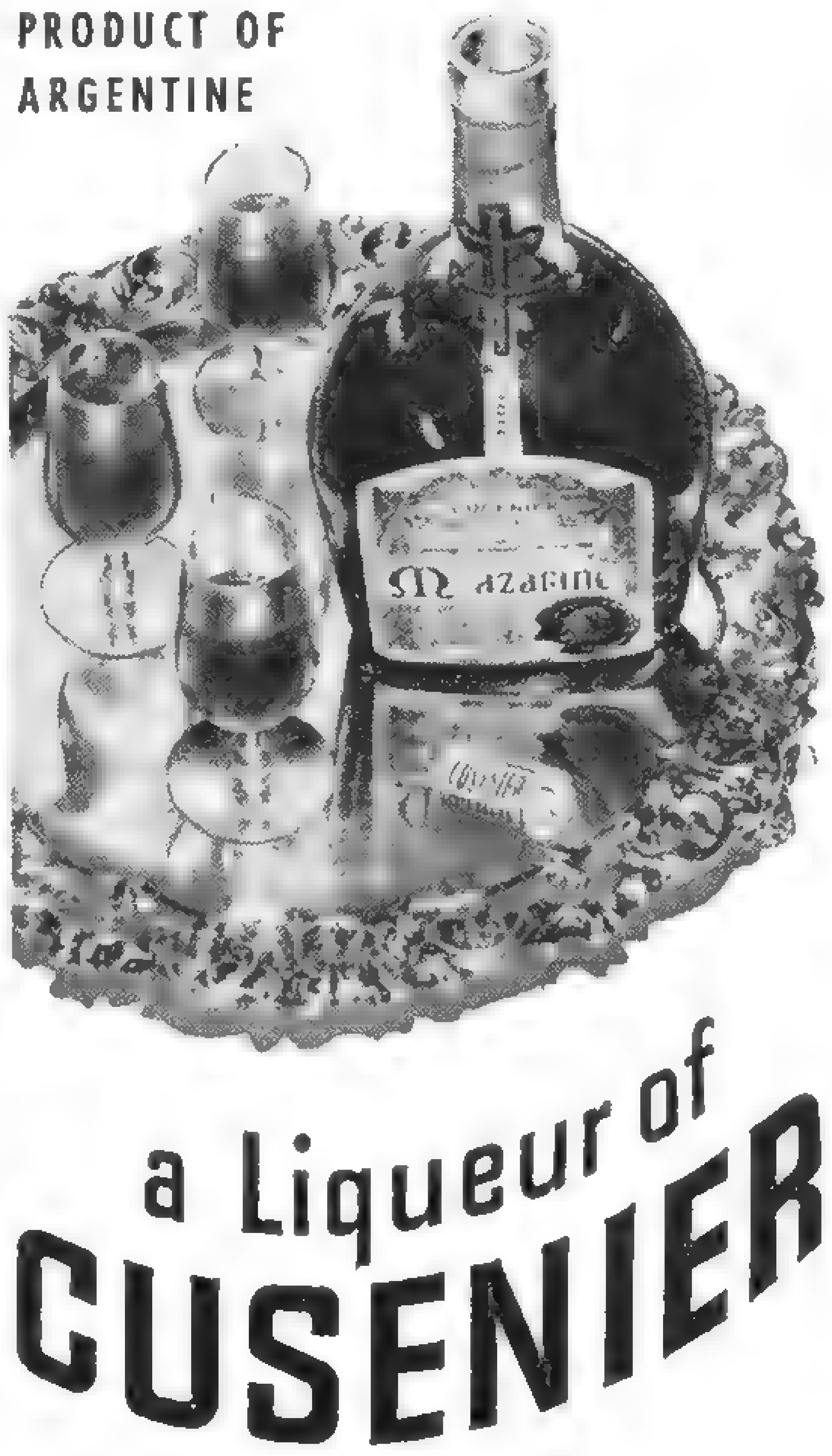

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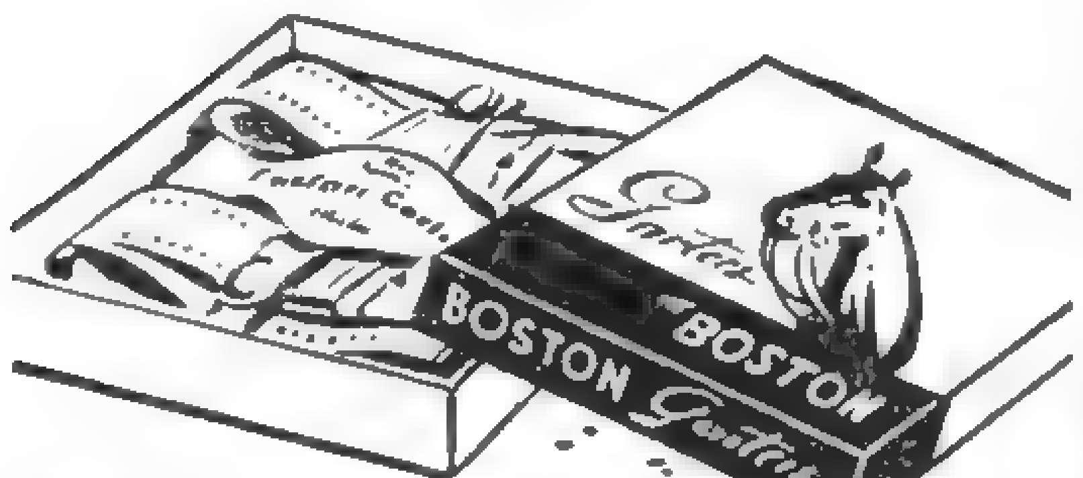
Even in war-times you'll get your good value in a pair of braces bearing any one of a variety of American brand names. But you'll get even more in BOSTON Braces, made by the makers of Boston Garters. First you get *balanced elasticity*, a carefully determined amount of lively snap . . . enough for full freedom of movement, balanced for long, long wear. You get the skill and know-how of America's oldest makers of braces. You get dependable good taste . . . in a wide variety of styles, colors and widths . . . button-on or clip-on. You get the best available webbings, leather and metal fittings. George Frost Company, Shirley, Mass., affiliated with President Suspender Company.


Boston Garters
BOSTON
BOSTON Garters

P.S. Have you noticed how many well-dressed men wear Braces these days?

and, according to one account, was put off the train at a remote switch-off place called Swastika, near Kirkland Lake, Ontario, and was grubstaked by a Chinese to hunt gold. Oakes struck it, one day in 1912, and when he was found murdered in his bedroom in the Bahamas, he was worth some 200,000,000 dollars, which he pyramided on the golden base of his Lake Shore Mine, the second greatest producer in Ontario and all Canada.

Mrs. Mary Martin, the wife of an early partner of Oakes, died last year, leaving a fortune of more than a million that she had run up from 200 dollars that Oakes paid her for some claims near his own that she had staked. Known as a local Lady Bountiful, she gave away money right and left, and left over a million, including one-third to charities and 200,000 dollars to a nephew, an M.P. in the American Army overseas. She wore dungarees and a parka and drove her own dog team when prospecting. In town she wore sables and diamonds and rode about in a luxurious, chauffeured limousine.

Diamond drills thrust down 1,500 feet below the mile depth of the Hollinger continue to bring up cores of ore that are as rich as the first surface showing. There seems no bottom to this gold-filled rock that volcanic and glacial action molded into the pre-Cambrian shield.

Of Ontario's treasure, shipped to the United States at the pegged price, most has gone underground again at Fort Knox, but at least one whole trainload—200,000,000 dollars' worth of bullion—was flown to China as a part payment of the 500,000,000 dollars' credit voted our ally, in 1942.

Gold production in the Porcupine camp up to 1939, when a slump started because of labor shortage, averaged 120,000 dollars a day. In 1939 the production was close to 44,000,000 dollars, nearly 150,000 per working day.

This output gave work to 10,000 miners, who live in good homes, have fine schools, libraries, hospitals, athletic grounds and indoor skating rinks. The city of Timmins is proud of its "Snob Hill," residence district of the gold nabobs, in its splendor a challenge to Hollywood's wealthy colonies.

Gold still is calling men to the Porcupine country. As this is written a new rush is on. Prospectors are pouring into the country northeast of Porcupine and the whole region is being staked in a new stampede, even in wartime.

Strangely, Porcupine seems to be the forgotten gold rush of literature. Perhaps the Klondike, only a few years ahead of it, exhausted that vein. Perhaps it is too near civilization in well-policed Canada. Certain it is that the greatest known gold field in all the Americas has never had its Jack London, Robert W. Service or Rex Beach. ###

BRUGAL RUM
The RUM with the RICHER FLAVOR
BRUGAL
SINCE 1888
SPECIAL FOR HIGHBALLS
GOLD LABEL
DELICIOUS STRAIGHT
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PUERTO RICAN RUM
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BRUGAL - Famous in the West Indies Since 1888

Matchless! . . because its *richer* flavor is a treasured tradition . . . a Brugal *family* tradition that means every bottle is offered with pride. You'll find eloquent evidence of this great heritage in every sip. Its *richer* flavor comes through in *any* drink—making it a taste treat to delight both you and your guests!

In addition to the usual rum drinks, Brugal is without superior in a highball, Old Fashioned, or a straight drink.

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Hound's-tooth check is smart set off by solid brown or tan. $10.00

Hand-stitched wool gabardine in rich sunshine yellow $12.50 The silk tie $3.00

Tattersal check combination in fine spun rayon $6.00

Other shirts from $2.50 up

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Traditionally, Burdine's Sunshine Fashions have that distinctive, just-right look, developed from our years of serving the world's best-dressed executives and sportsmen.

You can wear not only our shirts, but all our men's fashions, with the assurance that they are correctly designed for your comfort and pleasure whether the occasion is the first race at Hialeah or the first tee at the Everglades.

Follow the established custom of waiting to get your Sunshine Fashions on the spot, at . . .

SUNSHINE FASHIONS
Burdine's
MIAMI • MIAMI BEACH • WEST PALM BEACH

They Shouldn't Come Back

Continued from page 66

for good from all Jersey rings. Not long after, he was boxing the devastating Pat Comiskey, a raw but stiff-punching youngster out of Paterson, in a New York ring. Cooper was biffed around again. He boxed a few more times, then retired,

In August, 1944, the same Henry Cooper, four years older, with accompanying anatomical deteriorations, was boxing up New England way and getting his head punched off by a comparative neophyte, Laurient Bouchard. There should be a law.

The manager of Lou Nova took exception to the suggestion I made to commissions around the United States that perhaps this likeable erstwhile heavyweight contender should be saved from himself and be shelved. After a series of beatings, Nova broke some time ago with his old manager, Ray Carlen, and started a barnstorming tour in which he was taking a few antiquated or never-was hamdonnies over the coals. When he boxed a vigorous youngster like Lee Oma in Detroit, Nova blew the decision and, after it was all over, thought he had been boxing an old rival, Lee Savold.

When, in spite of this, Nova's manager tried to move him into New York, a shrewd and sage observer like Joe Williams, Scripps-Howard sports writer, opined: ". . . We must urge Nova and his manager—the manager especially —to peddle their peanuts elsewhere. To begin with, Nova no longer can fight. . . . In the past, his chief recommendation was his raw courage and resolution. The last time we saw him, it seemed to us he quit. If he didn't quit, then the fight . . . proved conclusively he was tubbed up and ready for the clothesline. On that basis alone the commissioners should deny him a license. To act otherwise would be to co-operate with a promoter and manager for sheer business reasons. All we know in connection with his physical condition is that he has taken plenty of punches in the region of the brain. We shudder to think . . . etc."

All I asked of the commmission members of the National Boxing Association is whether or not a nice fellow like Nova should be encouraged to continue boxing.

Boxing is designed essentially as a sport. The commercial angle is supposed to be—and I say supposed advisedly in the light of its important role in the expansion of the game—purely secondary. A kid takes up boxing for one of two reasons: he likes it as a body developer, as a confidence builder. So he remains an amateur. On the other hand, intrigued by the golden names of Louis, Dempsey, Tunney, Ross, Leonard and the like, he sets out to make a name and a fortune for himself. Once it becomes established that he can never get anywhere, how far

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Satin-smooth weave. Piped in contrasting color. Zipper fly front and pockets. Hidden drawstring at waist. $12.95
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WHITE STAG SKI TOGS DIVISION
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AROMATIC BLEND
JOHN MIDDLETON

Aromatic Walnut . . . fragrant pine . . . still Christmas for a man

Save wandering and wondering . . . give WALNUT this Christmas

FOR the man who smokes a pipe, there is no finer gift than Walnut . . . John Middleton's master-blend of the world's seven finest tobaccos. Walnut is mild, fragrant, and friendly with a *natural* aroma all its own.

For generations, Walnut has been custom-made for the carriage-trade. It is the largest-selling tobacco in its price-field . . . an indication of its worth as a smoke . . . its soundness as a gift.

If your dealer is temporarily out of Walnut, remember: Servicemen have first call! Take some other Middleton brand. Look for the maker's name: "John Middleton, Philadelphia."

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WALNUT
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Since *1856*

THE WALNUT
AROMATIC BLEND
JOHN MIDDLETON

along the line should he be encouraged to go? And very definitely, when he's covered the five-year span of active competition generally allotted to fighters and he's on the way downhill, it seems the law as represented by commissions should step between him and his cut-him-a-third manager and tell him to hang up his gloves. The fans like a boxing bout. But they don't relish—at so much per ticket—the spectacle of a human being reduced to a physical and mental shambles.

And this isn't the only red flag waving the danger signal to boxing. Thousands of kids are coming home from the service with renewed physical hardihood. They've become toughened and case-hardened by the rigorous exactions of warfare. They fancy themselves tough specimens ready for a fling at the comparatively easy sport of boxing with its great possibilities for fame and fortune. Many of these kids have been discharged for pathological reasons. Finding a manager will be easy because for every kid boxer there are ten "cut-'em-a-third" sycophants. Getting a license is equally simple. The average boxing club physical examination is perfunctory. Lungs good, heart okay, reflexes all right—he'll do. But what about the condition which brought about the discharge from service? No fight-day test will show it up. Commission doctors on fight-day cannot possibly turn up any pathological disorder. It needs a special examination to determine whether or not this battle-scarred veteran is equipped for the rigors of the fight ring.

The armed service is a great spot to acid-test a fighter. In the early and middle thirties, Young Terry of Trenton, New Jersey, was one of the topflight welterweights of the country, a near-champion with a ravenous capacity for absorption. Finally, convinced he wasn't going anywhere, he retired. But the sound of leather and gong brought him back. He applied to me as commissioner for another chance. It was the usual story—a chance to earn some money to start in business and help an aging mother along. No amount of dissuasion could satisfy the personable Terry he was better off retired, with full sensibilities, in spite of a slight faltering tongue. He was in great shape, could do a good job. So we tested him against a rugged youngster, not too tough, but a good trial horse. Terry won, had the fans on their chairs, but it was a great convincer. The coordination wasn't there. Almost crackling in its evidence was the will to fight—the fight-plan to toss a flailing right and a zooming left hook—but the mind was willing, the flesh weak in reaction. He just couldn't click as of yore and Terry retired himself.

Then came the call to arms. He joined the Marines, and a couple of months ago he was hospitalized at the Naval hospital at

Continued on page 186

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They Shouldn't Come Back

Continued from pages 66-185

Bethesda, Maryland—something wrong with his head. The end of a great fighter, in the ring and for Uncle Sam.

My good friend of the Marines, Col. Harvey L. Miller, who is our N.B.A. executive secretary and a ringwise veteran of many years' standing, tells me that at their encampment a number of old-time pugs, essaying comebacks, have collapsed with the same ailments—all in the head. Oscar Wright, a Washington lightweight of some proficiency in the past, collapsed in a camp ring after three rounds. It wasn't from the beating of the moment. It was reawakening of old cranial scars. Also in the same category, ruined for active service, was Harry Martin, a corking English Negro heavy, whose eyes went back on him because of past head-punching. Roscoe Toles, one of the best heavyweights in the business, also a Marine, is similarly marked. The trial-horse punchings in getting-to-nowhere-land takes its toll.

Every sport of body contact has its casualties. Football, with its terrific body slugging and its tremendous head jar, has knocked many a fellow punchy. One of the most promising young athletes in modern history, for whom a brilliant career as a heavyweight boxer was foretold, was killed by the torturous body and head impact of a football game. Anyone who follows football can remember Al Lassman, of New York University.

A Luther McCarthy, killed by the ponderous punch of Arthur Pelky, doesn't come up every day in boxing any more than a Lassman appears in football. But deaths of fellows like Ernie Schaaf, who collapsed from a feather-duster punch at the hands of the burly Carnera, can probably be prevented by proper psychophysical examination in advance under proper direction. The fans who saw the Apolloesque Schaaf fold under a Carnera jab thought he was faking and he had to die to prove he had been sick in the head from past punching.

Al Reasoner, Chicago lightweight, was killed in the ring in the same type of fatality. Milt Arons, a great lightweight, went on taking so much punishment that his cerebral system folded up and he died. It was the same diagnosis. He should have quit when he was still healthy and if he wouldn't quit, he should have been ordered off the boards.

Ad Wolgast, a ring great of all time, is still in a sanitarium, fighting the fight with Battling Nelson all over again, day in and day out. Man is not of iron, and the brain is a delicate instrument.

Folks in the fight game may gag on occasion when they call a fellow punch-drunk. But it's far from funny to see the manifestations. You see a kid today, clear

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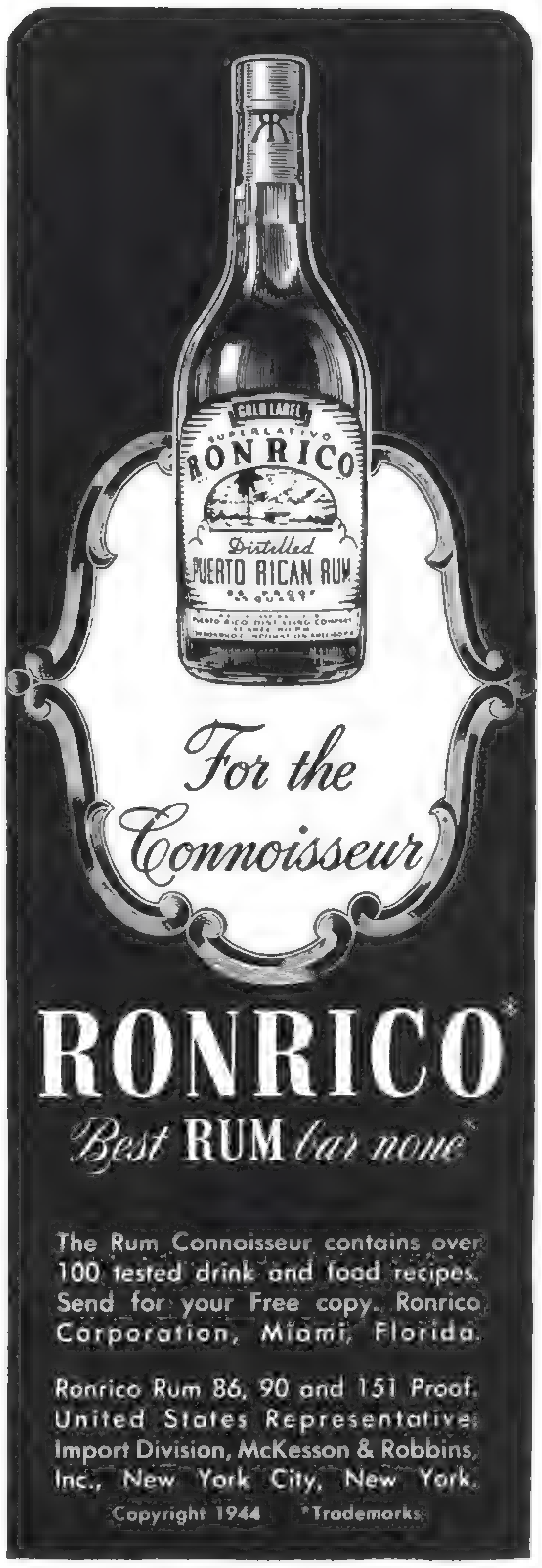

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of skin and of eye, face well proportioned, gait alert and nimble. You see him after three or four years of mismanagement and matchmaking and the symptoms are there. A tilt of the head, a hop-skip-jump for a step, a nervous twitching of the scar-tissued face, a faltering, mumbling, stuttering conversation—in short a combination of battered reflexes. Toss that hulk into the ring, as do so many heartless mismanagers and avaricious promoters, and you have the ring fatality we read of on occasion or perhaps worse, the permanent public charge.

One of the most enlightening theses on punch-drunkenness the medical profession has evolved was presented to the New York Pathological Society by a distinguished fellow Jerseyman, Dr. Harrison S. Martland. He had performed 309 autopsies in cases of traumatic cerebral hemorrhages in two years and the analogy to punch-drunk fighters was amazingly parallel.

Let the scoffer ponder well Doctor Martland's characterization of the "disease":

"In the punch-drunk, there is a very definite brain injury, due to single or repeated blows on the head which cause multiple concussion hemorrhages in the deeper portion of the cerebrum . . . These hemorrhages are later replaced by gliosis (tumor), or degenerative progressive lesions in the area involved."

One punch, or a series, develops these hemorrhages.

Thus is presented to administrators of boxing the country over the duplex problem:

How to protect returning, discharged servicemen from cumulative injury from boxing aggravating service disabilities.

How to determine when a man is "over the hill" and should be sent to the safety house instead of to the doll-cutters.

The first is simple: the boxing application of the serviceman discharged for physical disability should be checked with the military to determine the pathology of the case.

In the second instance—the played-out fighter—commissions should: 1. Hold to strict accountability the manager who should know the fighter's physical foibles and inadequacies. 2. When a boxer has passed his peak, a fact known to every boxing man, he should be required to appear for examination in the state where he is active before a special board composed of a regular physician for pathology, a brain specialist or psychoanalyst for signs of mental retrogression, and a representative of the boxing commission for his technical knowledge of records and past performance.

Given this kind of test, no fighter will have to fear he'll some day be walking on his heels in the punchy parade, and boxing will be able to flaunt itself justifiably as a sport instead of a carnival of cranial carnage. ⫲

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Flyers with Hickory Wings

Continued from page 72

he landed in a heap on the sole vacant snow spot on the slope. Incredibly, his harness had broken loose at the take-off and his skis had penetrated the snowbank in an upright position.

To the amazement of all, a mite of a lad arose and proceeded to shake the snow off his suit as though nothing had happened.

Torger Tokle, sensational Brooklyn Norwegian rider of the air lanes and now a member of Uncle Sam's ski troops, has competed in more than 500 ski tournaments over the past twelve years and spilled less than a dozen times, never receiving a serious injury. Yet the man who won forty-two of forty-eight events while smashing twenty-four records has had many narrow escapes.

Two winters ago he barely averted fatal mishap when his skis sunk more than a foot into the deep, soft snow of the 89-meter Olympian Hill at Hyak, Washington, after a tremendous flight of 288 feet. He regained his balance rapidly and, speeding on the outrun, finished his plunge with a beautiful Christiania swing.

The week following, Torger held 15,000 frozen spectators at Laconia-Gilford, New Hampshire, spellbound when, in the face of a driving snowstorm, he overleaped the safety profile of the 65-meter hill. The distance was 251 feet. This was more than fifty feet in excess of the slide's safety design. The following day Torger revealed that his snow glasses had fogged up and he didn't even know where he was going. He kept working hard on his flight, certain all the time that his skis would strike the hill eventually, which they did, almost on the very flat of the imposing incline.

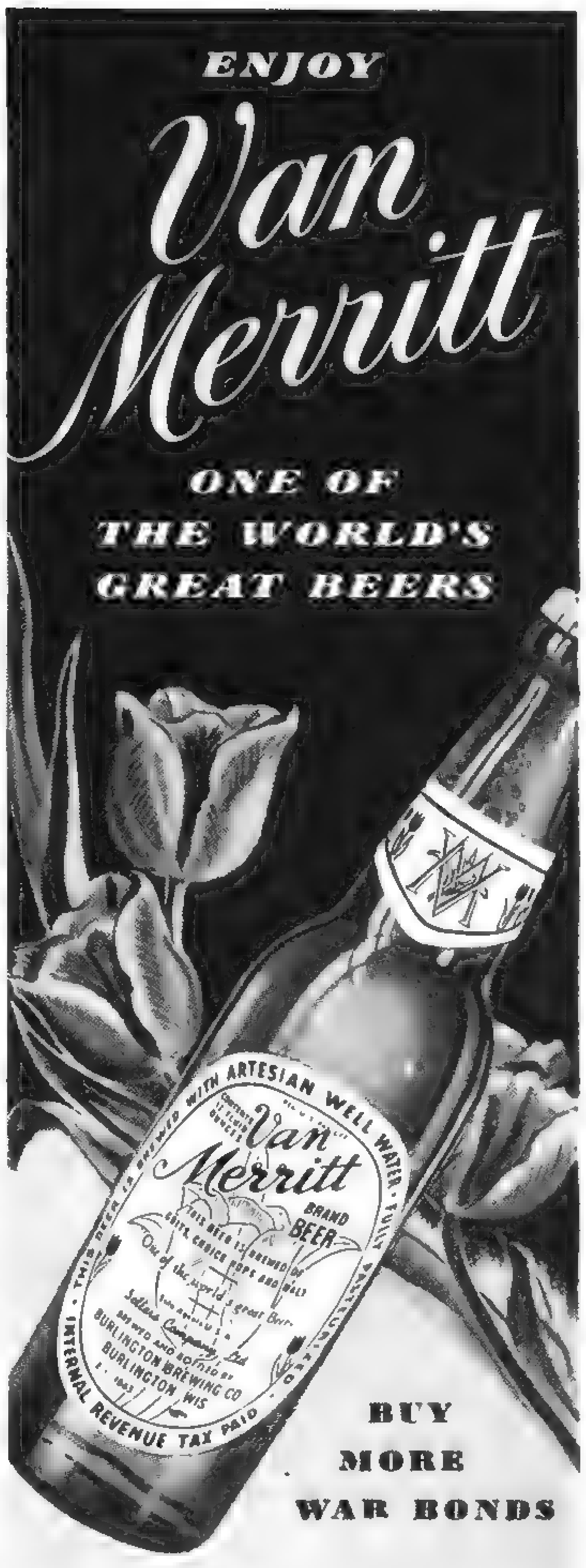
When Torger was thirteen he was jumping exhibitions on the Granasser Hill in the middle of April. There was sufficient snow to cover most of the slide except the huge rocks in the middle of the landing slope. The boys jumped toward the side of the hill, avoiding contact with the obstacles.

Tokle got too much speed on the inrun. He made a landing just a few feet in front of the boulders and disaster seemed imminent. As he landed, Torger jumped again and just cleared the rocks.

Four years later he met another tough spot also at Granasser Hill. As he came dashing down the chute at 60 miles an hour he lost the cable on his right ski. If he slid off the take-off, it would mean crashing into the knoll or falling in parts on the landing slope.

"Just before the take-off was reached I saw a path leading into an uninviting grove of spruce and pine trees," relates Tokle. "I steered the one ski right into that direction and threw myself against a spruce that knocked me unconscious for a few moments."

"The steeper the hill, the safer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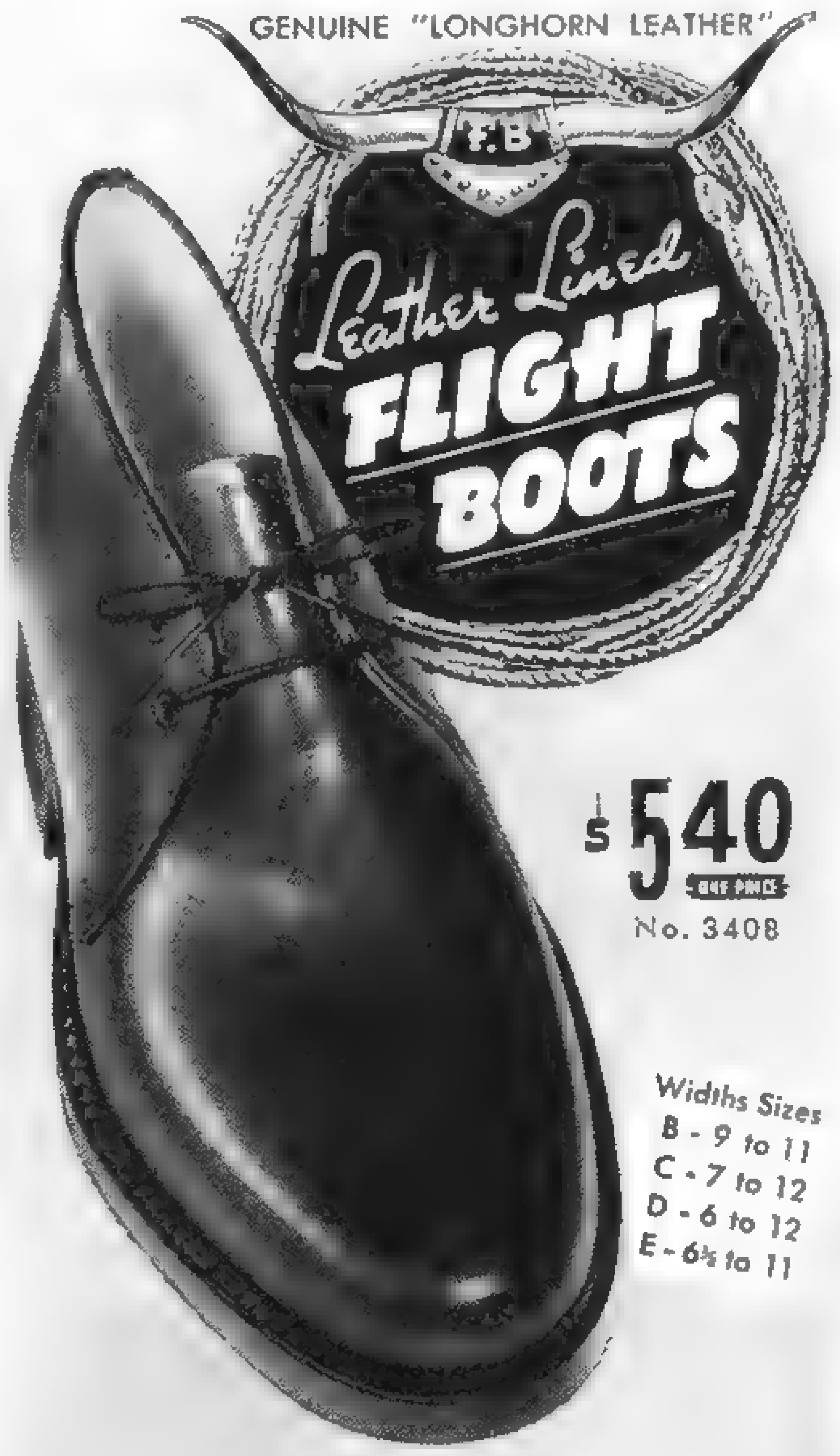
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the leap" is an anomalous axiom in ski jumping. The power diver's safety depends upon his making contact with the earth or snow at a sharp tangent, thus dissipating the terrific impact. Were a jumper to land on a flat expanse he would shatter every bone in his body.

With the construction of longer and steeper hills, the flyers have taken a step from the human bird—airplane—and are now employing aerodynamic methods to get distance. The present jumpers no longer use the old erect "militaristic" style of their predecessors. The contrast between the old and the new method is as striking as that between the old automobile and the new.

The rider of the hickory wing today tries to get the line of least wind resistance following his take-off. He leans forward as much as he can until he resembles a diver doing a jackknife, thus riding the wind instead of bucking it. This is called a "knekk" style—arched back or a bend from the hips like a glider technique, which is very beautiful to watch. When done effectively, it earns considerable distance points for the contestant, as form rates as much as distance in this sport. Through the employment of these aerodynamic principles, Bradl, the world champion, and many modern jumpers have been able to fall through the air in excess of 300 feet, which is more than the length of a gridiron field. ###

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of ESQUIRE, published monthly at Chicago, Ill., for Oct. 1, 1944, State of Illinois, County of Cook. Before me, a duly authorized notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Alfred Smart, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the ESQUIRE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, David A. Smart; Editor, Arnold Gingrich; Managing Editor, Arnold Gingrich; Business Manager, Alfred Smart, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 2. That the owner is: ESQUIRE, INC., 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; Stockholders: Alfred R. Pastel, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Edgar G. Richards, 1259 Devon Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.; Florence Richards, 1259 Devon Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.; Alfred Smart, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; David A. Smart, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; John Smart, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Louis Smart, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Sue Smart Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Joan Elden Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Richard Elden Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Vera Elden, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Helen Mary Rowe Gingrich Trust, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; City National Bank & Trust Co. of Chicago, Trustee under Trust Agreement with David A. Smart, dated October 6, 1942, known as Trust No. 22335, Trust Department, 208 S. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Alfred Smart, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1944.

(SEAL) Anna Van Diggelen (My commission expires January 22, 1946.)

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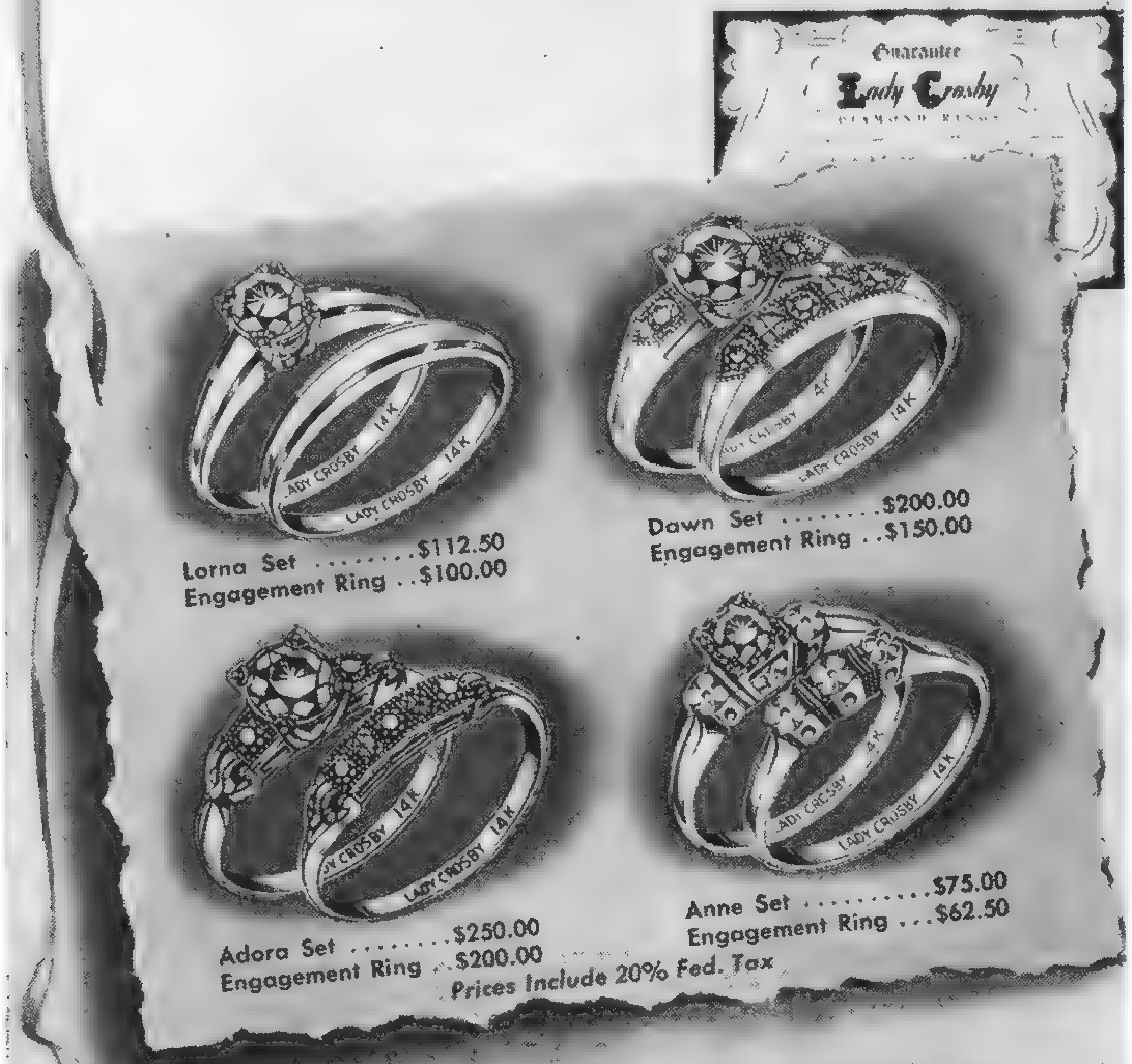
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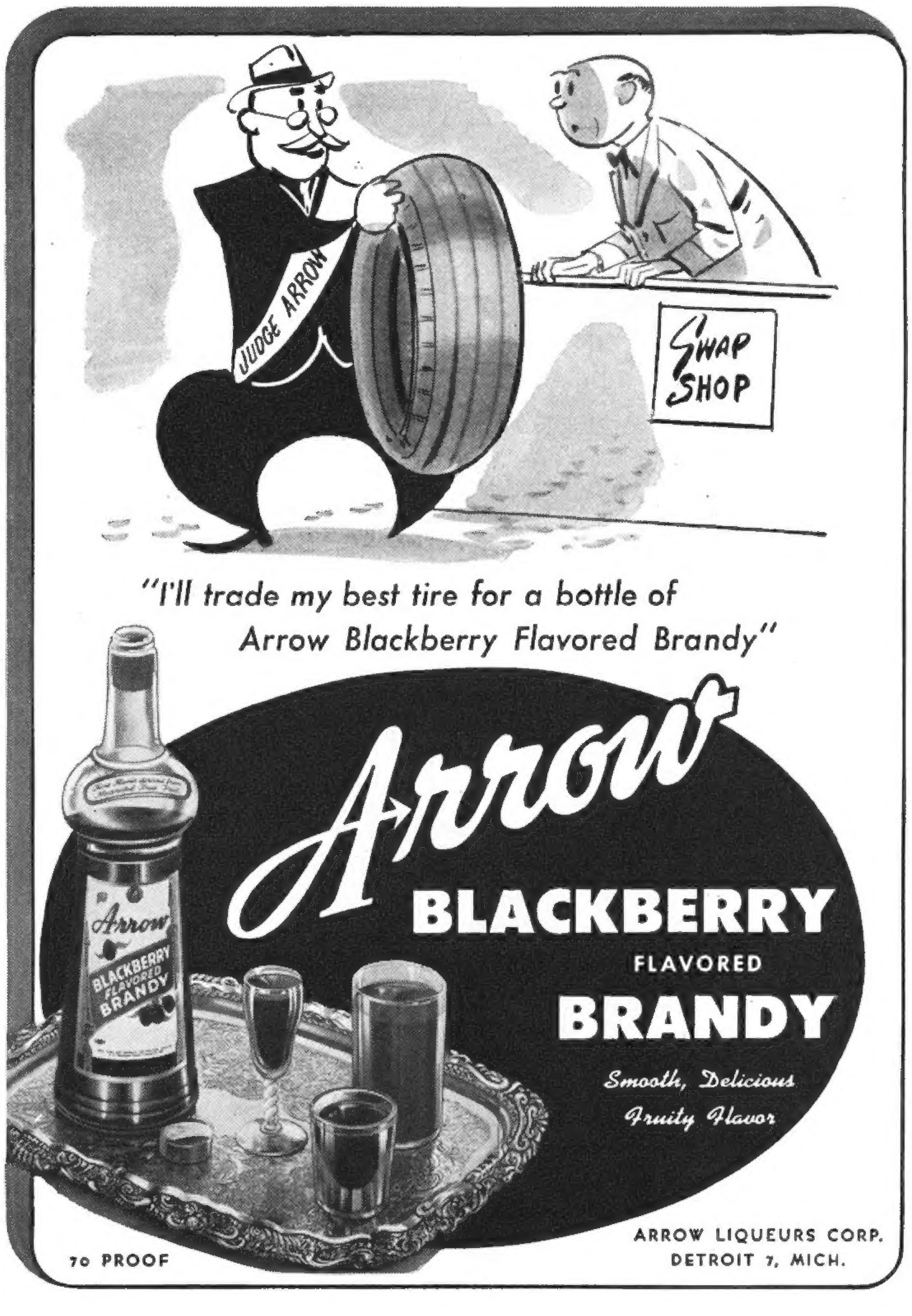

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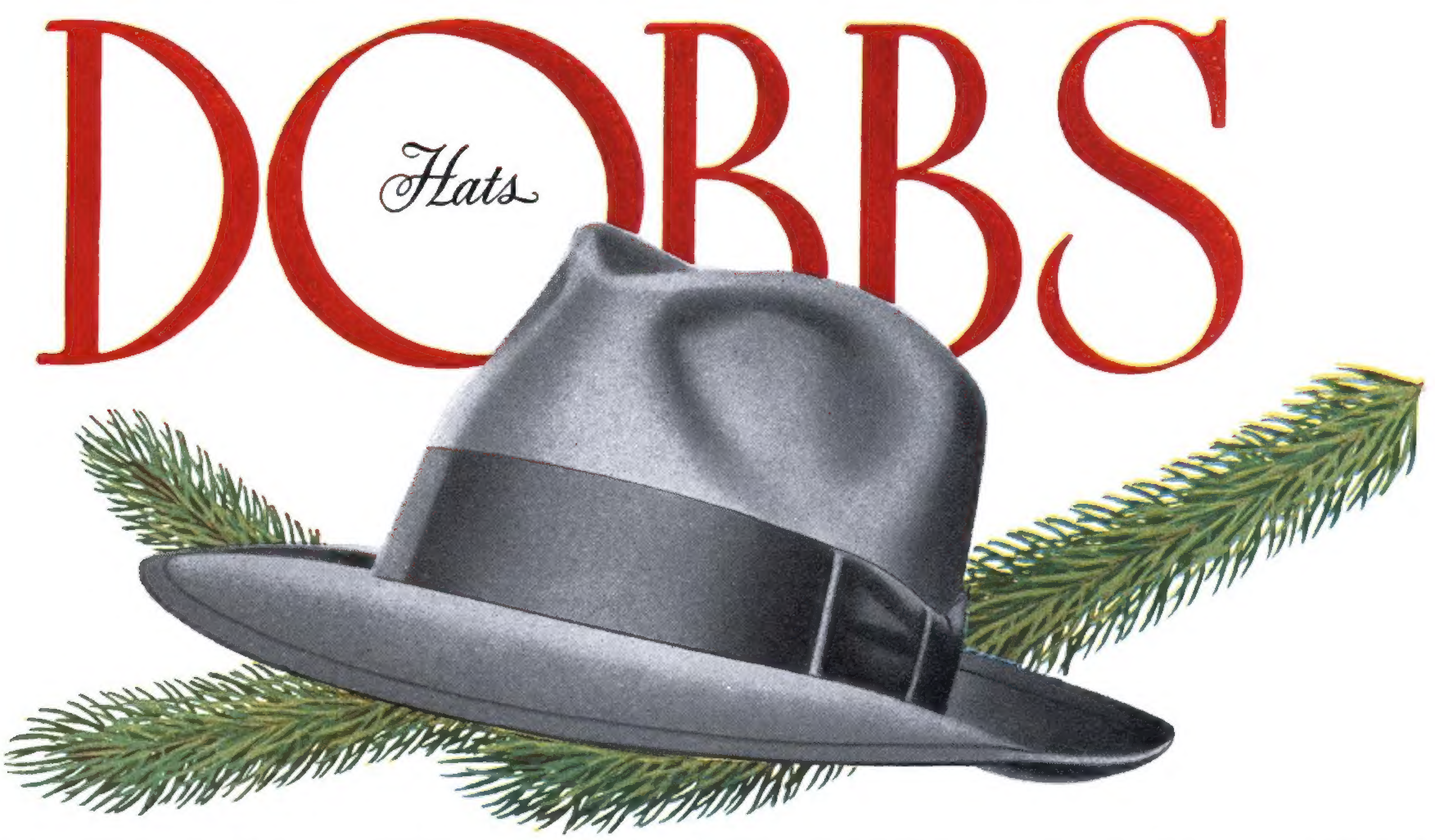

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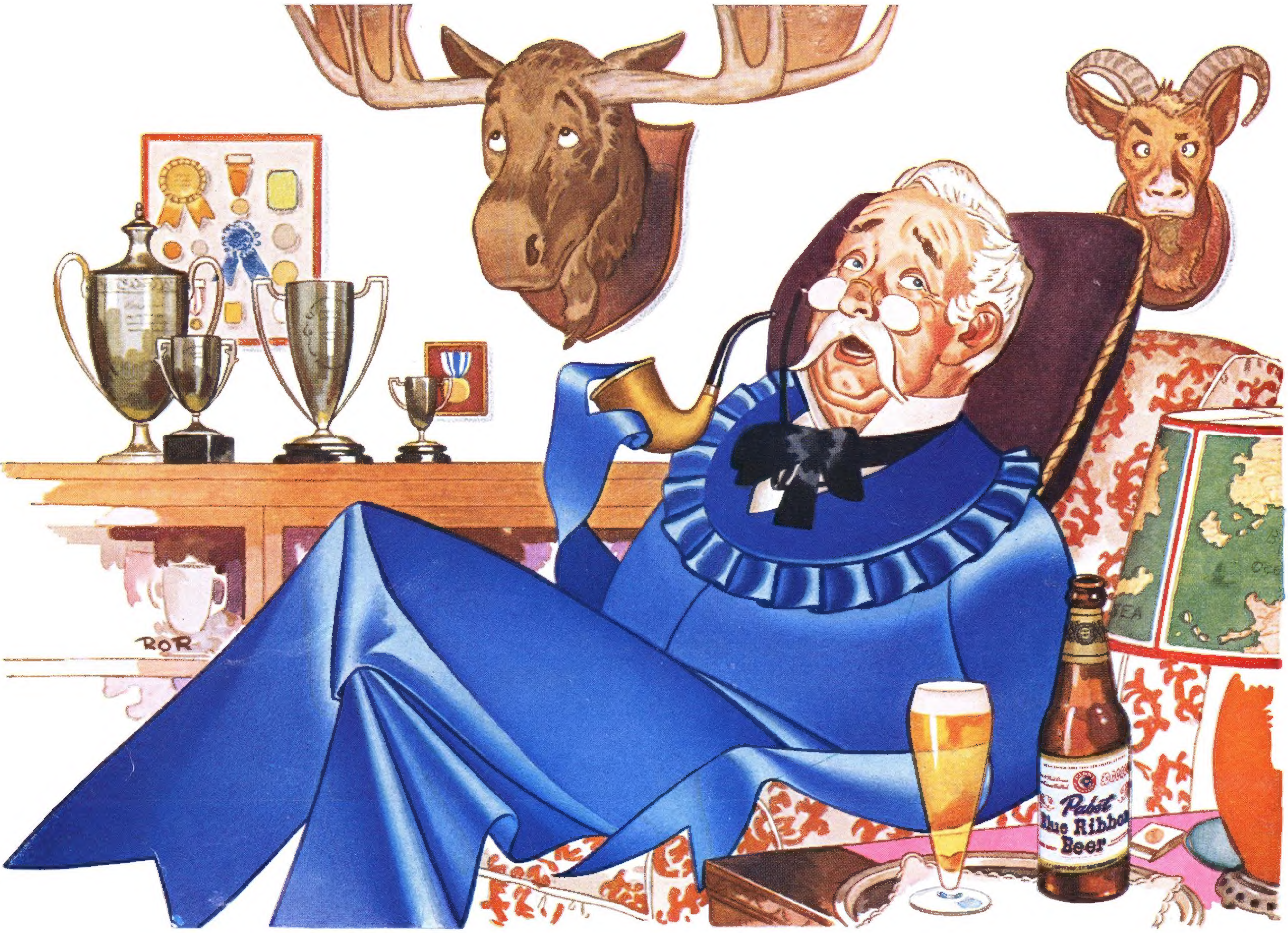

Throckmorton Ploop was a frightful old bore,
Yet, strangely enough, he had friends by the score.

His medals and plaques
made a long-winded story
With endless details that
his guests labeled "gory";
But still they would listen
and patiently view
Those moth-eaten trophies
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For his warm hospitality,
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Made some people even
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And eyes that were drooping
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When he rescued the evening
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